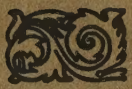
MANASSAS

By

UPTON SINCLAIR



This novel of the American Civil War is declared by many critics to be Upton Sinclair's greatest work of fiction. Jack London described it as "the best Civil War book I've read."

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MANASSAS

A NOVEL OF THE WAR

BOOKS BY

Upton Sinclair

THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STIRLING
MANASSAS, A NOVEL OF THE CIVIL WAR
THE JUNGLE
THE OVERMAN
THE MILLENNIUM
THE METROPOLIS
THE MONEYCHANGERS
SAMUEL, THE SEEKER
THE FASTING CURE
LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE
SYLVIA
SYLVIA'S MARRIAGE
DAMAGED GOODS
THE CRY FOR JUSTICE
THE PROFITS OF RELIGION
KING COAL, A NOVEL OF THE COLORADO STRIKE
JIMMIE HIGGINS
THE BRASS CHECK
100%—THE STORY OF A PATRIOT
THEY CALL ME CARPENTER
THE BOOK OF LIFE
THE GOOSE-STEP—A STUDY OF AMERICAN EDUCATION
THE GOSLINGS—A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN SCHOOLS
MAMMONART
LETTERS TO JUDD
THE SPOKESMAN'S SECRETARY
OIL!
MONEY WRITES!
BOSTON
MOUNTAIN CITY
MENTAL RADIO
ROMAN HOLIDAY
THE WET PARADE
AMERICAN OUTPOST
UPTON SINCLAIR PRESENTS WILLIAM FOX
AN UPTON SINCLAIR ANTHOLOGY

Plays

PRINCE HAGEN
THE NATUREWOMAN
THE SECOND STORY MAN
THE MACHINE
THE POT-BOILER
HELL
SINGING JAILBIRDS
BILL PORTER
OIL (DRAMATIZATION)

MANASSAS

A Novel of the War

By

UPTON SINCLAIR

Author of "The Goose-Step," "The Brass Check," "The Jungle," etc.

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BOOK 1

THE MORNING

That the men of this land may know the heritage that is come down to them.

MANASSAS

CHAPTER I

The house stood upon a gentle slope, from which you might look down a broad, sandy avenue into the forests which lined the creek. Two-storied, with double porticos upon three sides and great white pillars about which a man's arms would scarcely go, it was hidden in a grove of pecans and magnolias which had the depth and stillness of cathedral archways. The ground beneath was soft and glossy, and one wondered if the deep, rich green had ever been trod by a foot.

It was March, and Southern springtime. The great magnolias, some of them a hundred feet high, were in the full tide of their splendor, their crisp, polished leaves scarcely visible for the snow-white flowers which covered them. Here and there about the lawn were rose trees of twice a man's height, flashing like beacons with their weight of cloth-of-gold roses a span across, crimson and orange, and with petals soft and heavy as velvet. About the lawn were scattered banana and fig trees, pomegranates, china trees, and huge flaming scarlet lobelias. Tall hedges of jasmine and sweetbrier ran around the house and along the sides of the lawn, while beyond them on one side stretched a grove of orange trees in full blossom, a sea of flowers which loaded the breeze with sweetness and brought a drunkenness to every sense. Upon the other side was the flower garden, whose riot of color and perfume had gathered the bees and humming-birds from miles around, filling the air with a sound as of distant machinery.

It was high noon, and the sultry air was heavy with sunlight. In front of the mansion everything was still-

ness, save for the slowly moving old negro who was tending the trees, and for a deer which browsed upon the lawn — now and then nibbling at the rose trees and bringing down showers of petals upon the grass.

Through the open doorway there came into view a group of figures, an aged, white-haired gentleman, an almost equally aged negro, and four young children; they descended the steps slowly and came across the lawn. The first-named towered above the group, a striking figure; he moved with trembling step, foot by foot, and leaning heavily upon the others, yet holding his spare frame stiffly erect. His hair was snow-white and his face withered with age, but still full of power — with high forehead, prominent nose, and alert expression of countenance. He carried his head high, and seemed to snuff the air as he went, learning thus of the springtide about him — for he was blind.

The old negro tottered beside him, carrying his shawl and cane. The two oldest boys supported him with their shoulders, taking step for step.

"Grandfather," said the child in advance, a little girl, "let us go to the orange tree."

"I will try," he responded. "Are you tired, Allan?"

"No," panted the younger of his two supporters, "I don't mind. Let's go to the tree." He was only eight years old, and his face was very red and his hands clenched tightly in his pockets, but he made no sound.

A few rods farther on was a great gnarled orange tree, with rustic seats about it. "I'll spread your shawl, grandfather," said the little girl, running ahead.

They reached the seats, and he sank down with a sigh; the old negro sat near him, and the children gathered about his knee.

"Now!" the girl exclaimed, "and what are you going to tell us?"

"Breath, dear!" smiled the other. "Play awhile first. How are the oranges, Plato?"

"Mos' ready, Marse 'Dolph," said Plato, gazing up at the golden fruit left from the year before to ripen, and

shining like jewels amid the blossoms. "Few mo' days in de sun, Marse 'Dolph."

"Grandfather, the new governess is coming to-morrow," put in the boy called Allan. "Did they tell you? She wrote from New Orleans."

"Tell us about King's Mountain!" broke in the girl.

"No, no, about Sir Leslie!" said the boy.

"I say General Coffee!" cried another.

There was a debate, above which the little girl kept crying insistently, "King's Mountain!"

"But, Ethel dear," said the old man, "I told you all that only three days ago."

"It was a week ago, grandfather; and I've forgotten all of it."

"It was Friday — wasn't it Friday, Plato?"

"Thursday, Marse 'Dolph — the day Marse Ben was hyar."

The grandfather hesitated. "Did you ever meet Sevier before?" asked Allan, suddenly.

"Not until the day before the battle, my son."

"Did he know you?"

"No, indeed, Allan. How should he have heard of me? I was only a boy of eighteen. But I was on guard when he and his men rode up to the camp."

"How did they look, grandfather?"

"I thought they were Indians," answered the old man; "they wore belts of beads, and fringed hunting-shirts and leggings, and tomahawks. Ah me, but they were fighters, — wild, gaunt men, with grim faces that promised a battle!"

The children sat silent, being familiar with this method of starting a story. "And Sevier?" asked Allan.

"Sevier?" said the grandfather. "He was the handsomest man I ever saw, — you had only to hear him laugh once and you would follow him forever. Think of a man who fought thirty-five battles and never lost a victory, and never got a wound!"

Marse 'Dolph paused a moment; all seemed to know that he was safely started. "I think," he began suddenly, "that was the blackest hour our country ever saw. God

grant it may never see another such! It was blackest of all in the South — the British had conquered Georgia and captured Charleston. When I left home, Cornwallis had swept through all North Carolina with his Tories and his bloodthirsty Indians; he had overwhelmed General Gates at Camden, and Tarleton had wiped out Sumter. But over in the mountains in Tennessee were the Holston settlements, where the backwoods fighters lived, and the British sent them a threat that if they took part in the war they would burn their homes. And ah, you should hear men tell of the fury that message roused! It was the brutal Ferguson who sent it, — a man who had been burning and hanging through three states. And Sevier and Shelby passed the word, and the Holston men flew to arms; and two thousand of them, facing the cold on the snow-covered mountains, without tents or baggage, marched for a week over into North Carolina. There it was that our party met them and told them where Ferguson had camped. They were almost exhausted, but they picked nine hundred of their best, and we marched all night. The next day we came upon the regulars and Tories — a thousand of them — at King's Mountain."

Here, before the great event, the story-teller always paused, and raising one knee upon the other, he would say with slow preciseness: "Now here is the mountain, and here is the North Carolina border, and here is the way we approached. They outnumbered us, but we meant to beat them, and surrounded the hill. Here, by Allan, is where Sevier was, and here were Shelby's Kentuckians. Colonel Cleavland's men were to get round the mountain, but somehow the British discovered us too soon, so they had to ride like fox-hunters, headlong through the forests and the thickets, over rocks and ravines. But they got there, I tell you!"

All these things the children knew quite by heart; but they never failed to listen spellbound. Gradually the old man's memory would kindle, as scene by scene the panorama unrolled itself before his spirit's eye. The passion of the battle would seize hold of him; he would hear the

music and the storm, "the thunder of the captains and the shouting." Once more he was shoulder to shoulder with these heroic men, striding to their heroic deed; weakness and old age fled away and a new world leaped into being, a world to which he belonged, and in which he was not blind. So as with swift words he poured out his eager tale, to the little group around him it was like the waving of an enchanter's wand. They sat lost to all things about them, tense and trembling, clutching each other's arms when he made a gesture, crying aloud when he gripped his hands.

For now the British have discovered the approach; their pickets are firing and dashing up the hill; and Sevier, lifting himself up in his stirrups, is shouting the word, and the mountaineers are bounding up the slope, making the forest echo with their war-whoops. Far ahead one can see the redcoats forming their line, dragging out wagons to make defences — and hear above all the din the shrill silver whistle which tells that the hated Ferguson is there. Now and then one of the backwoodsmen stops, and, crouching low, takes aim; until, as the firing grows faster and the fight hotter, the crashing volleys thunder from the British lines, and the combat is swallowed in rolling clouds of smoke.

But still the men press on, firing as they can, hurling their tomahawks before falling back to reload. When the red-coated lines sweep forward, as again and again they do, the frontiersmen turn and flee, for, being without bayonets, they cannot meet a charge. Every time the British halt they are after them again, however, hanging to their very heels. "No troops in the world ever fought like that before," says Grandfather Montague; "but these are Americans, and every man of them is there to win or die."

There was a story which the old man told of a boy who, assailed by a redcoat, had shot him dead, just as the latter's bayonet had transfixed his hand and his thigh. "Do you remember that, Plato?" he would cry; and Plato would answer excitedly, "I 'members it, Marse 'Dolph —

I does!" And when the more matter-of-fact Ethel would exclaim, "Why Plato, how you do talk; you don't remember it, for you weren't even born then!" Plato would protest, "It doan' make no diff'nce, Miss Ethel, I 'members it jes' de same!"

"There were terrible things happened in that battle," the grandfather would continue; "you would go groping up the hill through the smoke, and suddenly it would break away and bayonets leap at you out of it. But it was not an hour before their fire began to slacken, and our men seemed to find it out all at once; they yelled and went over the summit and at them, teeth and claws, — just tore 'em all up! I saw Sevier, — his horse had been shot, — and as a British officer rode by he sprang at him and spitted him through, slammed him off his horse, and broke his sword in him. I saw Ferguson, too, black and bloody, and howling like mad; I shot at him, and half a dozen more shot at him, and down he went, and his silver whistle, too. They had raised a white flag then, but it was a long time before we saw it, in all that smoke and din. When we did see it at last and knew it was victory — oh, children, what a yell there was!"

There were many other stories of battle which Grandfather Montague could tell; to go no farther back, there was the first Sir Leslie Montague, who had defended his king so bravely at Marston Moor, and had none the less been captured by a plain Commonwealth soldier, who called himself Captain Otis, but was nothing but a Shropshire miller for all that. Quite wonderful it was to hear how Sir Leslie had broken loose in the night-time, and, freeing two of his companions, had seized the captain, flung him on to a horse, and dashed out of camp with him; also how the gay cavalier had let him go again, out of pure devilment, or because, as he declared, he had so sturdily refused to go back to his mill and call himself a captain no more.

There was also a second Sir Leslie, who had come to Virginia to better his fortune and had been a famous

Indian fighter and afterward a judge. His picture stood in the main hall of the house, and made the children shiver with its glare. The picture of the first Sir Leslie they had never seen, but they hoped some day to see it, when they visited the plantation which belonged to the sons of Grandfather Montague's elder brother, and which he had left forever as a boy when he shouldered his musket and strode away to join Captain Campbell's patriot band. His heart had been drawn after the Holston men and the wild, new country. He had settled there when the war was over, and he had earned wealth and reputation as a lawyer; but later he had moved to the far South, into lower Mississippi, and had bought ten thousand acres of the swampy bottomlands of Wilkinson County, which were to be had for a song in those days, but were now far beyond the range of most men's voices. It was here that he had brought his negroes and cleared his plantation — Valley Hall; and from here he had raised his company when war broke out with England again — and when the men of Wilkinson County had to be drafted to stay at home.

— And so to New Orleans! This was a battle that Plato did remember in fact, for Marse 'Dolph had bought him only two months before (from a French barber in Natchez, who beat him) and had made him his body-servant for life. Plato — Plato Anaximenes was his full name — could describe every incident of the conflict, and had doubtless in the course of thirty years forgotten that he had never seen a bit of it, having all the time been lying flat on his belly behind the breastworks, quaking with terror and crying out for mercy to the various French saints whom the barber had taught him to respect.

But Marse 'Dolph had not seen Plato, for he had been striding up and down the lines, exhorting his men; so whenever their grandfather was not to be found, the children would besiege Plato, and the old darkey would thrill them with many details not in the histories — of "de gin'erl" galloping back and forth behind the lines upon a horse ten feet high, and roaring in a voice which

the cannon could not equal; and of his wild leap over the cotton bales, and his charge that had thrown the redcoats into confusion.

This was early in '46, and General Jackson had just died at the Hermitage; the children would gaze at his picture which stood in the dining room, sword in hand, and imagine him swearing his furious "By the Eternal!" and locking up the judge who had resisted his efforts to keep the city under martial law until the British were quite gone home. When General Jackson was a wild Irish emigrant boy, their grandfather told them, the British had captured him and his brother, and beaten them over the head, and starved them, and turned them out to die of smallpox; one of them did, but Andrew didn't, and he kept the memory for thirty-five years. And first he lay for them at Mobile, and pounded them to pieces there; and then he rode over to New Orleans — like a yellow skeleton with illness, having to be tied on his horse and fed on boiled rice, but oh with what a fire inside of him! And when the British landed and marched toward the city, he went out that very night and flung his troops at them, hurled them back, and gave them such a fright they took a week to get over it!

Sometimes, after long dwelling upon these things, the deeps of the old man's soul would break open, and the children would sit trembling. For his journey was almost done; he gazed into the face of death, and about him there hung a touch of awe. When he told of these heroes that he had known: "Some of them trod this very spot," he would say, "and laughed and sang here, in their pride. And their lives were precious to them, they loved the world; they had wives and children, and hopes unuttered; and yet they marched out into battle and died for their country — to make her, and to keep her, free. Sometimes at night I seem to see them, and to hear their voices crying out to me that it must not all be for nothing! When I am gone, too, the lives that they lived, and the dreams that they dreamed, will be gone forever. And

yet it was all for you, that you might reap where they had sowed and be happy where they lay dying. So I wonder sometimes if I have told you enough, if I have done all I can to make you love your country, to make you realize how precious it is. My children, you may live ever so nobly, you may die ever so bravely, but you will do nothing too good for your country! All the hope and all the meaning of the ages is in it, and if it fails there will never be any success. Tens upon tens of thousands have laid down their lives to win its freedom; and freedom is first of all things, and best. And so it is that you may dream your noblest dream and hope your noblest hope — and your country will be greater than that! You may dare any peril, you may suffer any pain, but you will not do too much for your country. There is nothing that can ever take the place of it, — not friendship, nor love, nor anything else in life can be so precious."

CHAPTER II

THERE was another picture which stood in the dining room of the Valley Hall mansion, — a picture of a young girl, beautiful in a bridal robe, but with a face infinitely sad and tender. There was no story that Grandfather Montague told which the children loved more than the story of Lucy Otis.

Four sons had been born to the family. One had been killed in a duel not long after New Orleans, and one had given his life that Texas might be free. The other two lived still at the old place: the elder, Henry Montague, state senator from Wilkinson County, with his one child, the boy Allan; and Hamilton, the younger brother, with his wife and their three children.

The senator was a lawyer, and, according to the custom of the time, had gone North to study. Grandfather never wearied of telling of the wonderful coincidence, how when he had taken the boy to Harvard to start him upon his new career, the first professor whom they met was named Otis, and how when he invited them to his home in Boston, the first picture they saw in his parlor was one of the ancestor of the family, that same Shropshire miller whom the elder Sir Leslie had fought.

Seven years, altogether, the young man had spent North; ten years later he had returned again, and when he came home that time he brought with him as his bride the youngest daughter of the Otis family, the beautiful Lucy, as yet still in her teens. That had been a decade ago, but the darkies of Valley Hall still discussed the festivities which took place on that home-coming. This was one story in the telling of which Plato always bore off the palm; then it was that the afflatus descended upon him, and he justified his name. There was a certain turkey which occupied in the memory of Plato the place which Colonel Sevier

occupied in his master's. "Chillun," he would say, his eyes rolling, "dat turkey was born a emperor; he'd walk right out in de very front lawn, he would, an' nobody bother him. De day he was picked dey was niggers from de Hopper place walked ten mile to see him, — you kin ask Taylor Tibbs, an' he'll tell you." (Taylor Tibbs was the family coachman, and, with his two hundred and ninety pounds clad all in red, had stood behind Marse 'Dolph's chair the day he carved that turkey.)

For just a year the beautiful Lucy had been the life of Valley Hall; and then one night she died in childbirth, and it seemed many a long, long day before ever the sun rose again upon the old plantation. There was only the picture left, and the boy used to stand in front of it for hours at a time, gazing into strange vistas and haunted by fearful thoughts. "It was a curse," he had once heard his father say; "her mother died too, when she was born." That seemed very wild to Allan; on January nights when the north winds blew, he would sit in the dark corner by the fireplace, and, lost to the merriment of the other children, would stare into the face as it gleamed in the firelight, groping for the soul behind its pleading eyes. What was she like? What would she have said to him — what was she trying to say to him now? She had been very loath to leave him — did she know when he was thinking of her? Where was she gone that she never spoke to him — never even a word, when no one else was by? There was no end to the child's strange fancies, — how could he believe that he was never to learn any more? He longed so to know what her voice was like; and sometimes when there were guests in the Hall he would start at an unfamiliar tone, and turn and stare at the picture. Once when he had been watching from the corner, his father had come and put his arms about him, and their tears had mingled. It is so that friendships are made.

Very soon Hamilton Montague had brought his wife to Valley Hall to become the mother of the orphan and the mistress of the household. Of their two children who had

then been born, Randolph, tall and imperious, was three years older than Allan; and Ralph, the younger, was just his age. Little Ethel had been born after they came.

Besides these there was generally a numerous company, always guests, and nearly always relatives. Also, of much importance to the boys, there was "Uncle Ben" Handy, a brother-in-law of Hamilton Montague — a gentleman without income or occupation, but none the less a welcome member of the family. It was one of the characteristics of the old Southern feudalism that numerous retainers added to the prestige of the house.

Allan's father was a lawyer, riding the circuit, and burdened with the cares of state besides; Hamilton Montague was charged with the management of the plantation, with two overseers and about six hundred negroes. He was a grave and unbending man, and so it was that Uncle Ben was the chief companion of the boys. It was Uncle Ben who told all the stories and played all the jokes; if the merriment owed something now and then to mint-juleps, the boys were none the wiser. It was Uncle Ben to whom they turned whenever they sought amusement — who could carve beautiful walking-sticks, and make traps and willow whistles.

A wonderful place was Valley Hall for children, a universe in itself; infinitely alive,— crowded with every kind of creature which boys could pet, or tease, or hunt. There were deer browsing, peacocks strutting about the lawn, and flying squirrels and birds without end in the trees. There were huge yards full of every kind of chicken, duck, and turkey, pigs without count, cows and sheep, horses and dogs. There were two great stables, one for the work horses and mules, and one for the family stud; every person in the family owned a horse, and some several, to say nothing of the carriage horses and the children's ponies and the four black mares which were hitched to the family coach. The plantation was divided into two farms, each worked separately, and one had to walk half a mile to the villages of the field-hands; but the quarters of the house servants, a row of a score of whitewashed cabins,

stood in the rear of the "Great House" and here was an innumerable collection of playthings. Counting all ages and sizes, from toddlers up to great, overgrown, wild boys and girls in their teens, there were full threescore little darkies for the children to muster into regiments and drill and quarrel with, as to which should be the Americans and which the ever defeated British. There was very little distinction of master and slave between the white children and those of the more aristocratic servants — of Aunt Jinny the cook, of Taylor Tibbs the coachman, of Pericles the butler, and of Thomas Jefferson the head gardener.

Within the limits of the plantation the children might roam alone; and one might ride to one's heart's content without ever going off the plantation, for it was five or six miles in length. There was no end to the exploring that might be done upon it, and one grew very proud to gallop over it and reflect that some day it would all belong to one's self. It was rich bottom-land, with deep, black soil, and almost no hills upon it. Its slope ran down to Buffalo Bayou, where were tangled cane-brakes and dense black forests, swamps of cypress draped with sorrowful gray moss and hiding parasitic flowers of gorgeous hues. Into these one might not venture, for here were alligators and moccasins, wolves and bears, and sometimes at night a yelling panther. But there was Ned the hunter, a great giant of a man, the only negro on the place who was allowed to carry a gun, and whose one duty it was to creep through the forests and bring back at night upon his shoulder a deer, or a load of wild ducks or turkeys, or a runaway pig. By gifts it was occasionally possible to propitiate him to allow a boy to steal along behind him and witness these breathless adventures. But through these dense, black swamps it was hard to pass, tangled as they were with wild vines and treacherous with ooze and with the sharp spikes of the cypress. In them grew spear-like palmettoes, and bulrushes of incredible height, and great lemon-colored lotus flowers a foot across.

Upon the cultivated part of the plantation were fields

of corn and cotton, stretching as far as the eye could reach. Here, at whatever hour of the day one came, one always found the gangs of field-hands at work, men and women, in the early spring breaking up the black soil with their thick, heavy hoes, the drivers, whip in hand, watching them to see that none shirked. They were picturesque from the distance, but not when one rode close, for they were sodden and brutelike and unthinkably filthy. Later in the year one found the fields a magical green, and later still of an Arctic whiteness; then the gangs came in singing, with great baskets of the new-picked cotton balanced on their heads.

It was for these full baskets that the plantation was run, and at the critical time of the year nothing else was in any one's thoughts. The two overseers had each the same number of hands and of acres, and keen was the rivalry and eager the count of the bales; when at last they were loaded for Natchez, the papers published the record, "Valley Hall has so many bales to the hand," and men called this "the cotton brag." In one corner of the house was the "office" where the men lounged and smoked; and when the neighbors stopped by you heard nothing else talked of but that.

By "neighbors" one meant anybody who lived within twenty or thirty miles. But a single road passed Valley Hall, —a wide, sandy avenue, arched with trees like a park-way. The country was occupied by wealthy planters — there was no other population from Homochitto Creek until you reached Woodville, the pretty little court town ten or fifteen miles from the Hall. Most of these neighbors were welcome at the Hall, but not all of them, for there were some *nouveaux riches*, ex-overseers, or negro-traders, or what-not, — vulgar persons who had made fortunes out of cotton; one spoke to them on the road, but one did not know their wives.

Such as were welcome came whenever they could, and stayed as long as they could be persuaded. There was rarely a time when there were not half a dozen guests at dinner, which made Aunt Jinny's life a perpetual

adventure, but was, it must be confessed, a sore trial to the children, who sat at the table and wriggled in their seats with impatience, watching each plate with hungry eyes, and counting the number that still intervened.

Huge dinners they were, and a dozen arrivals made no difference with them. Hamilton Montague sat at the head of the table and carved the great turkey or the saddle of venison or mutton, and Mrs. Montague presided over the ham and chickens at the foot. There were always hot breads and pastries and vegetables without count, and every delicacy which the great plantation could offer. These Southern dinners must have been experienced to be understood; and like some other good things of life, such as Scott and Dumas, for instance, one must have experienced them while young and not afraid of enjoying them too much.

After dinner, about four o'clock, the ladies would retire for a nap, the men would stretch themselves out on the sofas, or perhaps on the lawn, and the boys betake themselves to their games. For tea, in fair weather, the table was generally spread upon the broad veranda; and afterwards, in the witching hours of a Southern sunset, there would be music and croquet and walks amid endless bowers and gardens of roses. At twilight one sat and drank in their perfumes, watching the evening star and listening to the mocking-bird, or to the negroes singing in the distance, and feeling his heart rise up within him at the beauty and joyfulness of the world.

So these children lived, wrapped in happiness as a bird in the air, unconscious of its existence: the thing called life not yet a memory and a duty, but still a presence and a joy. For the day was young, and all things that lived were thrilling: —

> "The earth and every common sight
> Apparelled in celestial light."

What pen could tell, for instance, the wonders of the place called Natchez! Once or twice a year their mother

put them all in the great family coach and took them upon a miraculous excursion ; riding all afternoon along roads lined with goldenrod so high that you could cut it for a walking-stick, spending the night at a kinsman's home, and then riding all day again, one came at last to the marvellous city, with its streets blocked with cotton and its wharves where the steamers came. The steamers in those days were huge floating palaces ; you saw one go by in the night-time, a mass of gleaming lights, the throb of its machinery beating back in echoes from the tree-lined banks, and your soul went after it, into faery lands *not* forlorn. Or to watch them loading by flaring torch-light, — the broad-backed, half-naked negroes and the long chutes down which the bales of cotton leaped madly to the deck ! "Niggers above and paddies below," was the rule at that game. "Niggers too precious to risk," men said ; "you don't have to pay for the paddies." And last, but not least, the great yellow river — the children would have stayed all day to watch it, with its tangled driftwood, its long rows of cotton trees and rice-fields, its mud-flats with pelicans and herons stalking along.

And then there was the annual trip to Pass Christian. Once a year, when the hot season approached, there began to be a stir in Valley Hall — a giving of orders and a packing of trunks, and some morning the great coach appeared, followed by all the other vehicles available, and servants and family, trunks, boxes, and bundles, rolled away in a long procession, the men-folks riding ahead like Arab sheiks leading their families and herds in search of pastures new. Pass Christian was a gulf-coast resort, where all the aristocracy of the lower South had their summer villas ; the Montagues spent a week in reaching it, always camping out of doors at night when the weather was fair.

And these were but a few of the great events that came yearly. There were five birthdays to be celebrated, four for the children and one for Grandfather Montague, and a Fourth of July, and a New Orleans Day, and a

Washington's Birthday, and an election day — at which the family had generally great things at stake. It was not every one whose father was chosen senator, and Allan held his head very high.

Then also — as one saves the best arrow in his quiver till the last — there was Christmas: looked forward to for months by old and young, and in sublimity exceeding the imaginations of the wildest. There were parties and dances, indoors and outdoors, winter and summer, at the Hall, but none of them was anything like the Christmas party. Then the guests journeyed from far states, and there was fattening of geese and turkeys for many weeks beforehand. On Christmas Eve there were bonfires as big as the smoke-house, and whole beeves roasting before them; and inside every room was crowded, and there was fiddling and dancing and feasting and egg-nog drinking to make one's head reel. The next morning there were huge stockings over the fireplace, and after breakfast a raid upon the brick "storehouse," from whose depths Mrs. Montague and her children brought endless presents for the servants. In the afternoon there was a great hunt, and much blowing of horns and barking of dogs; and in the evening more dancing and singing of songs, and brewing of punch. These festivities lasted for ten days, and during that time no guests went away and no work was done on the plantation except by the cooks.

Such was the children's world, and they knew little about any other. To be sure, they had an English governess and they read Sir Walter Scott and dreamed of chivalry. Also they knew of the North from Allan's father; and the loads of supplies which came once a year were said to be from there. An unpleasant sort of a place, the North, where it snowed half the time and no cotton grew, and the people thought only of money, and the servants were Irish and did not know their places! Worst of all it was the North that was the habitat of the animal called *Abolitionist*.

Allan was eight, and Randolph eleven, which was old

enough to have opinions about politics. And whenever the guests were not discussing plantation affairs, and the price of negroes and cotton, and the races at New Orleans, they talked politics — and Abolitionists!

The Abolitionists believed that niggers were as good as white men, and that they ought to be free and allowed to marry white women. They were always holding meetings and "resolving" and publishing articles to say that slaveholders were thieves; and some of them came down to stir the slaves to revolt, and to carry them off to Canada. At first people had tried mobbing them, and the Southern legislatures had put prices on the heads of the worst of them, but neither of these methods seemed to do any good. They had gone on just the same for fifteen years now, and had even gotten so bold as to send petitions to Congress, which had, of course, refused to receive them, — only a terrible old man, ex-President John Quincy Adams, who had been in Congress since nobody could remember when, kept making a disturbance about it and had actually carried his point awhile ago. So things went from bad to worse, and naturally the people of the South got more and more angry.

There was a question which was much discussed at Valley Hall — never in the presence of Grandfather Montague, who would not stand it, but often when the planters stopped by at the office. One of the neighbors of the Montagues was a Mr. Davis, who lived a mile or two outside of Woodville and who had once been a lieutenant in the army, but who had retired many years ago and turned farmer and student of politics; two years ago he had come out of his solitude and been elected to Congress, at the same time that Allan's father had been sent to the state senate.

Mr. Jefferson Davis was a prim little gentleman, with a spare figure and face, very precise and stately in his manners, grave and reticent, but irritable, and when excited both eloquent and imperative. He had thought a great deal about this question of the Abolitionists, and took an alarming view of it. It was his opinion that the North

was preparing to make war upon Southern institutions; and day by day, with endless iteration, he pointed out the ever growing signs of this. It was of no use in the world, he asserted, to argue that Congress could not trouble Slavery. The struggle would come over the territories — the North meant to exclude slave owners from their rights in the new lands they had helped to win, and if the North once got political control in this way, could it not amend or override the Constitution as it chose? Mr. Davis was beginning to question whether Congress had any right at all to exclude slaves from a territory — or, if this view seemed too radical, whether the exercise of the right was not a danger from which the South ought to protect itself by threatening immediate secession.

There was nothing especially new about these views; Senator Calhoun had been advocating them for fifteen years, but men were only now beginning to awaken to their truth. Out of the deepening alarm had grown a crusade which the people of Valley Hall watched with tense interest, and Senator Montague had declared to Mr. Davis that if it failed he should conclude that Mr. Davis was right.

Ten years ago one of the Montagues had given his life-blood for Texas. The wretched mongrel inhabitants of Mexico — degenerate illustrations of the consequences of the doctrine of equality and of white men's mixing with lower races — a people who had had some forty revolutions in the last twenty years — had been at last swept out of the great state, and ever since, the people of the South had been aiming to bring Texas into the Union where she belonged. Incredible as it may seem, and in full light of the notorious fact that France and England were intriguing for the state, the North had balked this plan, for the avowed reason that it might bring about a war with Mexico, but really because Texas would become a slave state. And now, when after desperate efforts the plot had been foiled, and the state saved to the Union, Abolitionist fanaticism was trying to limit its borders and to cheat

Texas of her rights, again upon the old pretext that it might bring about a war with Mexico!

The President, James K. Polk, was a good Democrat, elected by Southern votes; but the thing which Valley Hall waited breathlessly to see was whether the pressure from the North, the clamor of the Abolitionist press and pulpit could avail to turn him back. Valley Hall was not afraid of war — was it not the manifest destiny of the Americans to conquer the territory of this hateful and vicious race of Indian half-breeds and degenerate Spaniards?

Thus there were days of excitement on the plantation, when all the prophesies of Mr. Davis were scattered to thin air. For first the news had come that General Taylor had been ordered to plant the American flag on the banks of the Rio Grande; and then, one never-to-be-forgotten day in April, Uncle Ben had dashed up the road with foam-covered horse, and shouted that Mexico had fired upon the flag, and that the war was on!

That day Allan's father wrote a letter to his constituents, which was published in the Woodville *Republican*, resigning his seat, and announcing that it was his intention to raise a company. After this there was never an instant's rest at Valley Hall, — messages coming and going day and night, and the hum of preparation in the air. Hamilton Montague enlisted, and soon afterward it was announced that Mr. Davis had resigned and was on his way from Washington to take command of the regiment. It was the famous "First Mississippi," and in it was the flower of the aristocracy of the state; the house was thrown open to Senator — now Captain — Montague's company, and men slept on the sofas and the verandas and put up tents upon the lawn.

Never could the children forget the morning the company marched away, and how awful was the sudden silence that fell upon the Hall. There was no one left but the mother and Uncle Ben, — the chickens and ducks were gone, and you missed even the squealing of the pigs at feeding time. The family lived only on the mail days after

that, and poor Mrs. Montague would whisper to her children that it was the duty of a soldier's family to be brave — and burst into wild weeping while she said it.

The regiment sailed from New Orleans for Point Isabel, the nearest harbor to General Taylor's victorious army. Its war hardships began at once; it was encamped on a bare island, baked by the sun, buried by sand-storms, and frozen by "northers," until forty of the men were invalided or dead. It was August before the army got on the march; General Taylor was a Whig, and the administration could not quite make up its mind to support him.

But alas, the only other commander in sight, General Scott, was also a Whig, so there was no help for it! The start was made at last, and suddenly, after months of weary waiting, came news of a victory that set the whole heart of the South to pulsating with wild pride and joy. The Mexicans, ten thousand of them, had fortified themselves in the city of Monterey. They should have held it against ten times that number, for every house was a fortress, low and square, with heavy walls of Spanish masonry, and flat roofs and grated windows, but six thousand Americans had taken it with three days' fighting, capturing nearly twice their own number of men! On the second day General Quitman's Mississippi brigade. the city looming before it in a mist of smoke, had swept forward in one grand charge, and amid a rain of fire had planted its flags on the battlements. The next day the same brigade had marched into the city — to the very centre of it, in spite of a ceaseless opposition from windows and roofs, from ditches, canals, and barricades. Tears of pride ran down Grandfather Montague's cheeks when that news arrived.

Again there was weary waiting; the flabby administration, which by this time had earned the contempt of all men, had somehow come to the conclusion that two Whig heroes might be less troublesome than one, and so the expedition for the march to the City of Mexico was being organized under General Scott. Meanwhile, however,

there came from Washington sudden tidings which made men stare at each other in consternation — which sent a pulse of indignation through the South, from Maryland to Texas. Here were Southerners toiling and battling, pouring out their life-blood for the whole nation, and up in Congress was a Pennsylvania Democrat named Wilmot proposing to pass a law excluding Slavery from all the territory which the war might bring! Fire and fury breathed from the letters which came to Valley Hall when that news reached the army.

General Quitman's brigade was drawn away for the new expedition, but the First Mississippi remained with General Taylor, who, with his forces reduced to four or five thousand, retired to Buena Vista. The people of Valley Hall had come to consider the war over, as far as they were concerned, and Mrs. Montague had grown cheerful again, when one ever memorable night there was a galloping up the road and excited voices down below and the children rushed out to hear the tidings of another battle between Taylor's little force and twenty thousand Mexicans under Santa Anna — a battle in which the latter had been routed, and in which Colonel Davis's regiment had won for itself everlasting fame. It was the Natchez *Courier* from which the news was read, and it said that the colonel himself had been shot in the foot, and Captain Montague — terrible to think of — "severely wounded!"

It was another week before the family could learn the truth, that the wound was a shattered knee-cap which would cripple Henry Montague for life. Meanwhile Allan spent his time between agonies of fear and bursts of exultation. What a story it was! The one paper they had was worn ragged — it had been brought a day ahead, and neighbors galloped up from thirty miles to see it. Again and again as it was read aloud the children would listen and cry out with joy, and laugh and hug each other breathless.

The general and Colonel Davis had been at the rear; when they reached the field the Americans were retreat-

ing. Davis had placed himself at the head of his regiment and ordered a charge; down a ravine and up the other side they went — double quick — and straight into the very centre of the Mexican line. Scarcely, however, had the enemy been checked, when the regiment was charged by a troop of lancers, many times its own number. The swift action of the colonel at that moment made him a Southern hero. He ordered his famous "V-formation" along the edge of the ravine — a V with the point *away* from the enemy instead of towards him! It was a challenge, and it was accepted; the lancers thundered into the gap, and with one volley the Mississippi riflemen strewed the ground with them and turned their charge into a wild retreat. And yet even that had not been enough; when you read the story it sounded like a mediæval epic, whose hero gallops here and there about the field and conquers everywhere he goes. Exhausted and depleted as the regiment was, with half its officers wounded, it had turned to another part of the ground, where Bragg's battery was defending itself against an overwhelming force, and taking its foe in the flank, had driven him back and saved the day.

General Scott began his famous march of victory — and meanwhile Mississippi made ready to receive the wounded heroes. Hamilton Montague obtained leave to escort his brother, and by slow stages they brought him home, prostrate and fearfully wan, but out of danger. The Hall was a silent place for long afterwards; the very animals seemed to know about it, and the children went far off to play. By the time that the invalid was able to be helped about, another Christmas had come, and General Scott was in Mexico City, and Colonel Davis in Washington as senator from Mississippi, the highest reward that his state could find him. General — soon to be Governor — Quitman, of fiery fame, was also there, doing his best to urge a caitiff administration to hold Mexico forever, now that it had been won. Many Mexicans, even, desired this — it was whispered that General Scott had been offered a

million dollars and the presidency if he would only stay and rule them. But alas — there was no doing anything with the shopkeepers at the North!

It was a sad Christmas at the plantation — it was as if every one upon it had lost a parent; Grandfather Montague was dead. The children had knelt by the bedside, while the aged soul went away. He was glad to go, he whispered; and yet there was a time before the end when the life-hunger stared in his eyes, and the dread that burdened his soul and would not let him die fought for utterance. It was not of himself, but of his country, that he spoke in those last moments, with a sweat of agony standing upon his forehead and a ghastly panting in his voice. He spoke to both children and grandchildren alike, forgetting all differences of age; he was bidding farewell to the land that he had loved so long, and he saw it threatened with violence, he saw the hands of rash men lifted against it, and he was sick with fear. He charged them to guard it, to be tender with it — to love it more! And he sank back upon his pillow, gasping, battling for another word, and the children, watching the quivering of his hands and the knotted veins throbbing in his forehead, saw to their horror a white glaze spread over his eyeballs and a spasm pass across his face, and heard a scream of terror from their mother, who held his hand.

CHAPTER III

PEACE had come at last, but no peace for the South. A vast territory had been won for the Union, but the South had to fight for it once more, and in the halls of her own Congress. The infamous Wilmot Proviso hung before her, a perpetual menace; the hordes of Abolitionist fanaticism were aroused, and no one could say what they might not attempt. Men suspected that they had been behind the efforts of the Mexican peace commissioner to have Slavery excluded by treaty from the new lands; if so, they had been well rebuked, for Mr. Trist, the American commissioner, was a Virginian, and had declared, in immortal language, that if the offer had been "of the territory increased tenfold in value and covered with pure gold a foot thick," he would not have accepted it upon such a condition.

Senator Davis was now in Washington, vigilant and vehement, justified by events. Grown wiser by experience, and following the lead of Calhoun, he was now boldly declaring that the Constitution gave Congress no power to exclude slaveholders from their rights in the territories. The first fight was over the bill admitting Oregon; the Mississippi senator had no expectation that slaves would ever go to Oregon, but the principle was at stake. His constituents at Valley Hall read his speeches, and wondered how the rest of the world could continue, as it did, unconvinced.

The year 1848 was the year of the presidential election, and in the Democratic conventions the same battle was fought, by William Lowndes Yancey of Alabama, one of the heroes of the cotton states. Yancey denied the dangerous power of exclusion, not only to Congress, but to the territorial legislatures as well,—a distinction with a future before it. Yancey had brought the doctrine safely

through in his home state, but he went back discomfited from the convention,—the South was not yet awake to its peril. The Democratic party dodged the issue, and Valley Hall gave its votes to its own hero — General Taylor — who was a candidate without a platform, but a Southerner, and the father-in-law of Senator Davis besides.

And still another year passed by. At home and abroad men discussed these questions, eagerly, passionately, and with growing impatience. For little by little the terrible fact had been becoming plain to the South that the dreaded Wilmot Proviso, which the Virginia legislature has vowed it would "resist at every hazard and to the last extremity," — that though it had been dropped in Congress it was to be carried out in the territories themselves. Gold had been discovered in California, and instantly there had been a rush the like of which the world had never seen before. One year the place had been a wilderness, with a few Mexican villages; the next it was a community with a hundred thousand inhabitants — all Abolitionists!

Congress had left them without a government, and they had formed one for themselves; now they stood asking for admission as a state, and with a constitution prohibiting Slavery. Miners from all parts of the world, foreigners and Yankees, most of them, owning no slaves themselves and wanting no slaves to compete with them, they purposed to keep the South out of the gold-fields which the South had fought for and paid for. The issue was plain, and public sentiment was forming quickly. The legislatures of the various states passed resolutions; in Mississippi there was a convention in the fall, and a call was out, engineered from behind by Calhoun, for a convention of the Southern states to meet at Nashville in the spring.

Congress was to meet in December, and thither all thoughts were turned. The hopes of the South in General Taylor were now known to be vain; he was in favor of admitting California, and had come to regard his own son-in-law as little better than a traitor. When Congress met it took three weeks, amid altercations leading almost to blows, to elect a speaker; and then came endless speech-

making and hurling of defiance. The Wilmot Proviso was up again, and one Giddings of Ohio was resolving that all men were equal; on the other side, Governor Troup, of Georgia, was proposing that his state should march upon Washington and dissolve the government. It was of these breathless events that the boy Allan was reading one morning when his father came into the room, limping upon his cane, and brought him to his feet at a bound by the announcement, "My son, we are going to the North."

Allan could only stare, and gasp for breath. "Sir!" he managed to ejaculate.

"I say we are going to the North," repeated his father.

"Who, sir?"

"You and I."

Allan had had visions of an army. "For what, father?" he asked.

"We are going to Boston to live," was the reply; and the room seemed to become unsteady to the boy.

"I have not said anything to you about it," said Captain Montague; "I wished to wait until I was certain. It is my health, in the first place; the doctors tell me that I shall never get perfectly well except with a change of climate. Also you know, my son, you must go to college, some day."

"I don't want to go to a Yankee college!" cried Allan.

"You will have to go somewhere," said his father, smiling. "There are no colleges here. Then, too, remember that you have an uncle and an aunt and some cousins in Boston."

"Abolitionists!" the boy ejaculated.

"I hope not, my son; though I have not heard anything much about them since your Grandfather Otis died. — Also there are matters of business, Allan, which fall in with the plan. Uncle Hamilton and some of our neighbors think that we could do a great deal better if we bought our supplies by wholesale for ourselves, and they want me to consider the plan of finding a direct market for our cotton. Each one of these things is a motive, of

course ; so far as you are concerned, it is that you are twelve, and that you ought to be beginning to fit for college."

"When are we going ?" asked Allan.

"In a couple of weeks. We shall travel by land, and stop for a while in Washington, so that we can see what is going on there."

Allan looked about him, dazed. Never before in his life had he thought that he might ever leave Valley Hall. "Very well, father," he said, suppressing a great gulp ; "I should like to go North, I think."

But if he did, why, when he was walking away a few minutes later and met a woolly-headed and ebony-hued little darkey, clad in the cast-off uniform of a drummer-boy of the First Mississippi, — Jereboam Anaximenes, his own particular "body servant," — why did he fling his arms about his neck and burst into tears, to the unutterable consternation of Jereboam Anaximenes ?

CHAPTER IV

It was the afternoon of the 22d of February, 1850, and Valley Hall was enormously in motion. Had you looked down upon it from above, you might have supposed that a swarm of black ants had settled upon it; there were not only all the house servants of the Hall, but all from the Hopper plantation, and from the Masons' and the Hindses' as well; dressed in their finest, and superintended by Pericles, the butler, and Taylor Tibbs in full red, they were flying about the lawn as surely never had servants flown at Valley Hall in all its days before.

There was, to begin with, a little platform, and around this four tables, set in concentric semicircles, the outside one a hundred feet around, a length to which surely no table in history had ever approached before. Upon them were spread snowy cloths, and to them were borne endless loads of plates and glasses, knives and forks, until to the slowest mind it must have been clear that this incredible spread of tables was for a feast.

There seemed to be no end to the loads they were to carry — great vases of flowers, and huge dishes of mysterious cold things, all carefully covered, and each with a little negro to keep the flies away. At one side gangs of field-hands were bringing load after load of firewood — great lengths of logs — and placing them in heaps round about. Yet others were stringing lanterns from the trees, and carrying long benches from some hidden place of storage behind the house.

Amidst all this the children flew here and there, breathless with excitement; yet at times one of them, Allan, would stop and gaze about him, and a mist would come over his eyes. Back there by the stables was Taylor Tibbs, Jr., washing off the family coach; and when all this feast was eaten, and all these fires were dead, Allan was to be

borne away — away from Valley Hall — for what time, and to what future, who could tell him?

There were a few of the early guests upon the verandas, ladies and gentlemen, chatting and watching the busy scene. Among them there was one who had been pointed out to the boys, Mr. Yancey, the famous orator; they eyed him furtively, but wonderingly. He was something of a disappointment, if the truth be told, a quietly dressed, plain-looking man of short stature, speaking politely when spoken to, but for the most part silent, with tightly pressed lips, and a rather sullen expression of face. He strolled away when unobserved, and Allan saw him pacing up and down beyond the shrubbery, his hands behind him, and his head bowed. Allan privately made bets on his father, not understanding just why it was necessary to send out of Mississippi for some one to make a speech at a barbecue.

Now the sun began to drop and the guests to arrive, some of them having ridden all day; the tables by that time were quite covered with mysteries, and there hung between great poles near the fires a whole ox, a sheep, and quite a string of turkeys. When the twilight had fairly come, the lawns and verandas were alive with throngs of people — a thousand, you would have said. The lanterns were all lighted, and soon the fires began to crackle and then to blaze; before long the merry scene was as bright as day, and the scent of the roasting meat filled the air. Somewhere in the distance a negro quartet was singing, and above all the laughter and excitement you heard now and then the strains of an old camp-meeting melody, declaring with many repetitions, that —

> "My poor body lies a-mouldering in the clay,
> But my soul goes marching on!"

It was perhaps an hour before the great repast was ready and the word went round, "To the tables!" From the "Great House" came streaming a line of waiters, bearing smoking dishes aloft; and stretched out upon a table

lay the huge ox, his legs in the air. A dozen carvers fell upon him, and in a twinkling, as it seemed, he was on everybody's plate.

So, with endless laughter, and joking, and calling aloud, and flying about of waiters, the meal went forward. Toward the end you saw, at each table, a huge bowl of punch brewing; and one by one the diners laid down their knives and forks, and the waiters whisked their plates away — and every one settled back and prepared for the real feast of the evening — shouted for it, too, insistently: "Speech! Speech!"

At last there rose up Hamilton Montague, the host (his departing brother was considered as the guest of honor). With much laughter and bantering, — every one there was an intimate friend, — with charming ease and good humor, he bade them all welcome, and retorted to all their interruptions, and told stories and made esoteric allusions to local affairs — and, in short, was delightful without end. Everybody in Mississippi could make a speech in those days; these people had no theatres, and no concerts, and almost no books — they had speeches.

But toward the end the orator grew serious. The scene was beautiful, the punch was inimitable, for it was made by his own recipe; but out in the darkness beyond were things of which one dreaded to think — behind every happy face that he saw he knew lurked a hidden alarm. One might go on hiding it, if he chose, but wisdom cried out against such a course; in short, there was the peril of the South, and here was the master spirit to point the way. He had taken a long journey; he was awaited with breathless interest; they were at his disposal for as long as he would speak to them: the orator of the evening and the orator of the South — Mr. William Lowndes Yancey!

And the quiet man whom Allan had been eying came out upon the platform slowly, waited patiently until the furious applauding ceased, gazing about him in the meantime and taking in his audience. Crowds of the uninvited, mingled with the negroes, now formed a ring in the distance, pressing closer in toward the firelight all the time.

Then slowly, very quietly and distinctly, he began, and men sat forward suddenly — the voice, *oh*, what a voice! Clear and vibrant and mellow, it seized you like the note of a violin; it penetrated to hidden depths of your soul, it sent tremblings down into your very finger ends. This quiet man, standing there without a gesture or a motion, he took hold of your very self, and where he chose to go, you went with him.

It was to lay bare the secret workings of the universe, to uncover the hidden machinery of events. Here at last was some one who had thought, whose keen mind had gone back of all appearances, and with Godlike certainty could unfold the causes of things. You saw as never had you seen before — everything which had seemed obscure was clear on the instant — not only the past, but the dark and silent future. Into its sphinxlike and inscrutable face you had gazed so long — but now suddenly it was become full of meaning!

And what a future it was; how suddenly the sight of it filled you with horror, so that you dug your nails into your hands! How suddenly you hated it, what desperate revolt against it leaped up within you — how madly you flung away comfort and ease — yea, life itself, and rushed forth to battle with this iniquity! What shame seized you that you had been sitting here at a feast, while such things as this went on in the world!

You saw two civilizations: one of them of white men who worked — farmers, mechanics, sailors; the other of gentlemen who did not work, but who owned slaves and tilled the soil. These two civilizations, having each had a vast room to grow in, had lived comfortably side by side for two generations; but now, behold, each of them has filled its own limits, and suddenly — they touch! Will as you choose, struggle as you may, you cannot help this fact, that between those two civilizations there is irrevocable and deadly *war!* There is no policy which they can find that will be common — what is the life of one is the other's death. One is agricultural, the other industrial; one desires land, the other trade; one grows

by conquest, the other by settling; one is conservative, the other endlessly radical. And therefore the instant these two forces meet within the government, you see them grapple; and there is a struggle — sharp, quick — and one of them goes down. When it is down, mark this, down it *stays*. There is no second chance, the victor's heel is upon you. Thereafter the policy of the government is the master's policy, and one which cuts, sinew by sinew, the power of the other party.

"Men of the South! Men of the South!" The orator was no longer quiet and formal — a fire blazed in his countenance, passion streamed from his aspect, leaped in his ringing words. "Men of the South, hear me!" He raised his clenched hand aloft, and the audience strained forward, breathless, suffering. "That instant is come upon you — you face it *now!* That instant is going — you know not when it may be gone!"

He paused, and you heard men gasp for breath; then again his voice dropped, and they sank back in their seats with relief. Again in his quiet, simple manner he went on to show the reason of things. Here was a people with a vast territory, more fertile than any in the world, owning a natural monopoly, cotton, and having the world in their hands. And of course they were enormously wealthy; oh, yes, but where was the wealth, where was the wealth of the man who sat here to-night? He had land and labor, of course; but these were only the tools of wealth; and new land when the old was worn out, and new labor also, these he had. But the profits — where were the profits? Why, once a year he went to New Orleans and spent all he owned for the necessaries of life, which came, pray, from where? From the North! He could not get them from where they were cheapest — he must get them from the North! There was a tariff devised for that express purpose — "to encourage domestic industries" — at the North! What had the South to do with industries? The South had no industries, had nobody who knew anything about industries, thank God! But it must put its hands into its pockets and pay double

prices for everything, to encourage the industries at the North! And the Northern papers marvelled at the prosperity of the country, and at the emigrants which the prosperity brought from Europe in streams — all to engage in industries, encouraged by the South!

No mere man could ever have imagined such sarcasm as this; the orator was no longer human, he was a god, come down from the skies, with sovereign gesture to tear off the veil from the hypocrisies of men. How deeply must the North despise this people, to mock at them for the same ills it caused them! He, the orator, had resigned from Congress because he would not bear what his colleagues seemed to bear quite in course, — to be discussed as a half-barbarous survival of a dark age, to be forever fronted with tables of statistics to prove your inferiority to some one else! There were more colleges and books and churches at the North; colleges and books and churches would seem to be among the industries that the South had encouraged! What pride must throb in the bosom of a Southern planter as he realized what a success he had achieved — that the industries he had encouraged were grown actually courageous enough to strike down the hand that fed them!

Look again! For a generation you have encouraged industries, and brought millions of foreigners to serve the North, until the country is crowded beyond even the power of your purse. And what has happened? You, the South, need more territory, and wage a war. It costs ninety million dollars; you, the importing states, pay sixty of them. You pay, also, private treasure — and you pay your blood. The North does not want war, scorns you and jeers at you while you wage it; but now that it is won, here is the land, and the North *does* want the land! You say they shall not have it — pshaw! you are fools, they have it already, before you have got your eyes open. Here is this swarming population which you have "encouraged"; it has walked across a continent, it has sailed through two oceans — God help you, it has even flown through the air, it would seem. At any

rate, there it is! And it votes you out! You, and your slaves and your civilization — it votes you out! And it gazes at you with bland innocence, and asks you if it is not all perfectly fair and regular.

Then, too, when you object. "It is only one state," the North tells you. Yes, but see, they have been incautious and shown their plan too soon. Here is a vast territory still at stake, and they propose a law to keep you out of that too! They could not pass the law, for it happened that you were still their equal in the Senate. But give them one state more — and they have the Senate!

At this time the so-called Compromise measures of Senator Clay were before the country; the orator shook them into rags. The North cried out at them — but the North would come around, never fear! They got California; what else mattered? They proposed to give the South a Fugitive-slave bill — a bill they would repeal when they chose, and which meantime they would never enforce. But granting that they would, the South might recover a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property thereby; in exchange for it they would give a state worth uncounted millions! If Slavery were allowed in California to-day, negroes would sell in the New Orleans market for five thousand dollars apiece; they gave up that! They gave up their supremacy in the nation — they gave up the fight!

This man played upon his audience as a musician plays upon an organ: always controlled, always masterful, with perfectly turned and finished sentences, with few gestures and naught but the witchery of his marvellous voice, he swept them through the whole gamut of emotions — terror, rage, defiance, tears. He pictured the indignities to which they were subjected — he beat them up as the tempest beats the ocean; he seized the leaping waves of their resolve and swept them seething onward to defiance and to war. He found a chord that echoed to the very depths of their souls, and he hammered without end upon

it — the stigma of inferiority that men set upon them. "Infamous! Infamous! Infamous!" he cried, until they laughed aloud in furious scorn. He showed them the power that was closing round them until they felt its grip upon their throats, and you saw before you men with white lips and battle faces. He called aloud upon the spirits of their fathers, the men who had hurled back the British from their shores, and ghostly presences trembled above the scene, and the souls of men were loosed with awe, and shaken with consecrations.

"To realize instantly the peril," was his cry, "to gird yourselves for the battle — on the brink of the precipice to make your stand! To reply to Northern aggressions with an instant *leap!* To make them understand that the first move which tends to destroy your equality in this nation — no matter how they may justify it, no matter how they disguise it — is the signal for the ending of the compact and the forcible withdrawal of the South. You say that you can wait and secede at any time — but you cannot! Every day you are in the Union it becomes more difficult, every day the power that is feeding upon your strength will be stronger and more loath to let you go!

"Not then, but now! The future calls, a future of success without an end. Standing alone, and alert to your own interests, what happens at the North need trouble you no more. South of you is endless empire; you have conquered it once, you can conquer it again. There is Cuba, there is Central America, there is another continent beyond — nowhere is there a people able to withstand for one instant the march of your imperial power!"

And drunk with this vision, the orator's soul rose up within him; vistas unrolled before him, and the least man there felt his heart leap madly, and marvelled to discover the mighty being he was. The orator, carried away himself, turned suddenly, and with arms outstretched and voice breaking with emotion, cried out to her who was the queen of these adventurings, the muse of their devotion, — the South, the South! Suddenly, miraculously, she

rose before them — born of the starlight and celestial splendors — radiant with the hues of morning, singing in her loveliness, she came, she came! She came with tremblings and quiverings, with choirings and harpings of the universe of things, with fairy footsteps to dance her joy, and breaking showers of light upon her pathway. To her men fled with bosom swelling, and with arms outstretched — the touch of her robe was madness, her beauty was not to be borne. Queen of their lives was she, mistress of their souls was she, muse and goddess of the fair South-land!

"Oh, take us to thy heart, for thy slaves we are! Bound to thee with chains of fire, by the joys of our childhood, by the ardors of our youth, by the stern, sad vision of our later years, we pledge our faith to thee! The devotion of our mothers is of thy giving, the goodness of our sisters, the sanctity of our loves! The glory of our springtides, the fulness of our summers, the splendors of our mornings, the stillness of our nights, are all of thee! To thee our labors in peace, our courage in battle! For thee we live, for thee we should die with a song! Take us to thy heart, as we come to thee, O spirit of the fair South-land!"

The orator had ceased; but the tempests of emotion he had loosed raged still about the place; a thousand echoes still rang, a thousand presences still lingered; and the audience sat rapt: men with clenched hands numb and burning, with faces uplifted and tears coursing down their cheeks, or buried in their arms and shaken with gusts of weeping. In the hour of that fearful consecration all men were brothers — old and young — black and white; and graybeards sobbed on each other's shoulders, and youths rushed away into the darkness with hands clasped to their temples — for these things are painful to be borne.

But then suddenly one came to, and seeing the orator, with hands dropped and his head bowed, leaped to his feet and cried out; and at once the flood-gates opened, and men delivered themselves by shouts and exclamations.

When he came down from the platform they surged round him, wringing his hands and making incoherent protestations of gratitude.

But to one — the boy Allan — such an act was unthinkable ; he stood apart, clasping his hands together and talking wildly to himself. He would as soon have stretched out his hands to the burning bush from which God spoke, as to that most miraculous, most awful man. When the storm began to subside, and men to become themselves again, unable to bear the profanation, he rushed away ; he heard not his own father's beautiful farewell, but lay with arms stretched out upon the ground, pledging with tears of fire his love, his worship, his life, to her who in that wondrous hour had laid her hands upon him. The camp-fires were dying and the moon was up ; it was time to start and the coach was at the door, before the boy leaped to his feet and realized that men were shouting his name all over the place.

And so, half dazed, he came out. The guests were crowded upon the veranda, and the equipage stood ready. He glanced about wildly — his last glance at Valley Hall ! To his father's inquiries he replied he knew not what ; he felt himself crowded about and embraced by the family and by the sobbing negroes, and then he was lifted into the coach. It started suddenly, amid deafening cheers. As the sound receded, he burst into tears upon his father's shoulder.

It was only for a moment that he ceased — as they crossed the creek, and reached the top of the slope, and his father whispered suddenly, " Hush ! " From the rear there came faint strains of singing, the old plantation's last pleading farewell : —

> " Away ! away !
> Away down South in Dixie ! "

When morning dawned they were on a steamer for New Orleans, and while on board Allan chanced to open his

little trunk, in the top of which he found a carefully tied package with a note, in a slow, painful hand : —

"Dear Allan, — I give you my hunting nife. I want you to keep it til you come across an abbleitionist. *then you will know what to do!* Granfather said to die for our country, but I doutt if they would dare to hang a man for kiling an abbleitionist.

"'Dolph."

CHAPTER V

In those days the traveller from the Southwest to Washington had choice of two land routes. He might go by way of the Mississippi and the Ohio, and over the mountains by stage from Wheeling to Pittsburg, reaching Washington after two or three weeks; or else he might take, as did Captain Montague, what was called the "Southern route," by way of Mobile and the Alabama River, and thence over the new railroad into Georgia, where stages connected with another road to Charleston. By this route it took five days of steady travel, without sleeping-cars or berths, and with only five-minute stops for meals.

But it was Allan's first experience from home, and to him it was a panorama of delight: the great city with its endless rows of buildings and of ships; the blue waters of the Gulf, and the great silent river, with its high banks; the magical railroad, piercing deep forests and spanning great stretches of cane-brake and swamp; and the long stage route through the high pine lands of Georgia, where the coach was forever toiling in deep white sand, or thumping over corduroy roads, and sticking fast and turning out its passengers to pry it up with fence rails. Here the waste lands were covered with broom-sedge, and one passed endless successions of tumble-down shanties having broken windows patched with paper, and perhaps a lank and yellow man leaning on his gun, and a lank and yellow woman smoking a pipe in the doorway, with half a dozen white and black children peering from behind her skirts. Now and then came a town, with straggling whitewashed houses, and perhaps a court-house, with some negroes dozing upon its sunny side, or sitting upon the fences, sound asleep. Here the road would be good, and the driver

would take out his quid and whoop to the horses and crack his whip and make a show.

It was in the middle of the night that they came to the second railroad; a gang was working upon it by the light of the great camp-fires, in the midst of an unbroken forest. The passengers had to walk down the track to where the locomotive stood puffing, the trainmen calling "All aboard," though it was nearly an hour before they started after all. In the morning there were the cotton lands and the rice swamps of South Carolina and aristocratic Charleston. Then came another sea trip and another railroad, and at last the long bridge across the Potomac, and, in the distance, the dome of the half-finished Capitol.

So much had Allan heard of Washington, so many times had he dreamed of its marvels, that it was scarcely possible that he should not be disappointed. A place where such great deeds were done, where even now, to-day, the fate of the nation was being decided; and here the same loungers at the depot, and the same negroes in the sun, and the same unspeakable roads and ramshackle turnouts to traverse them! The carriage which bore Allan and his father was engineered by an old tattered darkey who wore a high hat without a top, and had patched out his harness with old rope and rawhide, and had made a bit out of telegraph-wire.

The Washington of to-day would start if it could see itself as it was fifty years ago—a city without the citizens, a combination of huge marble piles and negro shanties. Its streets had no sidewalks, and an unwary pedestrian might get up to his waist in ooze while trying to cross them. Pigs ran about them, serving as scavengers, and cows kept down its vegetation; a senator or a diplomatic representative would have to get out of the way of a citizen who sat on his doorstep in his shirt-sleeves doing his milking.

The travellers spent three weeks in Washington, stopping at the boarding-house where the Southern statesmen had their "mess," and where Allan met all the giants of his dreams. Their own Davis was here, tortured with

his wounded foot, but stately and grave as ever; the senator's face was become spare and thin with suffering, and with his high cheek-bones and prominent nose his look was more keen and imperious than ever. Here, too, was Toombs, the lion-hearted, a wild Georgia man, full-blooded, passionate, and terrible in debate. Toombs was wont to shake his black locks when he was angry, so that his admirers compared him with Danton; but when he sat at the table he was the soul of the party, and his laugh was like a drink of wine. Toombs was one of those old-fashioned American heroes whose joy it was to have their pictures taken with their vests unbuttoned and expansive clean shirt-fronts showing; only one reads in Toomb's faithful biographer that his was *not* clean, being stained with tobacco juice, at least on that occasion when he rode over the border into South Carolina to confound an opponent with the torrents of his inspiration. "Genius sat upon his brow," so the chronicler avows, "and his eyes were black as death, and bigger than an ox's." Toombs was a hero among strict constructionists—gnats or camels, it was all the same to him. He saw no more reason why the government should carry his mail than why it should carry his cotton; and he denied its power to construct an Atlantic cable, the founders having failed to provide for it! In later years it was Toombs who was to startle the land with his famous "door-sill" speech, crying out to his constituents in Georgia that the foe was on the way, and that they must meet him at that portion of their domiciles.

Here, too, was Alexander Stephens, gentle and lovable, Jonathan to this David; a man of such a tiny figure that he was forever taken for a boy—with huge head, and skin wrinkled and drawn like a mummy's. Congress had marvelled when he came, hearing upon its floor the high, shrill voice of a child. The life of Stephens was one long struggle with death, and yet many held him the leader in the House of the Southern forces in this battle. Here, too, was Houston, of deathless fame, whose career had begun when as a youth in the Creek War he had gotten himself transfixed with an arrow, and in that state led a charge

over the enemy's defences. It was Houston who had whirled the Mexicans out of Texas, and was now representing his state, clad in a catamount-skin waistcoat, ostentatiously displayed, and alternated with another of scarlet silk.

There were truly giants in those days! Their second day in Washington the father and son went, silent with awe, to the Senate-chamber, to hear the last dying words of the ancient hero of the South. The aged man crept in, half carried by his friends, haggard and pale and ghastly, his long cloak wrapped about him. He could scarcely speak, himself; a friend read his speech while he sat with half-closed eyes. Sometimes, however, at a stirring passage, he would open them, and they would glare like coals. Terrible it was to see him thus pleading dumbly, with agony, to a heedless world. To the boy he seemed more than human—a mighty magician weaving spells, or (for such was his strange drawn face, with the ring of bushy white hair, and the shrunken figure) a huge spider spinning a web of fate. He, Calhoun, had marvellously foreseen the present; twenty years before he had foretold it all, and the course of history for a generation to come as well. But men laughed at him still—it is not permitted to a public man to see too far beyond his nose.

In his speech he showed what Yancey, too, had argued, but in cold figures,—the consequences of Northern encroachments upon the South. He pleaded that these things should cease, proposing as a remedy that there should be two presidents, one from each section. "He is old," said Davis, grimly; "that is as near secession as he dares." It was not the first time that the aged teacher had shrunk thus behind his bolder pupils.

Twenty years before this man and another mighty hero had fought a battle of ideas in the Senate; and for twenty years you might say that orators and editors had been doing little more than hammering their arguments into the public mind. Now the armies they had raised up stood facing each other, and all men awaited breathlessly the issue.

Daniel Webster was to speak three days later, on the

seventh of March — Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, champion of Federal supremacy and of the antislavery hosts. But a short time ago he had claimed the Wilmot Proviso as his "thunder"; and now, though no man had any inkling of what his speech was to be, Captain Montague and his friends awaited eagerly a tirade which should send the sham "compromises" into the limbo of all shams.

But there were factors which these Southerners had failed to consider. Perhaps it was really that the great man was stricken with fear at the result of his own course, and was trembling for his beloved Union; or perhaps it was as the cynics sneered—that two years ahead was another presidential nomination, and that again he was cringing and plotting for the votes. Quite a task will the angels find it on the Judgment Day to pick out the selfish from the unselfish acts of statesmen, even with the full book of their thoughts before them; and until that day arrives, assuredly there must continue to be two opinions among men as to the course of Daniel Webster on that famous seventh of March.

Pompous and inflated as he reads to us to-day, heavy and over-solemn, his speeches yet contain half a dozen passages of most magical eloquence, which seized upon the hearts of his countrymen and made the history of a land for years and ages. Terrible he must have been in his majesty at such a moment, himself and all his weaknesses, his vanities and his vices and his ambitions, forgotten. Men tell strange tales of the effects he wrought, with his giant presence and his golden floods of speech.

To the little knot of Southerners his oration came as a clap of thunder. With wonder they heard him deprecating the Northern agitation which he himself had led; with curling lips of scorn they listened while he pleaded, first with the North, that they had got everything of importance, that California was safe, and that New Mexico could never support slaves; and then with the South to accept the compromises. "He thinks to get Southern delegates

with a speech like *that!*" cried Toombs, "but, by God, how he'll find he's mistaken!" And so it proved in the event, and men say that it killed him.

Great was the rage of Abolitionism that seventh of March; but the effect of the speech was only too evident, and the friends of Senator Davis recognized that they had but one hope more—the President, who was still obstinate and talked of hanging people. Upon the floor of the Senate was the great "Harry of the West," indomitable old man, speaking half a dozen times a day, arguing, exhorting, imploring, cajoling, commanding — all for his beloved Union! His fate it has been to come down to history as preferring to be right than to be President. Alas! often enough he had been neither; but now all thoughts of ambition were gone, he was feeble and his end was at hand. He had no longer a care but to save his country —and, as Toombs added grimly, "to save it in his own way."

When Allan and his father left Washington the struggle was still far from its end. The last sight which the boy saw in the Senate was Foote, the colleague of Jefferson Davis, clad in the silk stockings and "pumps" which men still wore in those days, backed up against the president's desk with a pistol pointed, and Benton of Missouri, an enormous man with a toga-like cloak, flinging it wildly back and bidding the assassin fire.

Through Baltimore—and out of Dixie! The boy sat with face glued to the window, curious to see what sort of land this Abolitiondom might be. It would not be easy to describe what happened to him — he could not have described it himself; but mile after mile as the train sped northward, and the air grew cold and damp, the chill seemed to penetrate to the boy's very soul; he dared not even ask his father, but sat silent and amazed. Who not seeing it thus, face to face, could ever have believed it— the extent of the wrong that had been suffered by his beloved South! Her slattern villages and crumbling

houses, her forest wildernesses and her wasted fields with straggling "snake" fences. And here, among the homes of her oppressors, these trim white farm-houses with neat fences and gardens, these level roads and endless ploughed-land and pasture, of the like of which no Southerner had ever dreamed! They had left New York and were speeding through Connecticut and Massachusetts, where you were scarcely out of one town before you were in another. "Father," the boy suddenly burst out, "is *all* the North like this?"

"All New England is," said his father, "and all the rest will be soon. There are hundreds of thousands of emigrants landing in New York every year."

"But, father," exclaimed Allan, "these people aren't foreigners; they don't talk like foreigners."

"They talk through their condemned long noses," said Captain Montague, and silence reigned again.

So to hateful Boston, his home for so many years to come. The boy had put on coats without end, but still he shivered as he drove through the streets. He was completely cowed; never would he have believed that the land of the Yankees could have subdued and crushed him so. He gazed in awe at the vistas of stately stores and theatres, and huge public edifices, libraries, museums—who could tell what? Here in Boston all was grim sobriety — a man would be fined if he smoked a cigar on the street. And so strange it seemed to the boy to be in a place where there were no negroes, and where he was waited upon by white men and women! So strange it had seemed, anyway, to be without attendants — to have to lay out your own clean shirt! It was only one of a thousand outrages of which Captain Montague complained, that he could not take his own servants with him to a part of his own country.

That afternoon they sent out their cards to their kinsmen, and meantime the father set out to find a home. He left the boy to his own devices, and Allan fell straight-

way into a wonderful and most embarrassing adventure, which cries out to be told.

He had strolled up the hill from the hotel to the great Capitol, and at this majestic building he stood staring in wonder, when suddenly he heard something strike the pavement at his feet, and, gazing down, saw that 'Dolph's huge bowie-knife, which he had kept in an inner pocket, had worn a hole and slipped out to the ground. The boy gave a startled glance around him, and to his horror saw an elderly gentleman standing not ten feet away, and staring, first at the knife, and then at him.

Allan flushed scarlet, and, without stopping to pick up the weapon, turned and moved away. Scarcely, however, had he taken ten steps before he heard a voice behind him, "Pardon me, my son, but did thee not drop that knife?"

Allan glanced back, and saw the gentleman gazing after him in perplexity. "No," he said hastily, "I didn't" and darted on.

But he did not go very far. A burst of rage swept over him. He, a Southerner, a Mississippian—to quail thus at the very outset before the power of the North! To run away — and to lie! He turned sharply on his heel, his lips set, and strode back to where the gentleman stood, holding the ferocious weapon in his hand.

Allan gazed straight into his eyes. "Sir," he said, "I told you a falsehood; that knife *was* mine."

"Oh," gasped the other, and held it out to him.

"No," said Allan, "I did not come back because I wanted the knife; I can get another that will do me just as well. I came, sir, because I would not let you think I was afraid of you."

The other's perplexity deepened to consternation. "Dear me!" he said. "What does thee mean, my son? Why should thee be afraid of me?"

He was a very tall gentleman, with a stern but benevolent countenance, and a cut of clothes which made Allan think him a minister. He stood gazing down into the boy's flushed face, still holding the bowie-knife.

"I have just come from Mississippi," said Allan, with desperate resolution; "my cousin gave me that knife so that if I met an Abolitionist — why — why —"

He hesitated. Wonder, horror, incredulity, and amusement chased one another over the features of his Quaker auditor; in the end he put on a look of much gravity, and laid his hand upon Allan's shoulder, and said, "Then, my son, thee may begin with me; for I am an Abolitionist!"

Allan would have given a great deal to be out of that adventure just then; but though he shrank back, he had not the courage to escape.

"Thee has perhaps never seen an Abolitionist before?" said the stranger, after an awkward pause.

"No, sir," stammered the boy.

"And perhaps thee did not suppose they looked just like me?"

"No, sir," was his answer again; and the gentleman took his arm and said, smiling, "Let us take a little walk, my son, and talk about it." And so it happened that any of the people of Valley Hall might, had they chanced to be on hand, have seen Allan strolling around the Capitol grounds and talking with a "nigger thief" as with any honest man—with one who stated serenely that he had helped two thousand runaway negroes into Canada! Who was, of all persons, the reputed founder of the "Underground Railroad"—the notorious Levi Coffin, of Cincinnati!

The truth to be told, Allan was dazed. He was listening —actually listening—to arguments about the rights of black men, to Abolition talk of black men's sufferings; and all from the kindest and dearest, the wisest and wittiest old gentleman that ever he had met in all his life before! And a man who actually gave all his time and wealth to the managing of a store at which people might buy Southern products made by free negroes, so terrible a thing did he consider Slavery! When finally he left the boy, Allan had a feeling as if the universe had been turned upside down and shaken vigorously for several minutes about his ears.

"Let me give thee back thy knife, my son," Mr. Coffin had said. "But do promise me that thee will not kill any Abolitionists!"

"I—I don't think I will," stammered Allan.

"Try to meet some of them some day," said the other; "they are the best people in the world, believe me. If thee was ever sick, or needy, or in danger, nowhere could thee find people to help thee so much. Suppose, for instance, some wicked man were to steal thee and carry thee away and degrade thee into a chattel and a thing like the beasts that perish, thee could find no one to plead for thee save only among the Abolitionists!"

CHAPTER VI

Captain Montague rented a house upon Beacon Street, and Allan came slowly to realize that Boston was his home.

They had met their relatives, Professor Otis, of Harvard College, and his family. The professor was a grave, dignified man, whose conversation opened out a new world to Allan, who had no suspicion of the existence of the thing called learning. He was a widower, living with his two children and his maiden sister, at whom Allan gazed with trembling—she was so much like the picture of his mother at Valley Hall. She opened her heart to the homesick boy at once; and it was only after he had given himself away irrevocably that he made the desperate discovery that she, too, was an Abolitionist. She was amused quite a little at his horror, and poor Allan met his second defeat—he took his dreadful bowie-knife and hid it away in a drawer.

Of his two new cousins, Jack, a year younger than himself, a beautiful boy with golden hair and a laugh like a meadow brook, had become his friend on the instant. Little Lucy, three years his junior, had proven more difficult, having sat in a corner all the while the boys were playing, staring with wide eyes—and when Allan made advances to her, having suddenly observed, with crushing solemnity, "They tell me that you own slaves!"

His kind Aunt Mary never wounded him, but with Lucy there were daily arguments, not seldom ending in quarrels, concerning biblical sanctions of Slavery, the humanness of black people, and many other questions of the hour. When Allan was first worsted by Abolitionism, he fled to his father for support; but only once, for Captain Montague had no sense of humor in these matters, and was in his secret soul bitterly afraid of these new influences, and jealous of the effect they might have on his boy. Allan learned at once that whatever misgivings he might have

upon such subjects in future must be hidden in his own heart.

Henry Montague had always been an irritable little man, but was doubly so since his lameness. It took all his self-control, he would vow excitedly, to live in this infernal city without losing his temper: a statement which had a quaint sound, in view of the fact that he was losing it all day long. He could not then find a newspaper which was not filled with the clamor of the Boston radicals over the course of Daniel Webster; and regularly every morning he would fling down the sheet, and, striking his cane on the floor, exclaim: "Let them go on! Let them go on! The South will be out of the Union in another three months, mark my words!"

And so it might have been — who knows? Persons of philosophical inclination, who like to contemplate the ironies and the mysteries of human fate, may find a subject to their taste in the historical fact that the destiny of this nation to the remotest day, with all the tremendous issues which depend or ever shall depend upon it, was to be determined by a few innocent-looking cherries which were hanging upon some tree, no one knew where. Not the wisest seer that ever was or will be could gaze at American history and tell what it might have been—what tens of thousands of lives might have been spared, or taken—what ruin might have been avoided, or wrought —had it not been for those few innocent-looking cherries! At this crisis of the nation's fate they came to the hands of General Taylor, who ate them; and five days later he was dead, and a "Compromise man" was President.

As time passed on, Henry Montague came to perceive that there was nothing to do but yield to the inevitable. All through the summer the struggle lasted in Washington; but in the end, measure by measure, the bargain was put through. The country seemed literally to sink back and sigh with relief at the end of the agitation; upon Boston Common a salute of one hundred guns was fired. One of the items of the compact, the great concession to the South, was a "Fugitive-slave bill" of relentless

strictness, one that bade fair to be enforceable at last. Living in Boston as Captain Montague had been, and perceiving what a bitter pill this was for the North to swallow, he had come, without realizing it, to look upon the bargain as perhaps not quite so one-sided after all. There were said to be twenty thousand runaway negroes in the free states, and the law might prove of real importance, if enforced.

Allan was now going to school, hoping by two years of hard study to be able to enter the high school with his cousin, and having been deeply stung by his discovery of the amateurishness of his educational standards.

From the first day it was with Allan an individual against a whole environment. Perhaps if he had had help, even a little—if he had been able to consult with his father, for instance—he might have come through with a compromise. But that was not possible, he had to fight the battle all alone; and did not some one—somewhere—somehow—strike every single day a blow at the beautiful structure of his faith that made it shiver to its foundation stones? At the outset, for instance, he had to change his whole conception of the terrible being called Abolitionist. Using the word as Allan had always understood it, to refer to anyone who admitted himself opposed in any way to Slavery—literally every one whom the poor boy met was an Abolitionist; his playmates were Abolitionists, the very servants who waited upon him were Abolitionists. His father had engaged a butler, the first free negro Allan had ever spoken to, a sedate, gray-headed old man; the boy, goaded thereto by the vehement little Lucy, had urged the man to tell him his story. He had been a slave in Kentucky, had spent ten years of his life earning his freedom by working at night, and then, being cheated out of it and sold, had finally escaped to Canada and earned it once again.

—And what became of one's life convictions as to the sphere of a "nigger" in a city where people assured you there were thousands of them free and wealthy, and among

the most respected people in the place? And where they invited you to come to their house that evening and make the acquaintance of one!

His perception of the difference between Northern and Southern prosperity had of course not diminished as time went on; but now he met people who assured him that the reason was not the iniquitous tariff at all, but Slavery! They were quite ready to demonstrate it by any number of facts—and what could poor Allan answer in return? Then he would bring up the "Bible defence," as he had learned it at home, and somebody would present him with a Bible defence of polygamy!

The more Allan argued, the more the uncomfortable conviction forced itself upon him, that he did not know as much about Slavery as those with whom he talked. He knew only the side of it he had seen at home; but now he was told about all sorts of dreadful things of which he had never dreamed. This statement about the sugar plantations of Louisiana—that it paid better to work the hands to death every seven years and buy new! This statement that Virginia was nothing but a great breeding-ground from which twenty or thirty thousand negroes were shipped South every year to make up the deficiency! These stories about negroes beaten by drunken overseers, about young girls nearly white sold into shame, about free negroes kidnapped in the North by ruffians! Allan could only break into rage and rush away, vowing that he would never let any one speak to him about Slavery again.

Politically, the Slavery question was supposed to be dead; it might have remained so, even in Boston, had it not been for one feature of the Compromise bill, the relentless Fugitive law. The provisions of this act, so the anti-slavery people claimed, set at naught the fundamental principles of our judicial system; they put the burden of proof upon the accused, and they denied him a trial by jury. Also, with strange contempt of appearances, they awarded a double fee to the commissioner who decided the case, whenever he should decide against the negro.

In Boston alone there were thousands who had escaped

from the South, some of them ten and twenty years ago. Many had married in the North and reared families; and now any day the sword might fall upon them. It was very difficult, indeed, for the politicians to persuade people to regard such a question as "dead." In the spring of 1851, when Allan had been a year in Abolitiondom, and was no longer homesick, but rather very happy and busy, there were wild days of excitement in Boston. First there was a fugitive by the name of Shadrach, who, being lodged in the United States court room over night, was abducted by a band of colored men. When the news reached Washington the President issued a proclamation, and there were furious debates in Congress. The second case was two months later, when a man named Sims, a runaway from Georgia, was seized. The Abolitionists placarded the town with incendiary manifestoes; but guarded by three hundred police and the militia, Sims was got safely aboard ship for Savannah.

Yet the finality of the compromise was the platform of both of the political parties in the following year, when they made their presidential nominations. Daniel Webster was the candidate of the New England Whigs, and most terrible to witness had been his efforts for the prize; but he failed overwhelmingly—the party hoped to repeat its previous success with a soldier, and nominated General Scott, "Old Fuss and Feathers," as the army called him. Fat and red as a turkey cock, and fully as bustling and pompous, he travelled about the country making ridiculous speeches, and pouring out his boundless affection for everything and everybody who had a vote; it proved all for naught, however, the country preferred Franklin Pierce, the Democratic candidate, an insignificant personage about whom no one knew anything save that he drank too much.

In this year died the last two of the trio of giants, Clay and Webster, the latter's place in the Senate being taken by a Boston lawyer named Charles Sumner. A trial it was for Allan's father to read the papers on the morning after this man had made his first speech at

Washington, a philippic upon the Fugitive-slave law. A lawyer of wide culture and travel, a representative of all that was best in the city of Boston, it was truly a thing of significance when he stood up in the Senate and declared that one might as well try "to check the rushing waters of Niagara" as the antislavery agitation. He, a senator sworn to support the Constitution, hurled his defiance at the Fugitive-slave act. "Beware," he cried, "of the wounds of the wounded souls! Oppress not to the utmost a single heart, for a solitary sigh has power to overset a whole world!"

The words were very apposite just at that time. One soul had been so oppressed, the wife of a poor college professor in Ohio. Weighed down by the care of many children, she had yet found time to make one effort to utter to the world her feelings; and her book, published in the spring of 1852, had proven the greatest event of the literary kind that had ever happened in the country. Three thousand copies of it were sold upon the first day of its publication, and three hundred thousand in a year. In England it was published by eighteen separate firms in the same period, and it sold a million or two of copies. It was translated into twenty languages—it was read in the hovel and in the palace, in Armenia and in Finland—the peasantry of Italy were so shaken by "Il Zio Tom" that the pope had to forbid them to read it. It was turned into a play; it filled two houses in gay Paris, and in this country it left room for scarcely anything else at the theatres. It raised such a tempest, it shook men so, that not even the South could do without it; boys went through the trains and steam-boats in the slave states with armfuls of yellow-covered novels—probably the only piece of Abolition literature that was read in the South, before or after.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was one of those books like "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe," which make their way into the world of literature from below, and are classics before the *literati* have discovered them. Even now it is the fashion to speak of it as having historical rather than literary interest—and when, after fifty

years it is still the most popular novel in the country, and as a play supports a score of stock companies all the year round, and is heard by probably fifty thousand persons every week!

The fact seems doubly strange in view of the recognition that the critics of its own day gave it; it was praised without stint by such widely different personages as Whittier and Heine, Lowell and Lord Palmerston, Macaulay and George Sand. In truth, its literary faults are evident enough, its skeleton sticks through its every joint; but he who can read a hundred pages of it, for the first or the twentieth time, with dry eyes, is not an enviable person. It was, when it appeared, and it has remained to this day, the most unquestionable piece of inspiration in American fiction; and probably nowhere in the literature of all the world is there a book more packed and charged with the agony and heartbreak of *woman.*

It was very trying to statesmen to have such a work appear just after they had settled the question—a work which, said Rufus Choate, who had sneered at the "glittering generalities" of the Declaration of Independence, "will make two millions of Abolitionists." To be sure, there were no effects immediately visible—but it gave a frightful impetus to that "din and roll and rub-a-dub of Abolition presses and Abolition lecturers," which, as Webster knew by bitter experience, was sure to result sooner or later in situations embarrassing to presidential candidates.

In the midst of the excitement Allan's father read the book. In a conversation the boy heard him vehemently denounce its "degrading negro sentimentalism," and he carried this phrase around with him for over a year and a half, and made it his stock reply to any one who spoke to him about "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But, as often happens, a too zealous defender of his own side brought about the boy's undoing. There were many "refutations" of Uncle Tom composed by the indignant South, and one of these was judged orthodox reading for Allan. The result was that his curiosity was so piqued that one day in

the Christmas holidays of the year 1853, seeing an old copy in a bookstore, he bought it and hid it away in his room.

Allan was fifteen, not yet old enough to resist a story. As he read it, that never-to-be-forgotten night, two emotions seized him, and grew side by side—one of agonized sympathy for human creatures in the grip of a frightful evil, and the other a dazed realization that this evil was nothing else than the "peculiar institution" of the South.

All Allan's life he had had a dream of something which he lacked, and for which no substitute had ever quite sufficed—a mother's love; and here was a mother's book, every line of it seemed to bring him face to face with the very mother-soul. What bore it so far, what made it thrill a score of nations, but that everlasting motherness that was in it: a mother's passionate tenderness, a mother's frantic claspingness, a mother's terror at *destruction,* at cruelty and wounds and death? This woman had buried children, had parted from portions of her soul; and every love, no matter how humble and poor, that ever the wickedness of things had wronged, was voiced in the fearful heartbreak of her book. "Have I not guarded them," it seemed to cry; "have I not born them, with agony such as you cannot dream? Have I not nursed them, toiled for them with endless weariness? Are they not parts of me, flesh of my flesh and soul of my soul—*and now will you destroy them?*"

In three years the boy had grown quite used to the abstract statement that slaves had feelings "like us"; but it was quite another thing to have them laid before you. Allan was like the senator of the story—he had voted for the rendition of fugitives, but when one suddenly appeared at his door, shivering and helpless, he turned Abolitionist and "nigger thief." He fought as long as he could, but in the end he gave himself up to that story, and writhed and suffered, and turned away sobbing convulsively, and then brushed away the tears and read again. When at last he came to himself he had read nearly all of the book, and it was daylight.

He put out his light and tried to go to sleep, but he

could not. When he came downstairs he was so pale and his eyes so red that his father gave a start when he saw him. The boy made the best excuse he could—he had been sick and had not slept; as soon as he could get away, he went back to his room and lost himself in the story again. When he read the last scenes, of the death of Uncle Tom, that tremendous piece of writing seemed to him almost more than he could bear; alone in the midst of black night and horror he fought the fearful battle of the old negro's soul, and when he closed the book there were beads of perspiration on his forehead.

Allan bore the misery about with him for a week, speaking of it to no one; at last, however, he could stand it no more, and fled to his uncle's house. He chanced to meet Professor Otis just coming out of his door, and caught him by the arm and dragged him into the parlor.

"Uncle William," he said swiftly, "you must help me!" And when his uncle inquired in alarm what was the matter, the boy whispered, in a voice of awe, "I have been reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'!"

The other uttered a long-drawn "O!"—"Yes," said Allan, swiftly, "I read it twice, and it's dreadful!"

The professor put his arm about him gently. "Poor boy," he said, "it must have come hard."

"Uncle William," the boy exclaimed, "you must tell me something—the honest truth—you must!"

"I will, Allan; what is it?"

"I want to know if it is true; I want to know if such things can ever happen?"

"I fear that they do, Allan," was the answer. "I have known of such cases."

"I can't believe it!" he rushed on. "I can't believe it! They couldn't be allowed in the world; people would find out about them!"

"People do find out about them, Allan," said the professor, gravely; "but then when they do they are called Abolitionists, and no one will believe them. You would find that happening to yourself if you took the trouble to make sure."

"I am going to find out about it," cried Allan, passionately; "I mean to know the truth! I mean to! I mean to!"

Professor Otis drew the boy toward him, meantime gazing in front of him with knitted brows. Then suddenly a light dawned, and he said: "I will tell you what we can do, Allan; I had an engagement to-night, but I will break it and go with you. I remember the date, the fourth of January, and the chance is too good to miss. You stay here to dinner, and this evening we will go to hear something interesting. I won't tell you what, but you shall have a chance to make up your own mind."

They went to some theatre. It seemed to be the professor's wish to keep his nephew from forming any opinions in advance; he took him in a carriage, and whisked him into the place before he had a chance to glance at the signs outside. The audience seemed to be composed of more refined people than usual; a sudden wild thought flashed over the boy, and he turned and whispered, "Uncle William, is this an Abolition meeting?"

The professor smiled and answered, "No, not quite," and Allan sat back. He waited patiently, until all at once the audience began vigorously to applaud—and then with a sudden jump the boy sat forward, his mouth flying open very wide. Walking out upon the platform, dressed in evening costume and smiling to the multitude, was a great, big, woolly-headed negro!

Professor Otis had his hand firmly on his nephew's arm, as he would upon a restive colt to calm him; and Allan fell back with a gasp. For perhaps half a minute the negro stood bowing; then, the audience having at last become still, he clasped his hands behind his back. and opened his mouth, and actually began to speak!

CHAPTER VII

He was a very tall and powerfully built man of about thirty-five, a mulatto; his face was typically African, and yet it was more—it seemed like an idealization, by an artist in heroic mood. Pain and suffering were written upon it, and grim resolution lurked about the mouth; the forehead was broad and bold, and the eyes intense. The man spoke with perfect self-possession, as if he had been used to it all his life; also he possessed a voice of depth and power.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "when they told me that I was wanted to talk once more in Boston, I said to myself that here, at least, would be something new. For wherever I am asked to speak, some one of the managing committee invariably comes to me beforehand and says, 'We wish that you would tell your story; we are sure that the audience wants to hear that; we don't think that you could possibly say anything that would count for so much as your story.' And of course, my friends, that is very true, but it is also very hard on me; I assure you that it is a trial to travel up and down the American continent telling the same story night after night for years. And so now I said to myself that at least in Boston everybody knows my story, and so I may indulge such originality as God has given me. But, ladies and gentlemen, an hour ago as I sat at dinner I was handed this note which I have in my hand, and which is signed by a very well-known gentleman of your city:—

" 'My dear Frederick,—I am coming to-night to hear you and to bring a young Southern friend, who is agitated upon the subject of Slavery. I pray you, do not discuss abstractions to-night—*tell your story!*"

The speaker paused, and the audience laughed and applauded. Allan had turned scarlet, and was trembling, feeling as if every eye in the place was upon him.

"I see my correspondent here in the room," said the orator, as he folded up the letter and put it in his pocket. "So I shall have to comply, I fear; and you, the rest of the audience, will have to make out as you can." The rest of the audience applauded vigorously.

The lecturer had been a slave upon the plantation of one Colonel Edward Lloyd, in the "Tuckahoe district" of the Eastern Shore of Maryland. It was a fever-ridden country, whose soil was sandy and worn-out and whose inhabitants were decayed and spiritless. The plantation was one of the largest in Maryland, and its owner one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic planters in the State. The speaker had been the property of his steward and had grown up in an isolated spot, with many other children, in an old ramshackle cabin under the care of his aged grandmother. He described his life there, quietly and in the simplest language; but not two minutes had passed before he had Allan spellbound—this man had a gift of vision, and his every sentence was charged with an intensity of feeling which took it straight to the listener's heart. A strange, an almost miraculous experience it was for the young Southerner! A trembling came over him, and he found himself clutching his seat and bending forward. Could anybody have persuaded him an hour ago that some one might present him with a view of the South absolutely new to him, of whose existence he had never even dreamed, —and yet which brought with its every detail the evidence of its own indisputable veracity?

A picture of Slavery—by the slave! What a curious situation—you did not know how old you were, or who your father was, or where your brothers and sisters lived! Your mother had to walk twenty-four miles after working all day as a field-hand to pay a visit to her boy! You *belonged* to some one, and you did not understand why, or whence, or for what purpose!

And when the slave child went away to the great plantation, how very true it was, every detail of it! The crowded quarters; the barns, the stables; the storehouses, the kitchens, the wash-houses; the hen-houses, the dairies, the arbors; the "great house" with its porticoes and lawns, its driveways and shrubbery. But what a singular way was this to have it appear to one!—"It is one of those secluded and out-of-the-way places which exist, even in the State of Maryland, seldom visited by a ray of healthy public sentiment, where Slavery, wrapped in its own congenial midnight darkness, can and does develop all its malign and shocking characteristics. Nearly all the plantations or farms in the vicinity belong to Colonel Lloyd, and those which do not are owned by personal friends of his, as deeply interested in maintaining the slave system in all its rigor as Colonel Lloyd himself. The plantation is a little nation of its own, having its own language, its own rules, regulations, and customs. The laws and institutions of the State touch it nowhere; there are no conflicting rights of property, for everything is owned by one man. Religion and politics are alike excluded. In its isolation it resembles what the baronial domains were during the Middle Ages in Europe. Grim, cold, and unapproachable by all genial influences from without, *there it stands*— full three hundred years behind the age in all that relates to humanity and morals!"

The man told the story of his childhood, in its utter loneliness and desolation. He pictured "Aunt Katy," the steward's cook, a terrible virago who fed most of the food allowance to her own children, and left the rest to starve. He told how he had drunk the water the meat was cooked in, and fought for crumbs with the dogs; how at night he slept in the chimney-corner with his legs in the ashes to keep them warm, or crawled in to the meal-sack in the closet, his feet being sometimes so cracked with the cold that one might put a nail into them.

—And then suddenly the man's manner changed; a fire leaped to his countenance, and his sentences seemed to crack and sparkle—he turned to picture another side of

plantation life, the one which Allan knew well; and the latter sat literally shaking. "The close-fisted stinginess that fed the poor slave on coarse corn-meal and tainted meat, that clothed him in crashy tow linen, and hurried him on to toil through the field in all weathers, with wind and rain beating through his tattered garments; that scarcely gave even the young slave mother time to nurse her hungry infant in the fence corner—wholly vanishes on approaching the sacred precincts of the 'great house,' the home of the Lloyds. Here the scriptural phrase finds an exact illustration; the highly favored inmates of the mansion are literally 'arrayed in purple and fine linen,' and fare sumptuously every day. The table groans under the heavy and blood-bought luxuries, gathered with pains-taking care, at home and abroad. Fields, forests, rivers, and seas are made tributary here. Immense wealth, and its lavish expenditure, fill the great house with all that can please the eye or tempt the taste. Here appetite, not food, is the great desideratum. Chickens, ducks of all kinds, wild and tame, guinea-fowls, turkeys, geese, and peafowls are in their several pens, fat and fattening for the destined vortex. Swans, partridges, pheasants, and pigeons; beef, veal, mutton, and venison; the teeming riches of the Chesapeake, trout, oysters, crabs, and terrapin; the dairy, too, probably the finest on the Eastern Shore; the fertile garden, many acres in size, with its scientific gardener, imported from Scotland. Baltimore gathers figs, almonds, and juicy grapes from Spain, wines and brandies from France—all conspiring to swell the tide of high life, where pride and indolence roll, loll, and lounge in magnificence and satiety. Behind the tall-backed and elaborately-wrought chairs stand the servants, men and maidens, fifteen in number, discriminately selected, not only with a view to their faithfulness, but with special regard to their personal appearance, their graceful agility and captivating address. Some of these are armed with fans, and are fanning reviving breezes toward the overheated brows of the alabaster ladies; others watch with eager eyes, and with fawnlike step

anticipate and supply all wants. These servants constitute the black aristocracy upon Colonel Lloyd's plantation; they resemble the field-hands in nothing except in color; the delicate colored-maid rustles in the scarcely worn silk of her young mistress, while the servant-men are equally well attired from the overflowing wardrobe of their young masters; so that in dress, as well as in form and feature, in manner and speech, in taste and habits, the distance between these favored few, and the sorrow and hunger smitten multitudes of the quarter and the fields, is immense. In the toil of these latter even horses and hounds are merry. In the stable you will find, kept only for pleasure, full thirty-five horses of the most approved blood for speed and beauty. Over the way from the stable is a house built especially for the hounds—a pack of twenty-five or thirty, whose fare would have made glad the hearts of a dozen slaves. Nor is this all; there is practised at the Lloyd's a hospitality which must astonish and charm any health-seeking Northern divine or merchant. Viewed from his own table, and *not* from the field, Colonel Lloyd is a model of generous hospitality. His house is literally a hotel for weeks during the summer months. On these occasions all that pride, taste, and money can do to dazzle and charm is done. Who can say that the servants of Colonel Lloyd are not well clad and cared for, after witnessing one of his magnificent entertainments? Who can say that they do not seem to glory in being the slaves of such a master? Who, but a fanatic, can get up any sympathy for persons whose every movement is agile, easy, and graceful, and who evince a consciousness of high superiority? And observe that this is all that visitors ever *do* see, or that the inmates themselves see, for that matter! Colonel Lloyd would not know one of his own field-hands if he passed him; he knows only his steward, who in turn knows the overseer of each of the farms. And who of his guests visits the quarters, where in the night time sleep fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, all in one room, upon a damp clay floor, wrapped in a single blanket, and crowded by the dying

fire? Who asks to see the hospitals, where men and women lie upon bare boards in a house with broken windows and open door through which the rain beats, suffering, rotting, in the agonies of every horrible disease? Who asks about the hearts that are broken—about mothers and children, husbands and wives, who are torn apart forever, when Austen Woldfolk, the slave buyer, comes once a month to take away from the plantation its increase? Who tramps to the fields, where vulgar coarseness and brutal cruelty spread themselves and flourish, rank as weeds in the tropics; where a vile beast, in the shape of a man, rides, walks, or struts about, dealing blows, and leaving gashes upon broken-spirited men and helpless women just out of childbirth, for thirty dollars a month—a business so horrible, hardening, and disgraceful that rather than engage in it a decent man would blow his own brains out?''

Unperceived the man had grown terrible in his anger; lightning shot from his eyes, and his voice rose like the storm wind—as suddenly he raised his clenched hands to the sky. ''And who are you, what are you, that you dare this infamy? By what right, by what power, do you stand thus upon the backs of toiling human creatures —do you *own* them, as if they were beasts of the field that you might *eat?* By what right do you riot in luxury and spread yourself a splendor, made whole out of the blood and tears and agonies of these thousands of immortal souls? What have you done for *them,* what do you *do* for them, that they should have reared this palace for you—and for your family and your guests, your horses and your dogs? You—young Southerner, slaveholder—what, has it never occurred to you in all your life before —have you ridden out over your teeming acres, watched us toiling in the blistering sun, hour after hour, without rest or hope, seen the lash laid upon our naked and bleeding backs, *and never even dreamed that we had souls?* Look at me—look at me!'' (He smote his hands upon his breast.) ''Have not *I* a soul? Have not I a will—a vision — a God — like you? Hopes and loves, joys and

sorrows — rights — like you? Hath not a slave eyes? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you poison us, do we not die? And yet you dare to sell us with your horses and your dogs! Back there in that night of horror I left brothers and sisters—they are scattered like the clouds in the sky, and never on this earth shall I find them again! And yet you dream that you can perpetrate such infamy and there not be poured out upon you—somehow—somewhere—fire and destruction from the heaven of an All-just and All-merciful God!''

—The man paused; and the audience burst forth in a storm of acclamation, in the midst of which Allan sat shuddering. When the orator again proceeded it was in a low, quiet tone.

''Many things I could tell you that I have seen on that plantation, were my time not limited. I have seen a man shot dead because he stood in the river and refused to come out when called. I have seen a woman who had been beaten over the head with a hickory cudgel by a drunken overseer, sent back with curses because she dared come to the steward to complain. I have seen a woman tied up by the wrists and beaten upon her naked back because she refused to yield herself to the steward's lust. —But I must go on to my later years—to the time when I was suddenly, by God's providence, as I have always believed, taken out of this home of all darkness.''

The speaker went on to tell of his being sent on to Baltimore to serve a little boy relative of the family; and of his kind mistress, who first taught him to read, and then tried to prevent him, when her husband had shown her its unwisdom. Step by step you saw how the soul of that beautiful and kind lady was turned to harshness and bitterness by this effort to watch and keep down and circumvent another human creature. Strange and painful was his picture of his childish groping for light in the midst of this darkness, until at last the truth was found.

Next, the steward, his master, died, and the estate was divided, and his lot changed again. This time he found himself in St. Michaels, an oyster-fishing village of Mary-

land, notable for the drunken and sodden character of its inhabitants. There he became the property of a Captain Auld, who had got religion and taken to singing psalms, but who fed his slaves upon half a peck of cornmeal a week. Finding his new slave rebellious, he at last hired him for a year to one Covey, a savage creature whose reputation as a "negro breaker" enabled him to hire labor for his farm for almost nothing. It made his hearers shiver, the negro's picture of this character, of his green, snakelike eyes, his sneaking watchfulness, and his ferocious cruelty. The slave felt, as he trudged to his farm, one bitter January morning "like a fish in the net, being drawn to the shore." "I am but the sport of a power which makes no account, either of my welfare or of my happiness. I have been spoiled and made tender by kindness in Baltimore—I have developed a mind; and now, like a wild young working animal, I am to be broken to the yoke of a bitter and lifelong bondage."

The first day his clothing was torn from his back, and three black-gum ox-goads worn out upon him. "From the dawn of day until darkness was complete at evening I was kept at hard work, in the fields or the woods. At certain seasons of the year we were all kept in the fields until eleven and twelve o'clock at night. If at any time in my life more than another I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of Slavery, that time was during the first six months of my stay with Mr. Covey. We were worked all weathers—it was never too hot nor too cold. It could never rain, snow, or blow too hard for us to work in the fields. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me; I was broken in body, soul, and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed; my intellect languished; my disposition to read departed; the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died; *the dark night of Slavery closed in upon me, and behold a man transformed into a brute!*"

Never did Allan forget in all his life the *feeling* that rushed over him as he listened to those words. There was no need for him to listen more; the work with him had been done.

Yet he sat, shuddering, while the negro described the climax—how, when he fell panting in the field one hot July day, the man gashed his head with a hickory slab—and how later he ran away, and fainting and almost dying, blood-stained and horrible, confronted his owner, only to be sent back, with the excuse that otherwise his year's wages would be lost. For a week he hid in the swamps, cared for by another slave, and when he returned at last and the farmer attempted to beat him, in a sudden burst of fury he confronted him and fought him off. It was death to a slave to resist his master; but this man, as it chanced, had his reputation as a "negro breaker" to keep, and would not let it be publicly known that he had tried in vain to beat a sixteen-year-old boy. During the six months more that the slave lived with him, he never laid hands upon him again. "You can kill me, but you cannot beat me," was the slave's defiance.

Many other adventures the man told; in the end he had found himself in Baltimore, whence he had made his escape. He passed over these things with a few brief words; and then, cast loose from the restraint of his narrative, rushed on in bursts of impassioned eloquence, of denunciation, sarcasm, pleading—almost of tears. Never but once before had Allan heard any one like him, and that was Yancey. When the man closed, his auditor was breathless and dazed—and with every principle of his whole boyhood scattered into confusion.

He came out of the place and walked down the street in silence. They had left the crowded thoroughfares and were walking through the Common, before the boy at last looked up and asked faintly, "Uncle William, who *is* that man?"

"His name is Frederick Douglass," was the reply.

And again Allan said nothing, but walked on. Then suddenly he broke out with passionate vehemence, "I hope that you don't suppose that *our* negroes are ever *starved!*"

"I don't, Allan," said his uncle; "I don't imagine that

gentlemen at the South treat their servants any worse than I treat mine. But if every one in the world were a gentleman, my boy, it would solve a very great many problems. My brother-in-law sat at the bedside of a runaway in Philadelphia, who had walked for six days and nights in the snow, until his legs were frozen and he became insane; that man had his back simply cut up into shreds, and every one of his finger-nails torn out."

The boy winced, but made no sound. "And think of girls, often the daughters of Southern gentlemen, and well brought up! Think of their being sold in the open market—"

"They wouldn't be sold!" the boy exclaimed. "A gentleman would not—"

"Ah, yes," the other interrupted. "But suppose he fails in business, or his house burns down and he can't pay his debts? Suppose he dies, and his heirs can't agree upon a division? Why, Allan, beautiful girls nearly white are sold every day in New Orleans for eight or ten times as much as an ordinary slave would bring. It is well known that a daughter of Thomas Jefferson was sold there long ago for a thousand dollars."

The boy walked on again, too much hurt to speak. "Of course," his uncle continued, "not all slaves are men of genius like Douglass—if they were, the thing would soon cease, I assure you. Many of them, from what I gather, must be very sodden, and suffer very little. I think it would be a long time before Slavery ended in this country if only the slaves were to be considered. But we are fighting Slavery, Allan, for the wrong it does the white man."

"You mean because it is wicked to have slaves?"

"Fundamentally, yes; because it is a system based upon force, and therefore making impossible the highest types of civilization. Southern society, in spite of all its refinement, is really, so far as intellectual things are concerned, entirely provincial and sterile; it has made not the slightest contribution to civilization in literature, or science, or art, or philosophy, nor would it in a thousand years."

Two or three years ago Allan would have been vehement over such words; now, however, he was silent.

"You hear Slavery justified," the other went on, "because the negroes are inferior; but it is not only the negroes it degrades — look at the working classes of the whites. You do not need me to point out the difference between a New England farmer and a Southern 'poor white'; and that is simply another of the effects of a system that puts a stigma upon labor and stifles independence. A poor man in the South will not work beside negroes, and he cannot compete for the good soil with the great planters; so he squats on the used-up lands, and sinks lower every year. And the Southern slaveholder tells us that this is none of our business; but unfortunately this system is on the aggressive, and we have come face to face with the fact that either we must put it down or prepare to be put down by it."

Allan started; this statement was familiar. "Why is that?" he asked.

"Everything that lives has to grow," Professor Otis answered; "and especially is this true of Slavery. A slave is a very wasteful machine; he converts into energy a very small percentage of his fuel. The result is that it pays to cultivate with slave labor only the very finest soil, and that superficially; when you have raised ten or twenty crops of cotton on a field, then you have to have a new field, and so on forever. Virginia, for instance, used to be a great exporting State — it used to pay to roll tobacco in casks a hundred miles to market; but now Virginia is going to waste, and raises hardly enough for her own population — it does not pay, because the demand from the South keeps the price of slaves so high. So in another generation it will be with Mississippi and Texas, and in another with Mexico and Central America, if the South has her way. The Mexican War was, of course, nothing but a slaveholder's crusade, in which unprincipled Northern politicians, like Polk and Buchanan, were used as tools; it was the most desperate act that Slavery has yet ventured, and did more to awaken the North to the state of affairs than all the Abolition outcry of fifteen years.

The meaning of it was, of course, simply that Slavery was eating out the heart of its present dominion, and had to have more or die. The South is poor, you know, and does not know the reason."

Strange to the boy were these sentences, throwing light upon things difficult to be understood. "But Yancey said," he put in, "that the reason was the tariff."

"That is nonsense," Professor Otis replied. "Manufacturers are perfectly established in this country, and there is free competition; except in special cases protection can have little effect under such circumstances. I do not deny that the tariff once hurt the South, it taxed the whole people to support home manufactures. But if the South lost by that, it was simply the weakness of her system—that you cannot make mechanics out of slaves."

"*He* said," ventured Allan again, "that the South did not want any manufactures."

"Very well," replied the other, "but then the South must take the consequence, which is simply defeat in the race of life. For whether Mr. Yancey likes it or not, it is a fact which no student would deny, that the manufacturing is a higher stage of civilization than the agricultural; and that a society which cannot take the step must simply be left behind."

They walked in silence for a time, Allan's head in a whirl. "It is terrible to see it so!" he exclaimed. "You cannot imagine it! I have been here long enough to see it; but you cannot ever get the South to!"

"That will not make any difference," said the other.

"Ah, but it will!" cried the boy. "For they won't stand it, they *won't* be left behind. That's just the thing, just as sure as this war on Slavery is kept up they'll break up the Union — they'll secede!"

The other looked grave. "Yes," he said, "I know all about that. But in the first place, I much doubt if they will."

"Oh, but Uncle William, you don't know them! Why, I believe Jefferson Davis would carry Mississippi out of the Union to-morrow if he could hear you talk."

The professor smiled. "It will take a long time, Allan," he said, "to convince me that all the South would follow him. But if they do, why, there will be nothing to do but bring them back."

Allan started. "How do you mean?" he cried. "You mean by force?"

"I surely do," said the other.

The boy stopped short in his amazement. "You mean to conquer the South?" he gasped.

"I do," said the other.

"But—but—" Allan could scarcely find words—"Uncle William, you *can't* mean that! Why, the whole world couldn't conquer the South!"

Professor Otis smiled. "Evidently the thought is new to you," he said. "Dear Allan, some one ought to tell Mr. Davis about it before it is too late. For if the South should try to break up this Union, I do not see what an American who knew what his country means could do except to die trying to prevent it."

"And why?" gasped the boy.

"Simply because it would mean the ruin and the end of everything that we call American. America means freedom and progress; and split this country up, and you would have standing armies and European alliances; and just one generation of it would be enough to extinguish every hope and every ideal that we Americans live for.

—"I cannot understand," went on the speaker, "how any thinking man can expect this government to die without a struggle. Look, for instance, at the Mississippi. Do you think the Northwest would permit a hostile power to hold its mouth? And the territories — who would get them? And the forts at the South — do you suppose that any administration would dare to give them up without a fight? Why, Allan, it is madness!"

"But, Uncle William," cried the boy, who was trembling, "the South has a *right* to secede!"

"Constitutionally, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I never heard," said the other, "of a constitution which

provided for its own death. Of course the Constitution says nothing about it, in plain words; but obviously the idea of its makers was to devise something to knit the States together. The process has been going on now for sixty or seventy years, and I assure you, Allan, that the man who assumes it has failed takes much for granted. Some of us think that we are a nation, with a nation's work in the world to do; Mr. Davis thinks we aren't, but don't let him make any mistake about it, it will take a revolution to prove it, and revolution is *war*."

"It is an awful thing to say," exclaimed Allan.

"Yes," the other answered; "and so seems this disunion talk to me. Very few men care for truth, you know, and yet truth is a terrible goddess, and most frightfully does she punish those who neglect her. These people who talk disunion, they have grown up with peace and liberty, and they have forgotten the stern facts of life. For these blessings that we find so fair, they were all won by the blood and tears of countless ages; they were torn out of chaos by grim force, and by grim force they were held above the reach of all the powers of destruction. This thing that you hear called *sovereignty*, believe me, it is no mere abstraction; it is the combined self-preservation instincts of countless millions of people—of all their ideals, and of all their traditions. We are quiet-looking men; but take my word for it, Allan, the person who laid a hand on this country's flag to tear it, would stir up a frenzy of execration in this one State — my boy, I think every man in it would march out to die!"

Allan was striding on, his head whirling, his hands clenched tightly in his pockets. "Conquer the South!" he was whispering to himself. "Great God! Conquer the South! It couldn't be done, Uncle William!" he half shouted, suddenly. "It couldn't be done!"

"Perhaps not," said the other, quietly. "Goethe says that only man can achieve the impossible. We have our souls, you know, and they might rise to the occasion. That would be the question at issue, Allan — that and that only. Perhaps with our universities and presses and other

agencies of light we could summon mankind to the effort and save the nation, and the heritage of liberty and light our fathers left us. Perhaps, on the other hand, we should fail—and have no more part in civilization than the South American states.

"—Men who teach this doctrine of secession ought to follow it to its end," went on Professor Otis, after a pause. "If the South may secede, why, then, may a State secede from the South? I have read all these arguments of Calhoun's, for instance—Calhoun admired the constitution of Poland! Here was a decentralized government — any knight could rise in its assembly and forbid any law, and was not that South Carolina in full operation? But now where is Poland? You see what I mean by the sternness of things; Poland saw it in the end, and all her contumacious knights saw it. We find everything so quiet and peaceful, we forget that there are enemies outside who do not love our ways, who eye us hungrily and hatefully, would tear us to pieces if they only dared. And Mr. Davis wants to cut us into convenient sections for the benefit of England and France!"

"My grandfather used to say that," said Allan, in a low voice.

"All the old patriots saw it perfectly," said the other. "And they all hated Slavery, too. Patrick Henry and Washington and Jefferson were every one of them Abolitionists — all freed their slaves. But since then the cotton-gin has been invented, and now there is an oligarchy at the South whose power is based on Slavery, and whose attitude toward all the rest of the nation is simply one of rule or ruin. We are supposed now to have concluded a solemn compact; but wait and see how long before it is broken. We have faithfully kept our part, even the dreadful Fugitive-slave law; but see if I do not speak the truth — if the South does not break it again before long. My own course in this whole matter would be one of utter passiveness; I would give no pretext for aggression, I would only wait. And if the South will only wait, too, why the silent, irresistible forces of civilization

will work out freedom in another score of years. We have made sure of almost all of the new territory; thirty-four years ago our fathers saved all beyond Missouri, and now we have California, and will have New Mexico. And every year emigrants are filling up those new lands, and drawing a band of fire close around Slavery. And if only it can be done quietly and diplomatically, we shall have the ugly fellow caught before he knows it, and you and I may sit and watch him suffocate to death. I pray for that, my boy; it would be so much better than secession, and war."

They had come to Professor Otis's house, and halted. "Do you want me to go round home with you?" he asked.

"No," replied Allan, "do not bother."

"Good night," said his uncle, and gripped his hand. "These are hard things, I know, but you will come through."

The boy turned and hurried away. He had heard too much, his head was in a whirl. He could not go home — instead he walked on and on, he did not notice where. He was going over and over those terrible ideas, battling with visions of war and terror. When he looked about him again he was back in the crowded districts of the city, upon brilliantly lighted Washington Street, with its rows of shops. "We shall have the ugly fellow caught before he knows it," he was whispering to himself, "and you and I may sit and watch him suffocate to death!"

— Then suddenly he stopped, on the edge of a crowd he could not pass. It was extended beyond the curb-stone, and he had started to go around it, when his ear was caught by a word, and he glanced about him. The crowd, murmuring hoarsely with excitement, was crushing forward toward the window of a newspaper office, in front of which a bulletin-board was placed. The first line of it the boy could read, and his heart gave a sudden wild leap. He plunged in, and dug his way forward until

he could see it all. The letters as he read them seemed like the fulfilment of a prophesy—all the things his uncle had foretold to him only an hour earlier:

MISSOURI COMPROMISE REPEALED!!

Report of Senate Committee upon Nebraska throws all territories open to Slavery!

Declares unconstitutional a compact of thirty-four years' standing!

Senator Douglas out for the presidency—bidding for the Southern vote!

And underneath flashed three words more; the crowd did not see them, but they danced a demon dance before Allan's eyes:—

SECESSION, AND WAR!

BOOK II

THE CRISIS

CHAPTER I

The year 1819 had seen the first dispute about Slavery in the halls of Congress, an event which, as Jefferson wrote from his retreat at Monticello, disturbed him "like a fire bell in the night." In that year the admission of Missouri as a slave State had been contested, and it was finally agreed, as a compromise, that the State should be admitted, but that hereafter her southern boundary—36° 30′—was to be the border-line between Slavery and Freedom. The principle of congressional control of Slavery in the territories had been established already by the "Ordinance of 1787"; but now, while many of the founders were still living, it was given renewed sanction, the cabinet of President Monroe, in which was John C. Calhoun, declaring unanimously the constitutionality of the act.

In February of 1847 that doctrine had first been impugned, by Calhoun himself, who now declared that slaves were "property," to be taken anywhere in the Federal territory. This portentous doctrine was at first not taken seriously by any one. Even Jefferson Davis had not dared in 1850 to stand out for more than a continuation of the Missouri line to the Pacific, and this program his State had found too radical. Now, indeed, it was a sign of the times to make one stare when, four years later, the wild doctrine of Calhoun was definitely adopted by the party in power at Washington!

Part of the Compromise of 1850 was the arrangement that Utah and New Mexico were to be allowed to choose between Slavery and Freedom for themselves. On the fourth day of January, 1854, Stephen A. Douglas, chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, brought in a report declaring that it had been the purpose of the Compromise to establish this new principle — soon to

be called "popular sovereignty"—in all the territories. Upon the general quiet and satisfaction which had prevailed in the country ever since 1850, this report broke like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky. Men stared at each other, asking what it could mean. It was long before the South could persuade itself that it was not some trick; it was convinced only by the clamor which filled all the North, as soon as the meaning of the move was perceived.

In that year there were four men hungrily stalking the next presidential nomination: General Cass, of Michigan, who had run against Taylor, and hoped for better luck next time; Marcy, of New York, who was now Secretary of State and was issuing manifestoes to the effete monarchies of Europe; Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, who, at the head of Polk's cabinet, had carried through the Mexican War conspiracy; and, finally, Douglas, of Illinois.

The Democratic party of that time was a combination of the slaveholding aristocracy of the South with the lowest classes of the cities of the North; and Stephen Arnold Douglas was a representative of the latter. He was a public man about whose motives there could be no need to call in the recording angel to decide. Master of all the intricacies of the brutal game of politics, he played it without a scruple and with scarcely a pretence. When he first came to Washington he brought with him the manners of the bar-room; in Congress he "stripped off and cast away his cravat, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and had the air and aspect of a half-naked pugilist." A man of enormous energy, vehement, aggressive, a master of rough-and-tumble oratory, of sophistry as well as of abuse, he now leaped suddenly into the van and seized the black banner of Slavery, to rush it to the fore. North and west of Missouri were vast lands, the material of six States; hungry plotters from the West were in Washington, and they had shown him the way. If he did not take the chance, some one else would; and behind the man who took it, the whole South would rally in an instant. The gift of the next nomination was in the hands of the South.

The excitement which the stroke awakened exceeded anything the country had ever known before. The free-soil Democrats in Congress issued a ringing "Appeal," and press and pulpit thundered their protests—in every city of the North there were public meetings, addressed not only by the antislavery leaders, but by all those "conservative" persons who had supported the Compromise. Congress was deluged with petitions. There came one signed by eighty per cent of all the clergymen of New England, protesting against the bill as "a great moral wrong, a measure full of danger to the peace, and even the existence, of our beloved Union."

Douglas, being without moral perception, had had no means of foreseeing these things, and had now no means of understanding them. He saw in them only the plotting of his enemies, and in his first defence of the measure he gave on the Senate floor a shocking exhibition of brutality. He must have perceived very soon that he had overshot the mark—he could, so he declared, have travelled from Boston to Chicago by the light of his own burning effigies. But there was no turning back, the representatives of the South in Congress were aroused. With the help of Jefferson Davis, now Secretary of War, the weak-minded President was prevailed upon to make the bill an administration measure, and to bring to its support the full power of that legalized bribery known as "patronage." Douglas himself fought the fight upon the Senate floor, and in the lobby of the House, for four months and a half —a fight which spectators and historians have condescended to admire, and which was in fact the most revolting exhibition of knavery that our Congress has ever seen.

"The Fugitive law did much to unglue the eyes of men," wrote Emerson, "and now the Nebraska bill leaves us staring." Never before had Boston been so stirred, or so unanimous; and on the twenty-fourth of May, two days after the bill had been jammed through the House, came an incident as if devised to put its feelings to the test—a negro named Anthony Burns was arrested in the city as a

fugitive slave. The news of it was like a handful of gunpowder flung upon a fire; the city was covered with placards calling the people to arms, and in Faneuil Hall there was a furious meeting, in which Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips delivered wild harangues. In the midst of the excitement the cry was heard that an attack was being made upon the court-house, and the meeting, turned into a mob of two thousand, rushed to assist. They found clergymen and negroes battering in the door with axes and heavy timbers, and in the struggle which followed Wentworth Higginson was wounded, and one of the marshal's guard was killed. As a consequence, two companies of artillery were ordered out, and later on marines from the navy-yard, soldiers from Fort Independence, and the militia of Boston; so that when the examination of Burns began, it is narrated that "the court-house had the air of a beleaguered fortress." Crowds were pouring in from all over Massachusetts, and public meetings were being held; in the midst of it all, to the consternation of Allan, his father walked grimly out, armed with two pistols, and had himself enrolled in the special guard of the marshal, who watched the prisoner day and night, over a hundred strong. It was strange company in which the heroic Mississippian found himself; Richard Henry Dana, who was the counsel for the negro, declared that in consequence of its assemblage "the people had not felt it necessary to lock their doors at night, the brothels are tenanted only by women, fighting-dogs and racing-horses have been unemployed, and Ann Street and its alleys and cellars show signs of a coming millennium." —It might be added that for this piece of eloquence the author-lawyer was waylaid and sandbagged by one of the offended posse!

On the second of June the fugitive was adjudged to his owner, and there remained only the task of taking him out of Boston. Along the route of the procession windows were draped in mourning and flags displayed at half mast, or with the union down; fifty thousand people lined the route, filling the air with hisses and cries of "Shame!"

To keep them in order the route was guarded by the city police, and by twenty-two companies of Massachusetts militia. The way for the procession was cleared by a troop of cavalry, and after it came, in order, a United States artillery battalion, companies of marines, the marshal's posse of one hundred and twenty-four ruffians and one Southern gentleman, two more platoons of marines, and then a field-piece and more marines as guard. So escorted, the fugitive reached the wharf, and was put on board of a United States revenue cutter, which had been ordered by the President to take him to Virginia.

It had cost the government forty thousand dollars to achieve this feat. One of its consequences was the formation of a "Boston Anti-manhunting League," a secret association of many of the best-known authors, lawyers, and clergymen of the city. Their purpose was to kidnap any slave hunters who might venture to show themselves in Boston; and to this end for nearly two years they met regularly, armed with slung-shots and "billies," and with deadly seriousness drilled themselves in all the tricks of the highway man and the assassin.

Concerning a previous attempt at Slavery legislation it had been observed that it enacted not a law, but a lawsuit. Of the Nebraska bill it might be said that it had enacted lawlessness. "It puts Freedom and Slavery face to face and bids them grapple," Sumner had said. Apparently it had been the idea of Douglas, so far as he had an idea, that the colonists of the new territories were to dwell together in amity until they had decided the question at the polls; though indeed it was by no means clear whether under the new arrangement they were to have the right to decide it but one way. Keen minds saw this question and asked it—whether the settlers were to be allowed to exclude Slavery if they chose? Douglas preferred to dodge it; but the question was the crux of the whole matter, as time was to show, and the rock upon which his hopes were to split.

It proved, however, to be impossible for antislavery

and proslavery settlers to decide the question at the polls. Southerners and Missourians had not the least idea of taking slaves into the territory, if the slaves might possibly be set free; and Northern farmers had no idea of settling in a district which might be saddled with a slave code. All men understood that the question must be settled at the outset; and in the neighboring counties of Missouri were men who knew which way the settlement was to be. Missouri did not want a free State next to her, and she did want new lands for her sons. Scarcely had the bill been signed than an emigration began—an emigration, as the historian of Kansas phrases it, of "amateur emigrants, who proposed to reside in Missouri, but to vote and fight in Kansas." They complied with the law requiring the building of a cabin, by nailing up a few rails, or "posting a scrawl claiming proprietorship and threatening to shoot intermeddlers at sight." It was generally believed even at the North that their measures were destined to succeed.

But to a member of the Massachusetts legislature, Eli Thayer, had occurred the idea of meeting the South on her own ground, by means of organized emigration to the territory. He succeeded in interesting the antislavery press and antislavery philanthropists in the plan, and a society was formed; in the summer of 1854 five companies, about seven hundred and fifty men, were sent out to Kansas, a proceeding the news of which created intense excitement throughout the South. It was reported that the company had five million dollars capital, and the Democratic convention of Georgia described its stockholders as "the paid adventurers and Jesuitical hordes of Northern Abolitionism."

Those whom the matter immediately concerned did not mean, however, to be balked by a few emigrants. On election day "the Missouri expounders of popular sovereignty marched into Kansas to assist—an unkempt, sundried, blatant, picturesque mob of five thousand men, with guns upon their shoulders, revolvers stuffing from their belts, bowie-knives protruding from their boot-tops, and generous rations of whiskey in their wagons." There

were less than three thousand registered voters in the territory; there were six thousand, three hundred and seven votes cast. Before the Congressional Investigating Committee, in the next year, testified one citizen of Platte County, Missouri, who was not afraid to think for himself. "Whenever there was an election in the territory," said he, "they were fussin' roun' an' gettin' up companies to go, an' gettin' horses an' waggins. They come to me to subscribe, but I tole 'em that I was down on this thing of votin' over in the territory, an' that Tom Thorpe didn't subscribe to no such fixin's. They jawed me too about it—they did; but I reckon they found old Tom Thorpe could give as good as he got. They told the boys they wanted to make Kansas a slave State; an' they told 'em the Abolitionists war a-commin' in; an' that the Emigrant Aid Society & Co. war pitchin' in; an' they'd better too. You see, they took the boys over, an' they got plenty liquor, an' plenty to eat, an' they got over free ferry. Lots an' slivers on 'em went. There's Dr. Tibbs, lives over in Platte, he used to go, an' you see they 'lected him. The boys tole me one time when they come back, says they, 'We've 'lected Dr. Tibbs to the legislature.' An' says I, 'Is it the State or the territory?' 'An' says they, 'The territory!' Says I, 'Boys, ain't this a-puttin' it on too thick? It's a darned sight too mean enough to go over there an' vote for them fellers, but to put in a man who don't live there is all-fired outrageous!' "

Reading of these events in the calm of the study, it is difficult to think of them as anything but farce. Election judges "held up" at the point of the revolver, and given so many minutes to accept Missouri votes or be shot; the governor of the territory confronted by the "elected" candidates, with weapons in their hands demanding their certificates—it is hard to realize that these things were grimly and seriously meant by a sincere and passionate people. But behind this "election" the whole South instantly lined up; its government was the legally constituted government, to be supported by the courts and

by the armies of the United States; and opposition to it was treason!

Four months after the election the "legislature" met, and after first expelling its free-state members, proceeded to pass laws which should perpetuate their victory. To decline to take oath to support the Fugitive-slave law was a penitentiary offence; to question the rights of slave-holding was a felony; to induce a slave to run away was death. Well might Sumner exclaim against this "rape of a virgin territory!"

The free-state settlers organized themselves, repudiating the proslavery government — a move at which the latter jeered; but also they sent to the East for consignments of the famous "Sharp's rifles," a move which their foes took more seriously. A sheriff of the proslavery party attempted to make an arrest, and a rescue and a quarrel following, he sent over to Missouri for help. The "border ruffians" turned out in swarms; by the first of December there were fifteen hundred of them in arms, and vowing destruction upon Lawrence, the town of the Emigrant Aid Company. The ensuing campaign, which was known as the "Wakarusa War," got as far as intrenching and night skirmishing, but not to a pitched conflict. It had proven easier to plot dishonesty in the cabinet than to enact it in the field, and the first governor of Kansas had been removed — a procedure which was to be forced twice more upon the desperate administration. The new governor had an interview with the free-state settlers, and he, too, was won over to their view, that they had a right to be there. The Missourians retired in a rage, and every one knew that the conflict had been postponed only for a time.

The attention of the country was focussed upon this strange drama, where for the first time Freedom and Slavery confronted each other in arms. Facing the new issue a new political organization had arisen, its platform the restriction of Slavery in the territories; and this "Republican" party grew hour by hour, as men came to perceive the desperate situation of the free-state settlers.

Throughout the cold months everything stood still in the territory; all the while, North and South, the storm of civil war was gathering. "Let your young men come forth to Missouri and Kansas! Let them come well armed!" wrote Atchison, senator from the former State and leader of the "border ruffians." The Georgia legislature was proposing to appropriate fifty thousand dollars to be spent for arms. In Alabama, a Colonel Buford had sold his slaves to equip a company, and the women of the South were selling their jewels to send him money. When his party of nearly three hundred started, Bibles were subscribed for them by the devout, and the blessings of the church were solemnly pronounced upon their enterprise. At the North there was even more preparation; with a presidential election only a few months away, the intellectual classes of the North were thrilling with the exaltation of a moral crusade.

This political movement was the fruition of deeper ones which had preceded it. The curious reader may find in the life of Governor Quitman of Mississippi a description of how the North twenty years before had impressed an unregenerate slaveholder. He writes that his ears have been burdened with a din of endless discussion about contributions "for the Indians, the negroes, the Sunday-schools, the foreign missions, the home missions, the colonization societies, the temperance societies, societies for the education of pious young men," and so on for half a page. "I am heartily tired of the North," he said; and he went to Texas.

This same movement had had its manifestations in the higher realms of literature and thought, of which the Mississippian did not know. At Valley Hall on Sunday mornings the family had been wont to migrate in carriages and on horseback to the little evangelical church eight miles away, where Allan had heard all the mysteries of life explained by revelation, and where he had been taught an ethical code summed up in the quaint old British formula, —to do his duty in that state of life into which it had

pleased God to call him. But now he was eighteen, and a student in his second year at Harvard College, which at that time was pervaded and filled full of the critical philosophy and of transcendentalism.

Allan had read Emerson, and come to see that revelations are flowers of the spirit and have their day: a life-discovery which meant freedom and joy to others, but had meant nothing but pain to him. Always beside him, in thought, if not in fact, was his father, greedily jealous, watching the books he read and the thoughts he thought. It was an endless tragedy, for Allan dearly loved his father, who was growing old, and whose health the change of climate had not bettered. Captain Montague was solitary and irritable, and deeply wronged—for he guessed these things, though never said a word. It had proven the only way; there was no use trying to persuade him, Allan had found, or expecting him to give an inch. "You cannot by reasoning correct a man," says Swift, "of an ill opinion which by reason he never acquired."

In self-defence Allan had withdrawn himself from the questions of the hour, and wrapped himself in his studies. He could not attend a political meeting without annoying his father, but he could read Goethe and Shelley. His aunt and his two cousins had at this time been abroad for nearly two years, and Professor Otis had recently joined them; he had, therefore, no one to whom he could unburden his soul.

He had lived thus for perhaps two years, entirely aloof and reserved, before finally the tacit truce became too much for his father's patience. It was in April, when the armies were gathering in Kansas, that one morning the captain had come rushing into his son's room, his face flushed with rage. He had a newspaper clenched in his hand, and he was vowing that he could stand it no longer, not another hour! Allan had read the paper already and knew what it was—a meeting that had been held the previous day in a church at New Haven, attended by clergymen and by professors of Yale College. After a fiery

address by Henry Ward Beecher — which was given in full — fifty Sharp's rifles had been voted for a company of Kansas emigrants.

Allan waited patiently for this storm to pass, as many others had passed; but he found that it was not to be. "It is time we were gone home," cried Captain Montague, suddenly, smiting his cane upon the ground. "The South needs us, she needs every voice and every arm! A war will be on in another month, and we must be home, sir, — home!"

Allan heard him with a startled look. "Home!" he echoed.

"Yes, sir!" the other exclaimed. "I tell you I have stood this thing as long as I can; I have waited and waited, thinking of you and of your studies, and what-not. But this is the climax, it is the end — by Heaven, sir, you will have to study at home, and what you can't find there you must do without. I will not stand these infamous Northern papers, I will not stand these people! I want to be among my own people, where I belong, and where I am not insulted every hour of my life. God, sir, I tell you I wish I were home to-day, to talk to the people of Mississippi! What is the matter with them? What can they mean? What does Hamilton mean, that he and his boys are not up there in Kansas now? Why, these scoundrels will have the South throttled before ever she can stir!"

And so the old gentleman stormed on, striding up and down the floor in spite of his lame knee, breaking his cane in his rage. To Allan's dismay it became more and more apparent that it was all no mere passing fancy, but a resolution which had been forming in his mind for many months. "We are going home, sir!" he shouted, again and again, to every objection that Allan attempted.

It was a bitter hour for the young student, meaning as it did a complete overthrow of his every plan; but he fought the fight swiftly, and silently as ever, burning all his own smoke. He believed that his duty was with his father to the end; and before the other's passion had half

calmed down he was saying, "Very well, sir, let it be as you think best."

And scarcely two weeks more had passed before, having bid farewell to his college friends, and parted with everything save his books, he was driven to the depot one raw and damp April morning, and took his last glance at Boston through the windows of a flying train. "They change their skies," says Horace, "who travel over seas, but they do not change their minds."

CHAPTER II

THE travellers met with an adventure at the outset: at one of the smaller towns on the road they found the station platform crowded with a cheering throng, and a score or so of stalwart men boarded the train, loaded with knapsacks and blankets, and with canvas-covered rifles in their hands. Captain Montague sat and bit his lip while they sang through the stirring song which the poet Whittier had written for them: —

> "We cross the prairie as of old
> The pilgrims crossed the sea;
> To make the West, as they the East,
> The homestead of the free!"

The two left the train not long after that, the father preferring to lose a day rather than witness the ovations these men received. "Never mind," he vowed as the train sped on, "you may see me again before long." At that time he was seriously meditating heading a Kansas company himself, though this was a project about which his son did venture to speak his mind.

They went by way of Cleveland and Cincinnati and the Ohio River, a long and tedious journey then, but full of interest to Allan, to whom the new West was a place of romance. It was the season of spring floods, and the river was turbid and yellow; they had a passage swift, if perilous. Those were the palmy days of the Mississippi steamboat, when the rival lines of the tall, double-stacked vessels ran races, and city after city turned out to cheer the victor. A "nigger" always sat on the safety-valve, if tradition may be believed; and if you did not blow out your boiler-head or drive upon a sunken snag, you reached your destination. Meanwhile gambling went on in its saloons day and night, and "shooting matches" were an occasional incident.

It seemed strange to be gazing at last at the shores of Missouri, the scene of the pending struggle. On board men discussed the situation all day, with loud voices, aggressive proslavery opinion being the only kind which showed itself. At Cairo had come the thrilling tidings that "Sheriff Jones," the hero of the Wakarusa War, had been shot in the back while making an arrest in Lawrence; also that Judge Lecompte, chief justice of the territory, had just charged the grand jury to bring indictments for treason against the free-state leaders. All agreed that these things made a fight a question only of days.

Of painful interest to Allan was a sight he had witnessed twice since they had entered Southern territory, — a coffle of slaves coming on board, bound for the far South. It had been long since Allan had seen a slave, and the thing gave him a disagreeable start. In the first party there were perhaps thirty, all men and youths — "prime field-hands," as the slang had it — fastened on either side of a long chain which they carried with them. Beside them walked two white men, one armed with a cowskin whip, a weapon about three feet long, an inch thick at the butt, and tapering to a point, stiff and springy; it was red painted, new and shining, and with it he cut the air playfully as he walked, the whistle of it being sufficient to make the negroes "step lively" up the gang-plank. Painful was the contrast between the alacrity of their motions and the crushed despair which sat upon their faces.

The other party consisted of several families, the women with bright turbans and numerous bundles and babies. They were unchained, but attended by a bustling little man who watched them closely; it seemed strange to see him striving to keep warmly wrapped a little girl who was torn with a racking cough, and prodding her listless mother with remarks as to the child's value. These negroes were left with the baggage, and camped in the midst of promiscuous heaps of saddles and trunks.

At Columbus, Kentucky, other slaves came on board,

but Allan did not notice them. Perhaps an hour after the boat had left the city, he observed his father in conversation with a man whose face seemed familiar; drawing near unobserved, he recognized him as the overseer of a plantation not far from Valley Hall, belonging to a family by the name of Roberts. Allan had no desire to meet the man, whose reputation as an overseer — he was a "Yankee" — was not good. He turned away, after noticing with some surprise that his father was in seemingly intimate conversation with him.

It was a couple of hours before Captain Montague again joined his son, his manner one of suppressed excitement. "Did you see that man I was talking to?" he asked.

"I took it to be Jim Henderson," said Allan.

"Yes," replied the other. "And you should just have heard the story he tells."

"You can't believe a word he says, father," said Allan.

"I believe this," exclaimed Captain Montague, "and a pretty story it makes! Did you notice that yellow boy he brought on board with him? You must look at him — a regular giant — a six-footer, and looks like a statue. Henderson's just brought him down from Cincinnati, and will you believe it, that he had to have him kidnapped?"

"Kidnapped!" echoed Allan.

"Kidnapped, sir. Thumped over the head by two rowdies, and piled into a cart, and taken over the Ohio in a skiff. And I tell you, things have come to a pass when a man has to go over into a free State and take measures like that to get his property."

"I don't understand you, father," said the boy, in amazement. "How was he Henderson's property?"

"A runaway, sir — a runaway! He left Major Roberts's place nearly a month ago, and Henderson's been tracing him ever since. Said he was bound to get him, if it was only for the satisfaction; a regular devil he is, you can see it in his eyes. He claims to have been a free nigger, somehow — over in Maryland. Tried to hit Henderson

over the head once with a barrel-stave, and got a bullet in his shoulders that laid him out for three months. Henderson caught him in Cincinnati, just getting ready to skip to Canada, too, he told me."

"But I don't understand yet," put in the boy; "why kidnap him?"

"Because it was the only thing to do, with those infernal Abolitionists in Cincinnati. He says that since the Kansas business they've been vowing that not another slave shall ever be returned. They might have kept him a year at it with their legal processes."

"A pretty risky business, kidnapping, I should think," Allan managed to say.

"Risky? Why, suppose one of those fellows had betrayed him, Henderson might have gotten locked up for ten years! And to such lengths the South has to go to secure her constitutional rights!"

It was all Allan could do to suppress his emotion; but he listened quietly while his father went on to give the details of the story, and to pour out his pent-up indignation. Many times a day now, as it seemed to his son, the captain was wont to wonder how much *more* the South would consent to endure.

Smitten with a trembling, he made his escape at the first opportunity and sought the forepart of the boat where the negroes were kept. He had no difficulty in recognizing the man from the description that had been given him — "Dutch Joe" he was called, no doubt from the nationality of his father. He was a huge mulatto, an athlete in build, with great bull-neck and heavy sullen face. It was late afternoon of a raw day, and about him the negroes were crouched shivering; but though his shirt was torn and his throat and chest laid bare, he seemed not to be aware of the cold. His hands were chained in front of him, and a chain with a ball attached bound his leg. Sitting upon a box, and leaning against the side of another, his dull glance fixed upon vacancy, he paid no heed to Allan; the boy stared at the motionless figure, which to his

startled fancy seemed the very type and image of human bondage. He gazed at the giant shoulders, bowed and crushed; at the face, with its smouldering hatred and defiance; and thinking of his father's quiet sentence, — "Claims to have been a free nigger, somehow, over in Maryland," — again and again turned away with pain that was not to be borne.

It was two days more before they reached their destination; during that time scarcely an hour had passed that Allan did not go and stare at the slave. Once or twice he saw him eating. His meals had been set before him on a tin plate, like an animal's; he ate mechanically, not seeming to notice what it was. For the rest of the time he sat motionless, with his dull, fixed stare. Never once did he notice Allan.

Besides Henderson, the overseer, who was a coarse-featured man whose drooping black mustache seemed always to have been just moistened with liquor, and who lifted his hat to Allan and sought in vain to enter into conversation, there was another man who seemed interested in "Dutch Joe." Allan saw him looking at him on two occasions, and on a third he turned away as Allan approached, causing the latter to wonder if the man had not been speaking to the negro. Allan had noticed this passenger just after they had left Columbus, a young fellow of about twenty two or three, a Westerner in his every feature, tall and big-boned, with lean and lanky face and a great jaw which worked incessantly as he chewed and vehemently spat tobacco. For the greater part of the time he strode back and forth upon the deck, holding his head high and shooting swift glances around him, as if he were out on a prairie in the midst of Indians and game. Something in the man's very carriage seemed to tell Allan that his was a different point of view from that of the others on the steamer; and once when he saw him leaning upon the rail and gazing at the shore, he approached and tried to open a conversation. To his remark, however, the Westerner replied only with a monosyllable, and then moved away.

The last day had come — they were due at Natchez at noon; and Allan's preoccupation with the unhappy negro proved at last enough to overcome even his repugnance to the overseer. "Jim" Henderson had once been a gentleman, but dissipation had played havoc with his features, and years of drill in social inferiority had taught him the manners of a hound. When he spoke to you, his mouth became set in a kind of deprecatory grin.

"Do you get off at Natchez?" Allan asked him, as he stood chewing on a cigar-stump and eying his prisoner.

"Clarke's Landing, sir," said the other; "got a horse there."

"Going to sell that boy?" continued Allan. (A slave remained a "boy" until he became an "uncle.")

"No, sir — not exactly," laughed the man. "Hardly paid me for that — cost more to get him than he's worth. I wanted him to make an example of."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Just ugly, sir; the very devil in him. You can see that, I reckon, in his face; he's the wildest nigger I ever got my hands on, and I've had quite some experience. But, by gad, Mr. Montague, I'm going to break him!"

"Father said something about his claiming to have been a free negro."

"Yes, sir," said Henderson; "story's true, I guess. He says he lived in Pennsylvania, and came into Maryland with a load of wood to sell. They don't allow free niggers to come into Maryland, you know — arrested him, and locked him up, and sold him to pay jail fees."

"Oh, I see," said Allan. "Is that the way they do?"

"That's the way they serve 'em, sir; wouldn't do to have free niggers moving round, you understand."

"And you bought him in Maryland?"

"I didn't buy him at all; I wouldn't buy any sulky niggers. But when they come our way, we have to handle 'em, you know, sir. Major Roberts bought this fellow from a dealer in Baton Rouge — paid fifteen hundred for him, too. He's a first-rate carpenter, when you can get him to work."

"Did Major Roberts know he claimed to have been free?"

"Oh, yes," said the other, "but the trader had a good title. He was kind of sorry, though, after the boy had tried to brain me. Wanted to sell him then, but my blood was up, I tell you — a man in my business can't afford to let a nigger down him, sir."

"He looks like a dangerous fellow," ventured Allan.

"I'll fix him," laughed Henderson, grimly.

"What are you going to do? Whip him?"

"No," said the man, "whipping don't do any good. Why, good God, I've whipped that nigger till his back looked like a skinned ox, but it didn't matter — couldn't even get a groan out of him. You see he broods and fights — they say he left a family up in Pennsylvania, and that's what's the matter with him."

Allan shrank involuntarily. "Oh!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Henderson, without noticing his change of tone; "but I'm going to keep that chain on him, and put him out in the field and work him a couple of weeks. I'll stand over him myself, and chain him up at night, and feed him kinder slender, and I shouldn't wonder if I broke him in the end. 'Tain't in nature, you know, for a nigger to stand everything."

"No," said Allan, "I suppose not."

And then he turned abruptly and strode away, leaving the man staring after him in perplexity. Allan was white about the lips.

CHAPTER III

They landed at Natchez and he forgot his pain for a time. There upon the wharf, amid a crowd of wagons and freight, rapturous with delight and welcome, was Taylor Tibbs, Jr., with the coach. (The elder Tibbs had dropped dead of apoplexy one day in the dining room.) Soon they were at a gallop down the familiar road, making the sand fly behind them; snow and raw winds were gone, the balm of a Southern springtime wrapped them, and a riot of blossoms strewed the way. As they sped on, faster and faster, every other thought was driven from Allan's mind by the thought of Valley Hall. The two gazed about them, become suddenly as eager and voluble as schoolboys.

They had ridden about two hours — the landscape was growing homelike — when there came from afar the sound of galloping hoof beats, and ahead of them, far down the road, they saw two riders approaching in a cloud of dust. They were racing, bending over their horses' necks, and lashing them like mad. The coach passed down into a hollow, and then as it labored up the opposite slope, the riders burst suddenly over the brow of the hill. They came with the sweep of a tornado and a thunder of hoofs, the horses with nostrils distended and manes flying wildly. In another instant they would have been past, but one of them glanced up, and spying the coach, drew rein, with such force as to cause his horse to rear and slide along in a whirl of dust. An instant more, as it seemed, the coach having stopped also, the rider was leaning over and stretching out his hand, shouting, "By the great Jehoshaphat, but here they are!"

Allan stared. He saw before him a huge man about

six feet in height, with coal-black hair and eyes, and a face ablaze with laughter. He caught his breath and panted in wonder, "It's 'Dolph!"

"Well guessed!" laughed the latter. "'Dolph it is!"

And then at the other side of the coach appeared the other rider, having succeeded in turning his horse. He was nearly as big, and Allan gasped again, realizing that this was the quiet and timid little Ralph. "My soul, how you have grown!" he ejaculated.

"Did you think we were pickled?" laughed 'Dolph, seizing his cousin's hand in his huge paw, and giving it a squeeze like a grizzly bear. "I wouldn't have known you either, only for Uncle Harry. How are you, Uncle Harry —how's the knee?"

"Bad as ever," said Captain Montague, "bad as ever, 'Dolph. But Heaven help us, what men you have grown up to!"

Randolph laughed while they gazed at him, looking him over from head to foot; irresistibly he drew their glances from his quieter brother. He was a giant, and his face was an inspiration, his black eyes snapping and sparkling, his white teeth gleaming, his whole countenance aglow; when the big, handsome fellow laughed, the woods rang.

"Meant to meet you, Uncle Harry," said he; "swear to God we did; but you know those boats are always late, except when you count on it. But, oh say, we're awfully glad to see you!"

"Glad to be home, 'Dolph," said the captain. "Glad, indeed, I tell you. How are the folks?"

"Everybody flourishing," said 'Dolph, "and all out on the portico waiting for you. And say, Allan, you talk about growing, wait until you see Ethel."

"She's taller than you, I think," put in Ralph; "a regular stunner!"

Allan looked at Ralph; he was the image of his father, grave and silent, even at eighteen. "'Dolph must be twenty-one, now," Allan exclaimed.

"Twenty-one last month," said 'Dolph. "Had a party,

and raised Cain, and then came home at midnight and scared every one to death, shouting there was a man in the house."

"And hung your hat over the lamp," said Ralph, grimly. "You better not tell that story!"

The carriage had started up again, and the four rode on in silence for a few moments, gazing at one another, and trying to realize six years of change. "I suppose you've all come back Abolitionists!" said 'Dolph, suddenly.

"Yes, indeed!" said Captain Montague, and then went on hastily: "but look here, why aren't you boys in Kansas?"

"Wanted to go," said 'Dolph; "Sam Mason's gone, for one; but the governor wouldn't let us."

"Wouldn't let you!" exclaimed the other.

"Governor's got the sulks," Randolph answered; "won't have anything to do with it."

"I don't understand you," said Captain Montague. "You mean he doesn't care if the North gets Kansas?"

"Not a bit. He says you might as well try to send slaves to Greenland as to Kansas. Cuba and Mexico are the places for slaves, he says."

"But good Lord, 'Dolph, the North will own the country if we don't fight them."

"What do we care about the country? You see, Uncle Harry, father's bent on getting out, and he's mad that our people bear so much. He says that for his part he's not going to do a thing but sit back and wait, and let them go on slapping our face until we do finally get mad."

"Humph!" said Captain Montague. "Instead of slapping our face, they will cut our throat."

They rode on without speaking, for a moment; Randolph and his horse seemed to be one, the latter thrilling with the rider's good spirits. Suddenly Randolph turned, and with a gleam of fun shooting across his face, exclaimed, "By the Lord, I forgot! How about the nigger?"

"What nigger?" asked Allan, in perplexity.

"The one in Natchez. Didn't they send us any word?"

"No," said Allan; "don't know what you mean."

"Oh, the devil!" exclaimed 'Dolph. "Why, the last thing they said to me yesterday at the hotel was that they'd send a man to the dock to meet you and send us a message."

"They didn't do it," said Captain Montague. "What's it about?"

Randolph and his brother exchanged mischievous glances, and the former broke out with his pealing laugh. "It's a story," he said, "a whole story!"

"Out with it," said his uncle.

'Dolph's horse shied at a bunch of leaves in the road and received a cut which made him caper. "It's about Charlie Mason and Jim Powell," said the rider, without heeding the disturbance. "Do you remember Charlie, Allan?"

"The little chap with golden curls?"

"Yes, but he's grown up now and shed his curls, and gets drunk as a major and runs off to New Orleans and gambles his allowance away. We were having a celebration at the hotel last night — Jim Powell's going up into Tennessee to get married, and we gave him a send-off. They sent in a little yellow boy to hand the punch, and hang me, if we didn't wait an hour for it and then see the fellow drop it all and lay down on the floor and have a fit! By thunder! you never saw such a mess of punch and crockery and nigger since the Lord made you; it did beat all Harry, you know — and then in the midst of it there goes old Charlie Mason, half full already, bending over the boy and feeling his pulse and examining him. You'll soon know how Charlie is; there isn't a thing in the world he doesn't know, when you get him tight. 'I know about niggers,' says he, with a hiccough, 'you can't fool me — that's a dead nigger, sure as you're born.' And then up jumps Jim Powell. 'Bet you a hundred you're mistaken,' cries he. 'Make it two hundred,' says Charlie. 'Make it three,' chimes in Ben Davis, 'and give me one.'

And so I'm hanged if they didn't all set to work making bets on it, and in the midst of it here comes Williamson rushing in, — Williamson runs the hotel now, — yelling for some hot water and for somebody to go and get the doctor. 'Hold up there!' says Charlie, mad in a moment. 'Don't you go touchin' that nigger; I've got six hundred dollars on that nigger! Let that damned nigger alone!' And then such a time as there was you never saw. You can imagine what Williamson looked like. 'But, gentlemen, I can't let my boy die, can I? You can't expect me to let a valuable servant die, can you?' — 'What's your confounded servant worth?' cries Charlie. 'I paid nine hundred and fifty dollars for him, Mr. Mason,' says Williamson. 'Nine hundred and fifty dollars in New Orleans last year.' — 'Nine hundred and fifty dollars!' cries Charlie. 'And for that wizened-up little leather-colored monkey, and has fits besides!' — 'Didn't know he had fits, sir, 'pon honor I didn't, Mr. Mason!' — 'Ought to have sued, sir,' shouts Charlie; 'by the gods, you ought to have sued! You were swindled on him, I leave it to these gentlemen if you weren't; don't you hear what they say? I'll give you eight hundred for that nigger, just as he lies, and he'll be dead in half an hour. Eight hundred is all I've got, but I'm going to win those bets if I have to sell my horse!' — 'Well, Mr. Mason,' says the man, 'I don't like to disappoint you —' 'Done,' cries Charlie. 'Done for eight hundred! And now, boys, how's the nigger?'

"All the while, of course, the nigger had been rolling and kicking and frothing; gad, sir, he'd kick himself halfway round the room in one spasm, I never saw anything like it in my life. They ordered more punch and set to work to watch it out. Charlie got drunker and drunker, of course — that fellow'd drink at his grandmother's funeral, I think; but the plagued nigger just wouldn't die. Never heard of such a nigger, sir, 'pon my soul; he'd have been a bargain at a thousand — the toughest nigger you ever laid your eyes on! We stuck it out till four o'clock in the morning, and he was just as bad as ever; it

wasn't any use — Ralph and I couldn't stand it any more, and we quit. So we've no idea how it turned out — but we left Charlie Mason vowing he'd stay if the fit lasted a week."

While Randolph told this story he was wilder than the story. He cantered alongside the coach, talking loud to make his words heard, and his glee was like a whirlwind. At every good point he would catch his brother's eye and the two would shout in unison, and the woods would echo. Allan had been trained at the North, and his imagination was more timid. He was staring, and he scarcely heard what else his cousins said, and came to with a sudden start as the carriage swung round a turn, and 'Dolph leaned over, shouting gayly, and gave the horses a cut with his whip that made them leap like mad. Then the two went tearing ahead, the elder waving his hat as they burst suddenly from the thicket and thundered across a bridge and swept into view of a long avenue, at the head of which gleamed the snow-white front of Valley Hall.

"Here they are!" he yelled, already halfway to the house. "Here they are! We got 'em, and Allan's turned Abolitionist — I can see it in his face!"

CHAPTER IV

Besides the troops of negroes who poured out of the house and from every building far and near, there stood four persons to welcome them. There was Hamilton Montague, his grave face lighted with welcome, coming down the steps with arms stretched out; there was Mrs. Montague, rounder and rosier than ever, crying out in wonder at the sight of Allan grown up, and flinging her arms around him and kissing him; there was Uncle Ben Handy, gay as ever, and not a day older, only with a redder nose; and last of all, standing upon the portico, waiting serenely, was Ethel. She was but sixteen, and he imagined a girl whom he might hug and kiss. Instead he almost feared to take her hand, she was so very stately.

Then there were the horses, and the dogs, and the troops of servants, crowding about, shouting, singing, crazy with delight over "Marse Harry" come back again. Here, also, were children grown up into men and women, and surprises and recognitions and perplexities without end. These negroes had been all of Allan's boyhood world; here were the playmates whom he had drilled and commanded, and all the tyrants he had dreaded, the latter now grown suddenly obsequious, and clamoring even for a touch of his hand. Here was "Aunt Viney," who had nursed him, and Pericles, the butler, who had scolded him out of the pantry; and was this great, strapping black man Jereboam Anaximenes, who had wept salt tears at his departure, pleading so hard to be taken along, and explaining that he might safely be trusted not to claim his freedom, being such a little chap?

That evening they had an old-time dinner at Valley Hall. Rapture and excitement streamed from the very pores of the negroes who cooked it; and after the turkey

had been carved, there stood "Aunt Jinny" in the doorway, beaming and perspiring, and swathed in smiles. Did it not seem really like old times when Captain Montague, for perhaps the thousandth time in his life, tasted one of her "beaten biscuits" critically, and observed, "Jinny, I declare, I believe you've put gunpowder in these to blow them up so light," and Aunt Jinny, holding her fat sides with her fat hands to keep her merriment from exploding her, replied, "Na suh, Massa Montague, suh, na suh, *I wuks 'em till dey pops!*"

Allan dreamed that night that he was a boy once more, and he wished that he might never waken to a morrow in which the world was not such a place of plenty and delight.

In the morning there were a thousand things crying out to Allan: a new pony to test and old friends and old scenes to revisit; Randolph wanting him to go hunting, and his father wanting him to stay and see the neighbors who would surely be coming in all the morning to welcome the prodigal sons of Mississippi. Allan himself would have preferred to stroll in the garden; but Ethel was already preoccupied there — breakfast had scarcely been eaten before there appeared a cavalier, "Billy" Hinds, a neighbor, and one of Allan's old playmates.

"It's a match, I reckon," said Ralph, slyly, nodding over his shoulder at them, as he dragged his cousin away, willy-nilly, to inspect a new colt.

"A match!" ejaculated Allan; "but he's no older than I am."

"I know it," said Ralph; "but he's crazy about Ethel, all the same — over here every day, and never takes his eyes off her. Did you notice how he greeted you?"

"He didn't seem very cordial, I thought."

"He's jealous," said Ralph.

"Jealous of me!" gasped Allan.

"Jealous of you — jealous of everybody — jealous of Ethel's lap-dog! If you'd gone to take a walk with her this morning, Billy'd have gone for his duelling pistols."

The youngster chuckled over his cousin's perplexity,

as the two made their way through the negro quarters and to the stables. Everywhere on their way the servants rushed out to greet Allan once more, made happy if he gave them a glance. The little pickaninnies gathered around them in regiments, staring in awe at their new master.

"See that little chap?" volunteered Ralph, suddenly, pointing to a bright little curly-haired mulatto boy who grinned ecstatically and turned handsprings to attract their attention. "Ain't he pretty?"

"Yes," said Allan. "Whose is he?"

"He's 'Dolph's," said his cousin.

"Where did he buy him?" Allan asked.

And the other shot a quick glance at him, and then turned away, collapsing with laughter.

"What's the matter?" asked Allan, wonderingly.

And Ralph stared at him again. "Where did he buy him?" he gasped. "Oh, lordie, what will 'Dolph say to that?"

And then a sudden gleam shot across Allan's mind, and he started and caught the other's arm. "Ralph," he cried, "you don't mean that he's — that he's 'Dolph's *child?*"

Ralph was gleeful at his cousin's face of horror. "Of course I do," said he; "you old grannie, what did you suppose I meant?"

Allan could find no word for a moment. "Who is his mother?" he asked, at last.

"Molly, one of the housemaids," said Ralph. "You saw her — that black girl that you noticed." Allan recollected a tall handsome woman whose graceful carriage he had remarked.

"There's another one somewheres, a little girl," Ralph added, "and another coming. What's the matter?" he continued wonderingly, seeing his cousin's look. "They have to be somebody's children, don't they? And a boy like that's worth a hundred dollars more than an ordinary black baby the day he's born." He tossed a penny to the little fellow, who crowed with delight as he danced about with it.

"Who knows this?" asked his cousin, in a low voice.

"Most everybody, I reckon," answered Ralph, easily; "everybody that wants to know it."

"Does Ethel know it?" asked Allan.

Ralph flushed. "No," said he, "I don't guess *she* does. I don't suppose she asks about such things."

"Does your father know it?"

"I suppose so. I don't know. But good heavens, Allan, what's the matter with you? Don't you suppose there are children of his own on this place? Don't you know that Tibbs is your own half-brother?"

Allan started and turned white. "Oh!" he cried.

"But it's so," said Ralph. "Everybody knows it. Ask Tibbs yourself, and see if he don't tell you."

Allan went on, too stung to speak; and in the meanwhile his cousin, all unaware of the effect he was producing, went glibly on to tell him stories which made his flesh curl. Allan had gone away from Valley Hall a child and come back a man, and this aspect of Slavery was one that burst upon him like a sudden blast of fire. He saw it everywhere, the instant that he thought of it — this whole plantation was simply a house of shame maintained for these two boys. Every slave woman on the place was a harlot, bidding for their favor; at every corner one turned one saw great overgrown girls rolling and kicking half naked in the dust; and scarcely one of them upon the place passed her fifteenth year without becoming a mother. To all the allurements of sin there had been added this stimulus of profit, and these boys had grown up, steeped in vice to their very eyes. Ralph was eighteen, and he talked of these things with the matter-of-fact simplicity of the roué of fifty.

The glamour was gone somehow from Valley Hall. It no longer seemed beautiful to him; he found no happiness in it anywhere he turned. That morning he rode out on the new pony his uncle had given him, and the first sight he stumbled upon was a gang of the field-hands, toiling in the burning sun. It cut him like a knife; he rode on

for hours, scarcely hearing a word of what his two cousins said to him. He was no longer Allan Montague, heir to half this domain — he was Frederick Douglass, field-hand ; and he hated the plantation, its greatness, its luxury, its pride.

And such feelings, which haunted him the first day, came to possess him entirely in the end. When he had seen all the place and met all the neighbors, he had done everything there was to do ; and he grew faint at the thought that he was to stay here forever. The people he met were gracious and refined, but what they talked about somehow did not interest him, and their feasting seemed to him stupid. The young men were " fast " — their thoughts were of horses, and women, and wine ; in the " office," where came the elder men, the talk was of cotton and Kansas. To Allan, who had seen beneath the surface of Slavery, it was fearful to be face to face with men to whom negroes were really mere things — things to be driven and exploited, to be sold, to be killed, if need be, and all without ever a thought. There was no conscious cruelty or wrong, of course ; but these grave gentlemen discussed this and that overseer, and how many " bales to the hand " he " made," and one would never have guessed that the " hands " were not machines. Allan thought of the argument of which he had heard so much from the Abolitionists — that it was the custom to " work off " the hands on the sugar plantations every seven years ; and he asked the question, in a casual way, and started a long discussion, in which men contended that it did or did not pay, adducing cases and citing figures, the listener meanwhile noticing in silent wonder the fact that not a soul thought of any other view of the matter. The point was that there were only three or four months in the year when the cane could be ground ; and one had either to work his hands day and night during these months, which wore them out, or else support a double set all the year round. It was a question about which opinions differed ; but it was certain by the statistics that the slave population of Louisiana decreased two and a half per cent a year, while that of Virginia increased twenty.

It was when they talked politics, however, that these gentlemen seemed to Allan maddest of all. There was no longer any Union sentiment to be heard at Valley Hall. The South stood apart, and the only question was whether or not the time for her fight had come. There was only one person there who was not in arms and ready, and that was Uncle Ben, who took a good-natured and mildly cynical view of public affairs, disapproving of the violence of the politicians because it interfered with his peace of mind and body.

About the Kansas broil the planters argued for hours, waiting for the news. At that time the marshal of the territory had called for help in executing writs in Lawrence; the Missourians were pouring over the border, and a conflict was a matter of days. Allan marvelled to realize the depth and intensity of the feeling about him. Once or twice he ventured to set right what he took to be misapprehensions, but the way people received his words showed him quickly that they had no care about fact or reason; that in their dread and hatred of the North and of everything Northern, they were as if waging a war, so that all means were fair, and all argument treason. Far beneath the incidents and accidents of the moment lay the deep distrust of a passionately conservative people for an eager and growing democracy. They hated it in all its ways, in all its aspects; they hated its prosperity, its freedom; they hated its manners, its religion, its literature, its thought. In all the furious declamation to which Allan listened, he kept noticing a word, — one which was strange to his tongue and to his ear, but which was repeated day and night, and stood for all things horrible at Valley Hall — *Jacobinism!* In Massachusetts people did not talk about Jacobinism, except as something historical and far off; a man would no more have set out to quarrel with Jacobinism than with Lollardry. It puzzled him, until he thought of Burke, and realized that he was living in an English civilization of fifty years before.

The habit of self-repression which Allan had formed was tested more severely than ever; previously he had

hidden his thoughts from his father, now he hid them from every one. He could do no good by interfering with anything or remonstrating with anybody; the evils that he saw were deep and terrible, but they sat intrenched and unassailable — a man could no more make an impression upon them than he could upon a mountain with his naked hands. The soul of Douglass haunted him all the time: he saw it in every weary face, he heard it in every pleading voice, above all, in the strange, wild singing of the negroes. He saw all the hatred and rebellion which was pent in the plantation, and of which its owners seemed never to dream. There was a mulatto, a cooper, whom Allan had heard Randolph cursing for "impudence"; the tigerlike fury that was in the glare this man fixed upon his master as he turned his back was something Allan never forgot. He came to watch the fellow as he went sullenly about his tasks, certain that here was a soul in torture.

There was another slave who haunted Allan's thoughts day and night, and would not let him rest. Nearly three weeks had passed since his arrival at Valley Hall — he had spent most of his time reading — when one morning he accepted an invitation from Ralph to go out for a deer. Armed with rifles they rode three or four miles from home, and tied their horses and struck into the forest. Venison was plentiful in those days, and there were no game-laws; in less than half an hour they had struck a fresh trail, plainly marked in the deep black soil, and set out cautiously to follow it. The forest was swampy, dense with rank vines and the gnarled and slimy cypress roots; here and there were all but impassable bogs, and then again higher places covered with live oak and brier thickets. Upon these latter the deer were to be found hiding, and as they always lie watching their back trail, at the first of them the two hunters separated, intending cautiously to creep around the knoll, and steal up from the other direction.

Allan had crept perhaps fifty yards, eyes and ears on the alert for a sight of the game, when he came to a slight open

space, through which he could see to the knoll. Crouching low behind a log, he crept along, and peered cautiously ahead through each opening in the foliage. He saw nothing that looked like a deer, and was about to go on, when suddenly he noticed a movement. He bent forward eagerly, clutching his rifle. The next instant he started back, his heart giving a leap that hurt him. Major Roberts's mulatto slave, "Dutch Joe," had stepped into view upon that knoll!

He was at least a hundred yards away, and his back was turned to Allan; but the latter knew him in an instant, none the less. That giant frame, that close-cropped bullet head, those great curving shoulders — had he not spent literally hours gazing at them? A trembling like an ague had seized upon him; he crouched as if turned to stone. What could it mean? Yet there was no need to ask the question, there was but one thing it could mean — the man had run away again! And now what was Allan to do? It must be quickly, the next instant might be too late. The negro stood turning his head this way and that, as if he had heard something; why did he not keep down? If Ralph saw him he would surely hail him, and shoot him down if he ran. With a sudden resolution Allan put his fingers to his lips, and blew a loud whistle.

The man dropped as if a bullet had struck him; and the other stood listening in suspense. A few moments later came an answering whistle, and then Allan shouted "Halloo!"

"What's the matter?" came Ralph's voice from over the knoll.

"I started the deer," Allan answered. "He's gone."

"Why didn't you shoot?"

"I was crawling under a log, and couldn't. Stay where you are, and I'll join you."

He set out on a run, making a wide circle about the place where he had seen the negro. He had gone but a short distance before he came upon an unexpected sight — there lay the deer, with a bullet hole in his side, and with

a piece cut out of him. "He must be armed," Allan thought swiftly, as he dashed on.

"What in the world did you yell like that for?" his cousin demanded, when he met him.

"Why not?" asked the other, innocently. "The deer was gone."

"But there might have been others, you can't tell. You never ought to go around bawling in the woods — we'd have met anyway, and now you've scared out everything for half a mile."

"I'm sorry," said Allan, "I didn't think — I was only mad at losing my shot. Let's strike off, and try again."

They started, to Allan's deep relief. A few minutes later they scared up a doe and fawn, and Ralph wounded the former, which gave him something to think about. Allan followed him mechanically — he had no more interest in hunting. His mind was in a whirl. How had the negro come to that place? It was forty miles to the Roberts plantation from where they were, and Allan had heard nothing of his escape. Surely the news ought to have spread, the newspapers ought to have been full of it by this time. For nearly a month the thought of "Dutch Joe" had stayed with Allan like the memory of a crime; he had seen him in his dreams, in chains, and at the mercy of his brutal captor. Now, meeting him thus in the woods, it had been like an apparition. Allan asked himself if he could not possibly have been mistaken.

They finished their hunt without Ralph's finding the doe, and they were forced to content themselves with a pair of wild turkeys. As they rode home with these slung over their saddles, another surprise met Allan. They rounded a sudden turn and came in sight of a pedestrian, a familiar figure. He seemed to start when he saw them, Allan thought, but then came on — the lanky Westerner he had seen upon the steamboat.

He went by them without meeting their eyes; he was still chewing vigorously.

"What do you suppose is the matter with that chap?"

remarked Ralph. (It was a strange sight to see a white man walking in Mississippi.)

"Don't know," said the other; "who is he?"

"I saw him at the hotel in town," said Ralph. "His name is Carter; he's some sort of an agent. Queer-looking duck."

Allan assented and rode on. He did not mention that he had seen the man on the steamer — Allan kept his thoughts to himself these days. Reaching the Hall and finding the family at dinner, the two hunters cleaned up and reported themselves. "Where's Uncle Ben?" asked Ralph.

"Gone to town," answered Mrs. Montague; "he said he might be late. There he is now."

There came a sound of galloping hoofs, and then Uncle Ben's voice, "Hey, you there, come take my horse!" They heard him leap up the veranda steps, and a moment later he entered the room. His face was flushed, and his tone eager.

"Heard the news?" he cried.

The diners turned. "What is it?" cried Randolph.

"The whole country's up," was the reply. "Nigger most killed Jim Henderson — that yellow devil he brought back from Cincinnati! He's run away again!"

CHAPTER V

THE three boys were on their feet at a bound ; even the women half rose.

" How ? When ? " cried half a dozen voices at once.

" Henderson tried to whip him yesterday afternoon," said Uncle Ben ; " and the fellow turned on him like a wildcat — knocked his pistol out of his hand and slashed his face all to pieces, they say."

" What became of him ? "

" Got away," was the answer. " They put the dogs on him and ran him out of the swamp last night, but they lost the trail."

" Henderson told me he was going to keep a chain on him," exclaimed Captain Montague. (He had, of course, told the story of his meeting the man on the steamer.)

" That's the worst of it," said Uncle Ben ; " the nigger's got a file, and filed the ring through in two places, all but a hair. It was on his ankles, and his trousers hid it, and Henderson didn't see it. The fellow broke it right off before Henderson knew what he was about. They say the nigger had help."

" Help ! " cried the auditors.

" Yes, he had a pistol, and Henderson vows he couldn't have got it otherwise. Then, too, they tracked him to the road and lost him there, and they declare he got on a horse."

The family stared at each other aghast. " Jerry ! " called Hamilton Montague to one of the servants. " Go tell Taylor Tibbs to saddle the horses. We must see about this."

There was little more dinner eaten after the arrival of those wild tidings. Randolph and his brother were eager

as bloodhounds in the leash, and the rest scarcely less so. Mr. Handy sat down at the table, but they gave him little chance to eat for their inquiries.

"One of Henderson's boys rode over to town this morning," he told them; "that's how I heard it. They've been hunting along the roads with the dogs to see if they can find where the negro dismounted. Major Roberts has a standing offer of three hundred dollars for any of his niggers that run away, and Henderson has added two hundred more. They say he's crazy; he's out this morning, in spite of his cuts."

"How's he hurt?" asked some one.

"Cut in the arm, and his face all chopped up. The devil just missed his eye, one time, they say. Henderson had been trying to break him — been having all sorts of times. Boy says he kept him tied up by the wrists at night, and beat him for an hour or two; didn't make a bit of difference, either."

"It won't do to have that kind of a man loose," said Hamilton Montague.

"They've telegraphed to Natchez for more dogs," said Mr. Handy. "They're going to beat up the whole country."

Half an hour later the party left Valley Hall, — Hamilton, his brother-in-law, the three boys, the two overseers, and a couple of negroes with the pack of hounds. The captain was left alone, cursing his knee, which would not let him ride. Allan went along, silent, but taking in all that was said.

They found the town of Woodville almost deserted, every one having turned out for the hunt. In the office of the hotel, stared at by the curious who remained, was a blanket which had been used by the negro, and which was now supposed to give the hounds the scent. Since the morning had come a telegraph message from Baton Rouge that a traveller, riding past Woodville, had passed a galloping horseman whom he believed to be the runaway. It had been too dark for him to see his face, but the description of his form tallied. The result of this was to send

the Montagues back toward home to hunt through their own woods.

They separated into two parties and left the road. Allan, after waiting to make sure that they did not start in the direction where he knew the fugitive actually to be, left them and rode toward the Hall.

Allan was in a fever of anxiety. It is a rule of all games and battles that the advantages of one's opponent loom larger than one's own; the woods and swamps of Wilkinson County seemed to his imagination very small in comparison with the number of dogs and hunters. The thought of this scourged and tortured wretch being hounded about them was one that made the blood burn in his cheeks. But there was nothing he could do to help him; he could only go home and wait, and hide his impotent rage.

The spot where he had seen the fugitive lay beyond the Hall, as one came from the town, and therefore the pursuers were a considerable distance short of the right place. But there was no telling how much space they might get over during the afternoon. "If only he can ride on again to-night," thought Allan. To him, turning over without cessation his meagre data, one thing had become certain — that the person who had helped the negro must be the young Westerner who had caught his attention on the boat. Allan had connected the fact of the man's going afoot with the negro's having a horse, and had only dreaded lest Ralph might do the same. The two had come from the same direction, and the stranger had looked dusty and travel-stained. "They intend to meet to-night," Allan thought. "I wish that I knew where."

After he had told his father the news, there was no more for Allan to do save to wander round and bear his sickness of soul. Sitting in the library he heard a horse galloping up the road, and he rushed out at the same moment that his father came limping through another door, followed by Ethel and her mother. Coming toward the house at a furious gallop was a stranger, a lad of about fourteen. Allan's heart leaped into his mouth, for

he saw in an instant that tidings of importance had come. The horse was white with foam, and the boy's face showed his excitement.

"Is this Mr. Montague?" he cried, as he pulled up his mount and raised his cap.

"Yes," replied the captain. "What is it?"

"Father wants to know will you lend us your dogs, sir," said he.

"Dogs!" exclaimed Captain Montague. "They are out already. What's the matter?"

"We've got the nigger, sir,—that is, at least, we've got his track, but we can't catch him."

"What do you mean? Can't catch him!"

"No, sir, we've only got five dogs, and they are all for trailing; they won't seize. And the nigger's got guns, sir, and he shot one; and the rest are shy, and don't worry him much. He's down in the swamp where we can't ride, and he gets along as fast as we do. We've been after him two hours, and we're afraid he may get away yet."

Captain Montague and his son, also, were fairly holding their breath.

"Who are you?" asked the captain.

"I'm Jim Henderson's oldest boy, sir. Tom's my name."

"And where is all this, Tom?"

"Down in the bayou, sir; it ain't more'n about three miles from here. We've gone about ten, sir, up and down, since we got the trail."

"And you're sure it's the man?"

"Yes, sir; sure, sir. We've got Tom Murray and his dogs from Natchez, and there's no better in the country. They wouldn't make any mistake. We found a place too, where he'd shot a deer and cut him up."

Allan started and caught hold of a chair.

"Who's with you?" asked the captain.

"Father, and Murray, and a whole crowd from Woodville. They sent me to ask for your dogs; they said you had some good seizers that could follow with the rest and tree the nigger."

"Every one of our dogs is out," cried the captain, with an angry exclamation. "And I've no idea where they are, either. You'll have to go on to Mr. Hinds's place, and ask him. He's got two boar hounds besides his other dogs, and they'll stop him in no time. Do you know how to get to Mr. Hinds's?"

"No, sir," said the boy; "I don't think I do."

"Allan, will you ride and show him?"

There was a moment's awkward pause. The question took Allan by surprise. But before he could say anything the truth must have occurred to his father. He added, "Or no, I will send a man."

He turned to one of the negroes, of whom there was a crowd about, staring with wild eyes. "Tip," he called, "go and get a horse saddled, quickly, and ride with this boy to Mr. Hinds's."

The man darted off, and Captain Montague turned to the boy. "How is your father?" he asked.

"Pretty badly hurt," the boy replied; "but he don't mind it, he's so mad. Got his face so tied up he can hardly see, but he's through the swamp ahead of them all."

"How close are they to the nigger?" asked the captain.

"Not more than half a mile," said the boy; "we can hear the dogs now and then. We've got one on a string to guide us, you know."

"How did the man come to get such a start yesterday?"

"He had a pistol hid in his clothes, sir. I was out in the field when it happened — it was just before dark. He wasn't working to suit, and father began to lay his whip over him. He bent down and jerked his chain right off and pulled a knife and went at father. His first cut ran clean across his forehead, and when father tried to pull his revolver, the fellow cut him again across the arm. He'd have killed him, I think, if I hadn't laid on with a club. Then he turned to run, and, of course, just as soon as I saw he had a gun I had to give up and let him go.

We got the dogs and put them on, and followed him about five miles. The track stopped at the road, and we knew he'd got on a horse. Father says it's some of the Abolitionists from up in Ohio, as sure as guns."

In a few moments more the other horse had come, and the boy lifted his hat and galloped away. Allan turned and went back into the house without a word, leaving his father and the two ladies standing upon the piazza.

The young fellow's blood was coursing through the veins in his forehead like molten fire. He paced the room, half wild, clenching his hands, muttering to himself. "Oh, my God, I can't stand this!" he cried, again and again. "I can't stand it — I can't stand it! I won't let them kill the man — I won't — I won't! I've got to do something — I've got to help him! It's too horrible — it can't be!"

Never before had he seen the thing *Slavery* as he saw it at that moment: as a demon creature with a grip closing about his very heart, with eyes that glared into his and turned him sick with horror. He flung up his hands into the air, and all his being was one scream of agony: "No, no! No, no! You shall not!"

And then he turned and dashed from the room. He would do something, he would do what he could. He would find the man — if he could do no better he would fight his tormentors back himself, the whole mob of them. He sped out of the house and to the stables. There was no one about, but in the excitement the door had been left unlocked; Allan got out his own horse and put a saddle upon him, and leaped upon his back and away, — down the lane, over fences and fields, and toward Buffalo Bayou.

The sun had just gone down behind it; the heavy clouds hung low, black and sinister above, blood-red and glaring at the horizon. Beneath, down a long slope, lay the great hollow, sombre and dark; somewhere in its far-stretching wilds toiled an agonized wretch, sick and panting, stumbling through swamp and fen and thorny brake, battling with savage dogs and fleeing from yet more savage

men. Ten miles they had hounded him, and even now he might be fainting, and the dogs tearing him, or the men shooting him down! Allan's soul cried out to God with the horror of this thing — that it should be upon earth, and no deliverance from it. A shuddering seized him — beads of perspiration stood out upon his forehead; the sullen landscape before him seemed to him the very pit of hell, with its flaming top.

He rode on to the very edge of the swamp and there paused, listening. Within the great forest it was still as death. He struck his horse and dashed ahead, along the edge of the cotton-fields. A fence and ditch loomed large in the shadows; he took them at a bound and went on. Then again he drew rein and listened.

Hark! What was that?

Allan's heart was pounding so that he could not be sure what he heard; he waited, straining his ears, sick with suspense. Surely that was not his imagination; no, it was the far-off baying of the hounds. Echoing over the wild waste of swamp land, messenger of terror, the sound struck a chill to his heart.

He got down from his horse; he could not sit still. He moved back and forth, clenching his hands. There it was again; there was no doubt about it — it was the dogs! They were at his heels still, they would stay there forever. Allan cried aloud with the pain of it — an incoherent, hysterical cry; he pressed his hands to his forehead, toiling like one in a nightmare. And then again he stood gripping his hands together, and whispering breathlessly: "Now don't be a fool! Don't be a fool! You are going to help that man, somehow; you are going to save him! How? *How?*"

If he could only get to him, that was the first thing. He would give him his horse, and stay behind and face them. They might do what they pleased with him, he was not afraid.

He mounted again and turned his horse toward the thicket; but the animal stood still, his fore feet on the edge of the bog. No urging could move him; Allan

saw then that the attempt would be madness — he could not ride through the swamp at night.

He thought of walking; but he could not expect to catch the fugitive, he could travel no faster than the others. "If he will only come out!" Allan exclaimed. "If they get more dogs, he will have to."

But what if they "treed" him, and killed him there in the darkness? Again despair seized Allan.

The sound seemed to be moving down the bayou; he followed. It seemed first to draw near, then to recede; now there would be a yelp, now a whole baying chorus. At times there would come a place in the forest into which he could force his horse a few rods, but each time he had to give up the attempt; and so for perhaps two nightmare hours he paced back and forth along the margin of the fields, helpless as if bound with chains. The hunt had moved back to the place of his first approach, opposite the Hall; it seemed to come nearer, but never near enough. Always it was the same monotonous, maddening yelping; his whole being leaped with relief when at last there came a change, a new sound from afar, — a deep-toned echoing, bell-like call from the other side of the bayou. The trailers heard it and cried in chorus, and Allan gasped, "It is the boar hounds!"

The hunt seemed at once to move more swiftly. The dogs cried louder, and moved faster, and came nearer. Once a pistol shot rang out — they must have come too close! They only barked more furiously than ever, and again came the deep-voiced reply. Behind it one could now hear the baying of a pack, and they seemed to have left the trail, and to be following the sound, straight across the swamp; the fugitive was still doubling and turning, and Allan cried out in agony: "Why doesn't he come out! Why doesn't he come out!"

He came nearer, and the listener's heart beat faster and faster. Once or twice he thought he heard men's voices, once he was sure he heard a breaking sound in the brush. There was another pistol shot — it startled him with its nearness, and he heard one of the dogs give a howl. He

was debating with himself in his suspense whether he should not call out to the negro.

"But he must come out," he reasoned, hearing the pack closer yet. "He must come out where he can see — he won't face them in that black hole!"

And so it seemed. Yelp, yelp! went the trailers, and Allan stopped his horse in the shadow of a cotton tree, and sat motionless, save for his laboring heart. There was now a snapping of underbrush far in the thicket, steady, continuous. To the listener it was the climax of his fearful suspense; the pain of it was almost too much for him — there was a tingling down to the finger-tips, burning like fire. Nearer and nearer — it seemed like the approach of some monstrous wild beast, crashing and plunging through; there came also a rasping, snorting sound, which Allan heard in horror. The nagging of the dogs half drowned it, but it came closer, and he knew what it was, and held tightly his quivering horse. Three or four rods ahead of him was a jungle of dead cane, growing out into the field, a blind tangle, almost impenetrable; a minute more had passed — it began suddenly to shake, there was a snapping and trampling — and an instant later a dark form bounded out into the open.

It was the negro. He stood, fighting for air, his huge frame heaving like a bellows. The rasping sound, his breathing, had become a roar, hoarse and savage, like the snarl of a wild beast, but swifter and louder. Convulsive and choking sobs shook him; he stared about him, dazed and reeling. He did not see Allan, but Allan could see him plainly, groping like a blind man, seeming not yet to know that he was out of the thicket.

A log lay in front of him, and as he started again he stumbled, clutching before him with outstretched arms. He crawled over it, and went on, half dragging himself upon his knees.

Allan's eyes had been riveted upon him; he had forgotten the sounds in the rear, and started when three forms stole out into the open. They were the dogs, small

foxhounds. They came upon a trot, following him step by step, stopping when he stopped, never taking their eyes off him. He stumbled again, and one bounded forward with a growl. The negro straightened up, whirling about. He stood for a moment, his hands clutching his sides, then he bent down to the ground, groping about him, snarling like a wild beast. The dogs turned and ran, and he seized a bit of a stick and flung it after them in impotent fury. They fled to a distance, then stopped — one of them sat upon his haunches and howled dismally. The negro turned and staggered on across the clearing again, and again the dogs closed in on his trail, yelping.

Suddenly Allan heard again the answering chorus, the long-drawn baying, now close at hand in the swamp.

The negro straightened up at the sound and broke into a run. At the same instant Allan struck his heels upon his horse's sides and rode out of the shadow. "Wait!" he shouted.

The fugitive turned and stared. Allan, confused and excited, saw him tugging at something in his belt, then with a sudden flash of comprehension he reined in his horse. "I mean to help you!" he cried; but the next instant the man raised his arm and there came a sharp report and a blaze of light, and a bullet whizzed by Allan's head, and went singing away into the distance.

Allan was dazed, and the plunging of his frightened horse almost unseated him. The negro stood staring for a moment more — then wheeled and continued his flight. The full sickening realization of his own utter helplessness and of the fugitive's came to the other then for the first time.

Yet even so he could not give up hope; he followed at a distance, calling aloud: "I want to help you! Don't you hear me? I will give you my horse! I am your friend!" But whether the man was too far gone to understand him, or whether he thought it a ruse, he only ran the faster, and Allan's voice was drowned by the yelling of the pack down in the swamp.

The young man sank forward upon his horse, over-

whelmed with despair; unnoticed by him the animal halted, and the chase disappeared across the fields.

It was only for a few minutes, however. Again and again came the fearful outcry in the rear — nearer and nearer — it seemed on the very edge of the forest. Allan stared about him. Far ahead, over the level ground, he could see the lights of Valley Hall twinkling in the midst of dark masses of foliage. The fugitive had gone that way — perhaps hoping to be hidden by the negroes, or perhaps to throw the dogs off the scent. Allan urged his horse to a gallop once more, thinking in his desperation again to hail the negro; but the man was out of sight, and he could not find him. The yelping of the dogs at the negro's heels was now made inaudible by the fierce baying close in Allan's rear.

He watched behind him as he rode; the sounds seemed suddenly to leap out of the brake, several seconds before he could see the dogs. There they were, however, — a mass of shadowy forms swept across the fields, in the lead two huge creatures, seeming the size of full-grown calves. They sped on, silent and ghostly, leaving the barking now to the pack which raced at their heels. Sickening were the stories Allan had heard of the ferocity of those boar hounds.

He spurred the horse and dashed away over the fields, neck and neck with them. He had now a revolver in his hand.

He watched for the fugitive, but field after field sped by and they did not come in sight of him. The farther of the outhouses were in sight, they swept past them, and down the path. There came a gate; the dogs shot under it, and the horse bounded over, then suddenly Allan caught sight of the negro. They were in the very centre of the great yard — the negro cabins at one side, the huge barns and stables looming in front, and at the other side, in the distance, the rear of the "great house" gleaming with lights. The man was staggering onward, making for the stables. Allan saw in his swift glance that some one else was at his side, apparently assisting him.

The two hounds had caught sight of him, and lifted their voices in loud, eager cry, bounding away at redoubled speed. Allan called to his horse, beating upon its side frantically with the revolver, but falling behind nevertheless. The negro was running as never before, but it seemed to Allan as if he stood still. Just ahead loomed the great building; the fugitive dashed past the corner, sped on toward the door. The space closed up, Allan gasped aloud, his voice rising into a scream. There was a moment of horror; the hounds were at the man's heels — their forms seemed one, and Allan stood up in his stirrups. An instant later the door slammed with a crushing sound, the body of the foremost of the two boar hounds caught halfway in it.

There was a second of savage struggle, the dog snarling and screaming in rage and pain, the men on the inside beating and slashing it with some weapon. The dog's companion and the rest of the pack flung themselves at the open place, raging madly — but too late. The leader had struggled back, and in a flash the barrier had closed!

CHAPTER VI

Outside the pack was yelling and snarling, bounding against the stable door or chewing at the bottom of it in impotent rage. The outcry had awakened the place, — horses were neighing, and cattle lowing, and the negroes rushing out of their cabins. It seemed but a few seconds before there was a ring of them about the scene, staring in wild-eyed fright.

Allan sat for perhaps a minute, motionless ; the reaction from the intense strain to which he had been put left him helpless. But in truth his chance for respite was brief — the immediate horror had been deferred, but the negro was still a prisoner, and his fate could be no different in the end. Some of his pursuers might arrive any instant, and then there would be not the slightest hope for him. They would break in the door, and there was no place he could hide where the dogs would not find him. Under the law the man's life was forfeit ; he had resisted his master, and was resisting recapture. Allan recollected a question he had asked one day of one of their own overseers. "If he's quiet," the man had said, "we call the dogs off ; but if he fights, we generally let them tear him."

Allan looked up, and gazed around him once more. The scene was dark, but he saw people running from the house with lanterns, and waited in suspense, dreading lest his father should appear, or any of the rest, returned from their hunting. His thoughts were bent upon the hope of getting the man out of the barn ; if he could do it, he might yet save him — for Allan would not have been in the least deterred from giving him his horse by the fear of its becoming known.

Those who were running up were negroes. He rode

toward them, thinking swiftly. Whom should he trust? He could spare only an instant to decide; he saw one of the stable hands, a big, broad-faced, good-natured "black boy," who had been wont to bring him his pony in the mornings. "Jerry," he called, "come here!"

The negro approached and Allan sprang from his horse. "Listen to me, Jerry," he began in a low voice. "Those dogs have got that runaway, 'Dutch Joe,' there in the barn. They've been chasing him about the woods for four hours, and he's nearly dead. The men will be here soon, and they intend to kill him. I want you to come with me; I mean to help him."

The negro's eyes were shining like saucers. "Help him!" he gasped. "Marse Allan!"

"Yes," said Allan, "I have been trying to already; I will not stand by and see him torn to pieces. What's the matter, are you afraid?"

"'Fraid, Marse Allan — no!" exclaimed the man, breathless with amazement. "But does yo' mean it, Marse Allan?"

"I mean it," was the reply.

"What will Marse Harry say?" cried the negro.

"I don't care what any one says; we must do it before the rest come. Where is father — is he up at the house?"

"No, Marse Allan," said Jerry; "he's gone — he done got de carriage to ride out an' look fo' de rest, Marse Allan."

"Ah!" exclaimed the other. "That gives us a few moments. I want you to listen now, quickly. I will take all the blame; no one will know you had anything to do with it."

"I'll help yo', Marse Allan," exclaimed the man. "But what kin we do?"

"We must get him out and put him on a horse — that is the only chance. Some one must go in there and make him understand. I would go, but it would do no good; he has shot at me once already. He would listen to a colored man."

"Marse Allan!" gasped the negro. (His jaw hung down with terror.)

"You must manage it," Allan went on, swiftly. "There's no danger; there's one of our people in there with him now. It was dark, but I saw him go in. I thought it looked like Taylor Tibbs."

"I seen him, Marse Allan," said Jerry. "It was Tibbs, but I t'ink he got out again, sir."

"How do you mean?" Allan cried.

"I seen a man climb out de loft window in de back an' run, Marse Allan."

"But the dogs have been round there. Some of them are back there now."

"I know it, Marse Allan, but dey wouldn't pay no 'tention to nobody but de man dey was trackin'. Dey knows he's still da — yo' kain't fool dem houn's, Marse Allan — dey is de devil in dem houn's, Marse Allan!"

"Where's Tibbs gone?" Allan demanded.

"I dunno, sir, but I see him run. Him an' me heered de dogs comin', Marse Allan; we 'lowed we'd try to he'p de man an' hide him. — You won't tell nobody, Marse Allan?"

Jerry was still half dazed with fright; the sudden revelation that his young master was a rebel had been almost too much for him. "I mean what I say," Allan answered him.

It took half a minute more of urging before the man could be induced to start; finally, however, he disappeared in the rear of the stable, and Allan waited, gazing about him meantime in a fever of anxiety.

He knew, of course, that at any instant this last hope might be shattered. Was not the whole country riding about this neighborhood searching? And the uproar the dogs were making could be heard upon the still night air for miles. The arrival of any white men would, of course, have ended everything, for they would have shot the negro down at sight. Allan rode amongst the pack, shouting at them, but to no purpose; he could drive them back from the door for the moment, but he could not silence them.

Seconds seemed minutes, and minutes ages; he was about to ride round to see what was the matter with Jerry, when suddenly, above the confusion outside and the stamping of the horses within, he made out the man's voice: "Joe! Joe! Whar is yo'?"

The chorus of the pack drowned out the answer, if answer there was. Allan could only wait, twisting his hands together in his nervousness. There were still people running up from every direction; he could hear distant cries and shouts, and had no means of being sure whether they came from the plantation hands or from approaching white men. Allan dreaded lest even his aunt or cousin should be brought out by the alarm.

"What can be the matter with Jerry?" he panted. "What can he be saying to the man?" He handed his horse to one of the crowd of servants, and started around the corner. At the same moment the negro rushed into sight.

"Well?" Allan gasped.

"Kain't find him, Marse Allan," whispered the breathless man.

"Can't find him?"

"No, sir; I went all roun'."

"Isn't he in there?"

"He's in da, sho', Marse Allan; but he's hidin' an' he's scared. I called him all roun', but he won't answer — he t'ink it's a trick."

"You were afraid!" Allan exclaimed. "You did not hunt!"

"I did my bes', Marse Allan," protested Jerry. "'Fore God I did, an' he heard me, too! But he doan' know my voice, Marse Allan."

"Does he know Tibbs's?" Allan asked. "Will he answer Tibbs?"

"I guess he might," said Jerry; "we might try. I t'ink Tibbs — "

But there the man stopped short, turning in alarm. From out of the darkness beyond there had come suddenly a wild yell, followed by a chorus of cries. It was

the direction from which the chase had approached, and a pain like a knife shot through Allan. He clutched his hand to his side. It was the hunters.

The two stood helpless. There could be no mistake about it, the sounds were drawing nearer; he heard a voice shouting, "Here they are, here they are!" Nothing could be seen, for the throng which encircled Allan. He got no glimpse of the party, until suddenly a figure sprang through an opening left by the negroes as they recoiled, and in the clear light of the lantern stood Jim Henderson.

Never in his life had Allan seen a sight more horrible than that man. His clothing was torn into rags, and black and slimy with the mire of the swamp. His face and head had once been bound in cloths; there were still some about his neck and forehead, but those about his face had been torn away, disclosing three frightful newly sewed gashes. One of them had broken open, and from it the blood had oozed out until the man's face and clothing were dyed with it; it ringed his glaring eyes, it ran from the corners of his mouth, his hair was clotted and filthy with it. He staggered against the side of the stable and leaned there, flinging back his head and gasping hoarsely for breath; his hands were gripped together, his eyes gleamed like a wild beast's — he looked like a very fiend out of hell. Three or four others staggered into sight behind him, and he pointed his finger at the door, panting: "We've got him! By God, we've got him!"

The men were so played out that most of them lay down upon the ground like dogs; Henderson himself had to cling to the frame of the stable door to keep himself erect, and for at least a minute there was no move. The negroes stood gazing on in wild terror, and Allan was watching, filled with a sudden desperate resolve.

One by one, more of the pursuers staggered in upon the trail; there were eight or nine on the spot, when finally Henderson started forward, his mutilated face distorted with his fury, and yelled: "Come on, boys, come on! Let's have him out!"

He leaped toward the door. "Get back!" he shouted to the dogs, kicking them away with furious oaths. Several of the others had also sprung forward, and they flung themselves against the door.

"He's locked it!" exclaimed Henderson. "Get an axe there, somebody; hand me that crowbar there, you nigger!"

He seized the bar and rushed toward the door again. An instant more quickly, however, a form had sprung in front of him.

"Stop!" cried a voice. "Stop!" And Henderson started back, amazed.

"What's this?" he cried. "What's the matter?"

"You can't break in this door," said Allan. "That's all."

The other's face was convulsed with fury. With a sudden gesture he whipped a pistol from his belt, and then for a moment or so the two stared into each other's eyes. "I don't think you had best shoot me, Henderson," said Allan, quietly.

The man seemed to realize for the first time with whom he was dealing. "Why — what's the matter?" he gasped. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say," said Allan, "I won't have you breaking into our stable."

"But I want to get my nigger!" shouted the man.

"Your nigger isn't in there," Allan answered.

"Isn't in there!" screamed Henderson.

"No," was the reply, "he is not. I saw those dogs coming up from the woods; they chased one of our own stablemen in there, and I've been trying to get them away ever since."

"What's that? What's that?" cried a shrill, excited voice. A little rat-faced Irishman pushed his way in front of Allan. A limb of a tree had cut his forehead in the darkness, and his face, too, was smeared with blood.

"My name's Murray," he cried. "Them's my dogs. You trying to tell me my dogs is got the wrong nigger?

I've run them dogs for six year, an' there's no fool can tell me about them dogs."

"I think you don't know whom you are talking to," replied Allan.

The men stood crowding about him, staring at him, amazed.

"You might just as well understand me," he continued resolutely. "I am in charge of this place while my father and uncle are away, and I tell you that I will not have that stable broken into. There are valuable horses in that stable, and the first thing you know those dogs would have them stampeded. I tell you I know who it is in the barn and if you will call off the dogs, I will show you."

"I can't call off them boar hounds," cried Murray. "Them boar hounds ain't mine."

"If that is the case," said Allan, who had known it perfectly well, "there will be nothing for you to do but wait until father or Mr. Hamilton Montague comes home."

"By God, sir," cried Henderson, "that's hardly fair; we've been after that nigger since daybreak, Mr. Montague." (Allan's resolute demeanor had taken the bluster out of him, and his pistol was no longer in sight.)

"I am sorry," said Allan. "That makes no difference. If your negro is there, he will stay there; he will keep, I fancy."

"When will your father be back?"

"I don't know. He is out helping you now. Some of them ought to be home soon, and if they want to turn those dogs loose upon their horses, they can say so."

The crowd fell back a few paces and began to whisper among themselves. "Spread out, boys," cried Henderson, suddenly. "We'll watch the place and wait."

"Send the dogs round," put in another; "make sure the nigger's not got out yet."

The fellow Murray plunged into the frantic pack and by main strength dragged out one of the dogs, the one he had had in leash and had just released. He led him slowly round the great building, the spectators meanwhile wait-

ing breathlessly. The dog gave no sign, and came back and plunged into the pack. "He's still in there," said Murray, adding, with a sneer — "the stableman!"

Allan paid no heed, but stood quietly waiting. None of the men could have guessed from his demeanor that he was in reality perfectly desperate, and only striving blindly to defer the end. The doom of the negro was now sealed; Allan knew that his uncle or his father would be as anxious to get at him as the rest, and would soon find a way. It could be only a question of minutes, also, before some of them appeared. Had not the sounds of the chase been audible for miles around? He was striving to think what he should do when the crisis came.

"You are sure you recognized the man who ran in there?" asked Henderson, suddenly, approaching him. Allan could see that his "bluff" had not fallen flat with Henderson — the overseer was plainly alarmed at the thought that while he was waiting here, the fugitive might be making good his escape.

"I am absolutely certain," Allan answered. "I was riding up myself, and I saw the dogs coming."

"Why doesn't the fellow call out, then, Mr. Montague?"

"I don't know," was Allan's reply. "I've been shouting to him, but he hears the dogs, and I think he is still frightened and hiding."

"I don't know what to make of it," exclaimed Henderson, with an oath. "By thunder, it'll be pretty tough if we're to lose that man after all!"

Allan made no reply. But then suddenly a wild idea burst upon his mind; he started inwardly. A moment afterward, controlling his voice by a desperate effort, he said: —

"I tell you what I will do, if you want me to. I will see if I can get in there and find him."

"I wish you would," the other replied.

Allan turned. In the crowd of negroes who stood about, including now every soul upon the place who was old enough to walk, Allan espied Pericles, the butler.

"Pericles," he called, "come here!"

A grave and stately old negro approached, and Allan took one of the two revolvers from his belt and handed it to him.

"Pericles," he said, "I want you to stand here and watch that stable door. Let nobody touch it, mind you now!"

"I see any white trash breakin' into our do's," said Pericles, grimly; and Allan turned away.

Once out of the circle of light he broke into a run. He sped straight to the cabin where lived Taylor Tibbs, the coachman, and where his wife, Tilly, the head laundress of the plantation, stood in the doorway, shaking with fright.

"Tilly," said Allan, sternly, "come inside."

She was almost too terrified to obey. Her young master made sure that they were alone, and then demanded, "Where is Tibbs?"

"I dunno, Marse Allan —" began the woman, but Allan stopped her with a swift gesture.

"Don't lie to me," he said sternly. "Listen to me. I saw Tibbs go into that stable with the runaway, and I know he came out again. You know it, too, else you'd be over there instead of here. Tibbs is here, somewhere, hiding, and I want him — I want him instantly. If he will come out now, I will promise him he will not be punished; but if you don't find him, as sure as he's born, I'll have him skinned alive to-morrow!"

"Marse Allan," gasped the woman; but before she could say more a board in the centre of the room lifted up, disclosing underneath the long yellow face of Tibbs; he was in the "potato hole," his white eyes shining and his white teeth chattering with terror.

"Marse Allan," he began.

"Shut up!" said Allan. "Get up — quick! Listen to me now, and don't take too long to understand. I want to save that runaway."

"Marse Allan," gasped Tibbs, again.

"Do you know where he's hidden?" Allan rushed on.

"Yes, Marse Allan."

"Then come with me, and do what I tell you, quick!"

He turned and dashed away, the negro at his heels; when he came within sight of the stables he slowed down, and walked into the midst of the group. "This way," he said to Tibbs, and added to Henderson, "Here's our coachman; we'll see what's the matter with that boy."

They went around to the rear of the stables, followed by Henderson and several others, and by Murray, sneering. On the ground lay the ladder, which Jerry had used in climbing to the door in the loft.

"Put it up, Tibbs," said Allan, "and go ahead."

The frightened man led the way, and the two disappeared in the dark hole. "Now!" whispered Allan. "Quick! Where is that man?"

"He clum in de grain bin, Marse Allan," Tibbs responded. "I tole him to dig down an' hide."

"Show the way — quick!" cried Allan.

"He may shoot," panted the other.

"No, it's too dark," was the reply. "But we must chance it. Go on!"

He pushed the reluctant fellow before him, over the deep haymow, and down a ladder, and along a passage behind the stalls, where the horses were stamping and whinnying in terror. At last Tibbs stopped.

"He was in da," he whispered, under his breath.

"Call him," said Allan. "Make him understand."

"Joe, Joe!" panted Tibbs. "Joe — whar is yo'? Hyar's somebody to help yo' — don't shoot!"

There came no reply.

"Try again! Louder!" whispered Allan, wild with the suspense.

"Joe!" cried Tibbs. "Hey, yo' Joe! We want to help yo' — come out!"

There was a sudden creaking sound, and a hoarse voice panted, "Ha?"

"Hyar's somebody to help yo'," gasped Tibbs. "Don't shoot, don't shoot!" Tibbs's voice shook with fright as if he had an ague.

"Tell him to take off his shoes," Allan whispered swiftly. He had to repeat the message before the puzzled Tibbs could be induced to give it; Allan, in the meantime, was seated upon the floor, hastily removing his own.

"Hand them out," Allan commanded, and Tibbs groped his way in the black darkness, and at last brought to Allan a pair of heavy mud-soaked "negro shoes." He slipped them on with trembling fingers, giving his own to Tibbs, saying, "Tell him to put them on, and hide again."

In a moment they were groping their way back. At the foot of the ladder Allan halted; swiftly, his voice quivering, he whispered his orders to Tibbs. Tibbs managed to understand at last — he was gasping, "Glory, glory! Marse Allan," as the two ran up the ladder again.

Allan gazed out. The crowd was staring up at him. "Couldn't find him," he said. "I think he must have got out before."

He heard Murray's laugh of derision. "Go on down," he said to Tibbs.

Henderson had seized a lantern; he suspected some ruse — he held it up and made sure that Tibbs was Tibbs. The negro descended, and as he neared the ground, pushed the ladder so that it fell. "Look out!" he cried, and sprang out of the way; Henderson dodged, and as he did so Allan swung out and dropped lightly. Thus no one saw the thick shoes he had on.

"I'm sorry," he said to Henderson. "If the fellow's there, he was too scared to come out. You'll just have to wait until father comes back; he'll be here any minute now."

The man turned away with an oath. The crowd of negroes followed him around toward the front door again, and Allan lagged behind. Left in the darkness, he turned and slowly moved away. His heart was leaping madly; he could scarcely walk — he was frantic with suspense and dread. But he held himself together, until he had rounded one of the outhouses; then suddenly he leaped forward and dashed blindly away. It was pitch dark; he sped past the negro quarters, out through the

gardens, over a wall, and then through a field of young corn. The huge shoes hurt his feet, and caught in the soft soil, but he plunged on like mad.—Oh, God, what a relief it was to be *doing* something!

And meanwhile Taylor Tibbs, repeating his lesson to himself in a frenzy of fright, had strolled around to where Murray, the slave catcher, stood with Henderson.

"You fool!" the former was saying, and he added a string of oaths.

"How did I know?" snarled Henderson. "What does the fellow want to lie to *me* for?"

"I don't know that no more'n you do," replied Murray; "but I know he lied—I know my dogs too well. How'd he tell, anyway, in the dark?"

"He could tell! He could tell easy!" suddenly cried a voice.

The man turned. It was Taylor Tibbs. "What do you know about it, you yellow monkey?" demanded Murray.

"Know!" cried Tibbs. "Didn't I seen him myself? Don't yo' suppose I knows who belong in my stable?"

"Where were you?" demanded Henderson.

"Whar was I? I stood right over da!" exclaimed Tibbs, pointing. "I seen dem dogs comin'—I hearn the fellow shout dey was arter him. He no mo'n got in de do', either!"

"But where is he then?" roared Henderson, in a fury.

"He done clum out dat back window," cried Tibbs.

"What do you mean?" cried Murray.

"I means what I says. I done tole Marse Allan, but he say he seen de dogs go roun' da, an' dey'd smelt him. But I knows what I seen. I tell you I seen him jump out dat window an' run—an' I tell you dem old dogs ain't jes' no good!"

"You're lying, you're lying!" shouted Murray, shaking his fist in Tibb's face. But Tibbs would not be silenced —and Henderson, more wild with uncertainty than ever, seized Murray suddenly by the arm.

"Take one of the other dogs," he cried. "Do what I

say! I tell you they've no reason for lying—do what I say!"

And Murray again dashed forward and seized one of his yelping curs by the back of the neck. With the negroes at his heels he strode around to the rear, underneath the opening, and set it down. The dog gave one sniff at the ground, then raised its head and emitted a howl, and shot away like an arrow in the darkness. An instant later the whole pack, yelling like a thousand demons, swept round the corner and vanished in pursuit.

CHAPTER VII

For a moment the two men stood staring at each other in consternation.

"What does that mean?" gasped Henderson.

"It means we've been fooled!" shouted Murray, with a cry of rage. "That nigger got out since we came!"

"He did no such thing," put in one of the men, instantly, "for I've been watching here every minute of the time! There's not a soul come out of that place, except the two you saw yourself."

Murray could only reply with profanity. "I believe those dogs have led us wild the whole day," exclaimed Henderson; and without waiting to hear the other's reply, he turned and dashed after them. The rest followed, with the troop of excited negroes at their heels, shouting and whooping with glee at the sudden new turn of events.

They left the stable yard black and silent, deserted save for one person—Taylor Tibbs. The instant the crowd was out of sight, Tibbs darted to where his master's horse was tied, and led him over to the door.

"Joe, Joe!" he called, hoarse with excitement and anxiety. "Quick, it's yo' one chance!"

He crouched, and listened for a moment. There was a shuffling inside. "Open de do'!" cried Tibbs. "Hurry up—open de do'!"

And a moment later the barrier swung back, and "Dutch Joe" peered out. "Jump!" cried Tibbs, and leaped upon the horse himself. The negro was behind him almost as soon, and Tibbs smote the animal a blow upon the neck that made him leap, and they went across the yard and out into the darkness beyond, as if shot from a catapult.

In the meantime the men were tearing after the dogs—out through the garden and the corn-field. "We'll catch him yet," Murray was panting. "They're close to him now, don't you hear them?"

The dogs were baying like mad. Short and sharp was this chase—the words were scarcely out of the slave-catcher's mouth before a pistol shot rang out. "They've got him!" he screamed. "Hi, hi! After him! Go for him! Give it to him!"

The rest of the crowd took up the chorus. The dogs were only a few rods ahead, and had halted. "He's up a tree!" Henderson panted. "Look out, he may shoot! Keep back with those lights there!"

This cry abated considerably the zeal of the mob which had been trailing over the corn-field. The negroes stopped, and only four or five of the hunters went on without slackening. Beyond the field was a rough fence, and beyond that the great orchard of the plantation, at the edge of which the dogs were grouped, leaping up and down, barking frantically.

"Hi, yi!" shouted Murray. "Hold him, hold him! Spread round there, boys; we won't lose him." And then suddenly the man stopped, and his jaw fell. From out of the darkness had come a loud hail:—

"Hello, there! What in the name of creation is the matter with you people?"

"Who is that?" roared Henderson.

"It's I, Allan Montague," came the voice. "Those infernal dogs of yours have got after *me!*"

The pursuers were too dumfounded to find words; they stood as if turned to stone.

"I say!" yelled the voice again, louder than ever. "I say there, will you call those dogs off, or do you want me to shoot another of them? Speak up quick, for I won't stand much more of this business."

Henderson sprang forward with a cry of fury, and having something at last to vent his disappointment upon, seized a stick and plunged into the midst of the pack, laying about him like a wild man. Even the boar hounds

were daunted by his onset and gave way, though only for a short distance. They still stood watching warily, and snarling now and then.

"By Heaven, this is too much!" the occupant of the tree was raging. "I tell you those dogs of yours have got to be taken away from here pretty soon. Why, nobody is safe within miles of them."

The hunters gathered about underneath, staring up. "How did this happen?" cried the shrill voice of Murray.

"Happen!" echoed Allan. "It happened that I set out to hunt for the fellow they had run into the stable, and the first thing I knew I heard them after *me!*"

"Confound them, anyhow," growled Henderson.

"Now look a-here!" exclaimed Murray, suddenly, "there's some trick about this yere—"

"What do you mean?" demanded Allan, sharply.

"I mean what I say," shrilled the other. "You've been with that nigger somehow, and I know it! I know them dogs o' mine, an' I ain't the sort o' person you can fool. Bring a light here, some of you back there, bring a light!"

Allan dropped swiftly to the ground; he did not want his shoes to be seen. "What is it you are trying to say?" cried he. "You mean that I've been stealing your runaway?"

"Bring the light here," repeated Murray, insistently, and he seized it and clambered up into the tree, peering among the branches. "There's no nigger here," he said, still in his loud, angry tone. "But I know what I'm talking about, and I tell you there's dirty work been done here. And what's more—"

He stopped. Suddenly out of the darkness had come a stern voice: "Here, here! What's all this about?"

And Allan's heart leaped up—it was his uncle. The crowd suddenly noticed then, what it had failed to notice before, the approach of a party of horsemen. Five or six rode into view—the expedition which had left the Hall that afternoon.

"What's all this about?" demanded Mr. Montague, again, and Allan sprang forward.

"This fellow Murray's got his dogs here," he cried, "and they've been running our servants all about the place. They chased one of the stable-boys into the stable, and Henderson wanted to shoot me because I wouldn't let him break in the door. Then the first thing I knew the dogs had gotten after me, and I had to climb a tree to get away from them."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Montague," began Henderson, deprecatingly, "but I—"

"I don't want to hear from you," snapped the other. "I want to know what this talk meant that I heard just now, somebody accusing my nephew of stealing his niggers."

"I didn't say that!" cried Murray, in his high-pitched voice. "But I say that I know them dogs of mine, and that there's something wrong. That nigger was in that barn, and I know it, and I tell you—"

And suddenly a dark figure leaped past Allan and strode toward the man. "Shut up! *Shut up!*" cried a furious voice, which he knew for his cousin 'Dolph's. "What do you mean, you dog—do you know who it is you're talking to? Don't you let me hear another word from you now, or by Heaven, I'll pound you down into the ground so deep you won't get out in a week, you impudent, dried-up, little Irish monkey, you! Hasn't our whole family been out all day chasing your infernal nigger for you, and you stand up there and talk at my cousin—why, by God, sir, if you don't make tracks out of here, I'll shoot you as full of holes as a pepper-box in a quarter of a minute more!" The voice of Murray was not heard again that evening.

It is pleasant to have a big cousin, Allan thought, but could not help feeling uncomfortable, knowing his unworthiness of the gallant defence.

There was no longer any one to deny the proposition that the dogs were worthless. A few cuts from 'Dolph's riding-whip served to cure them of what lingering desire they had to trouble Allan, and then the party went back

to the house, listening on the way to his account of the mischances of the evening. Randolph was hilarious at the thought of Allan chased up a tree, and even the baffled hunters could not help joining in his laughter,—all save Henderson, who was speechless with rage and chagrin, besides being half ready to faint with exhaustion.

"You men haven't your horses with you," said Mr. Montague, whose anger was now abated. "You'd best spend the night here—our people can put you up, and you can start out afresh in the morning."

It had been agreed by the party that the negro must have succeeded in throwing the dogs off the scent in the swamp, and they were determined to make another attempt to pick up the trail.

Allan waited until he had seen that the stable was closed and silent—then he made his way into the house by a side door and fled to his room. First he hid away his unusual and perilous foot-gear, and afterward he sank down upon the bed and lay, as it seemed, for an eternity, realizing what had happened to him in the last eventful hour, and letting his overstrained nerves calm down. Later in the evening he stole out and sought Taylor Tibbs in his cabin.

"I've got him off all right, Marse Allan," said the gleeful negro. "Dey nebber find him, Marse Allan!"

"Where is he, Tibbs?"

"He's hid in de quarter. He's soun' asleep, Marse Allan—dey nebber find him da."

"You are sure no one will betray him?"

"Hey?" cried Tibbs. "Dey nobody'd tell, but dey ain't only two knows it, anyhow. He kin stay weeks whar he is, Marse Allan—doan' we all know dat Henderson? An' ain't we all got overseers ourselves?"

And so Allan went back to his room. The burden of the runaway's future rested upon him with an overwhelming weight,—he spent hours pacing back and forth silently in his room, devising schemes to save him. He knew that

he should never rest until the man was in Canada; and between Canada and Valley Hall was a vast region full of perils innumerable, all of which he faced now, living in the soul of this hunted wretch, and tasting in all its bitterness the reality of Slavery. What were arguments and distinctions to a man who was fleeing from cover to cover, with a whole world leagued against him, with all its power, its organization, and its intellect bent upon his destruction?

Allan had heard of fugitives who, with no guide save the north star, had travelled upon clear nights, hiding by day in the swamps; of others who had been provided with a compass, and had put a firefly in its case to light it. He strove to calculate how long the trip would take, how much food the man would have to carry in order that he might have to confide in no one. Allan had also heard of slaves who had bribed steamboat captains to hide them,—he thought of this, and figured up his own resources. He had heard of others who had gone so far as to have themselves boxed up and shipped by freight—of one fugitive who had been taken by Adams Express Company from Richmond to Philadelphia in a box two feet eight inches, by two, by three, and had been stood upon his head for hours on the way. Allan thought of the young Westerner, and wondered if they might not try this plan.

And so on until some time after midnight, when suddenly he was startled to hear a creak outside of his room, and a low tap upon his door.

"Come in," he whispered, and it opened, and the yellow face of Taylor Tibbs peered in; his eyes were staring wide with fright.

"Marse Allan!" he panted. "Marse Allan!"

"What is it?" the other whispered, springing toward him.

"It's de man," gasped the negro. "He's terr'ble bad, Marse Allan—I t'ink he die."

"What's the matter with him?"

"I dunno, Marse Allan, but he's sick; an' he's got fever, an' nobody can't manage him at all."

Allan, who had been partially undressed, slipped on his clothing swiftly and followed the frightened man down the stairs and out of the house. There everything lay silent, now in full moonlight. A dog whimpered, but Allan spoke to him swiftly and sped on. They left the "great house" and ran down a long, tree-lined road, coming at last within sight of the scattered buildings of the quarters, where, through the chinks of one of the cabins, Allan could see a light. As he drew nearer he heard low voices within, and he cast an anxious glance in the direction of the house of Wilson, the overseer of this settlement, about a hundred yards away. There, however, everything was still.

Pushing aside the blanket which made up for the deficiencies of a half-broken door, they entered the hut, where a terrible sight met Allan's eyes. The place was low and small, with bare, earthen floor, and air stifling with the smoke which came from the blazing fagots in the fireplace. It was the custom of the negroes to keep a fire upon the hottest nights. This gave also the only light in the cabin—the window was covered by a blanket. Against the wall half a dozen black men were crouching, gazing in fear and uncertainty at Allan. The runaway lay upon a pile of blankets and rags on the floor in one corner.

It was Allan's first glimpse of him in the light, and he stopped short, catching his breath. The negro was almost naked, what clothing was left upon him was in shreds; his skin had been cut by thorns until its color seemed changed—the blankets upon which he rested were soaked in blood. He lay flat upon his back, his mouth half-open and his eyes closed; his chest was lifting up and down—he breathed still with the same hoarse sound, and about his lips there played a bluish-colored foam.

"How long has he been like this?" Allan demanded.

"Ever since he come, massa," answered one of the watchers. "He been like he crazy—we kain't hardly hold him."

Allan glanced round, noticing that the place was in confusion, the two or three pieces of furniture that were

in it being upset. He went toward the fugitive—and as he did so a cry of horror escaped him.

"Dutch Joe" bore the signs of all his ordeals. They turned Allan sick as he discovered them. The man was upon his back, but his arms and sides showed what was beneath—they had been ploughed up with the lash until the flesh looked like the surface of a washboard. The negro's wrists were purple, and swelled out as large as his hands; his thumbs, too, were bloated and horrible to look at—Allan thought of the matter-of-fact sentence of his uncle's,—"He kept him tied up by the wrists at night!" His feet were naked, and about one ankle was the mark of the ring, a terrible sore, worn to the bone, festering, and with flies buzzing in it.

For fully a minute more there was not a sound save the fugitive's breathing. Allan knelt motionless,—and the negroes crouched and stared. The young man put his hand upon the forehead of the prostrate giant; it was hot as fire.

He noticed his lips moving and bent low, listening; at first, however, he could not make out any sound,—the negro's voice was almost gone, and the rasping in his throat drowned out every murmur. The minutes passed by—Allan had turned to ask one of the men for some water to cool the patient's forehead, when he heard a movement, and turned to see the negro struggling to raise his head. He put his hand on his arm, and the man seized it convulsively, in a grip like a vise. His eyes, now open wide, stared into vacancy.

His voice had grown suddenly audible.—"Let me go," he cried, "let me go!" Frenzied as he was, it sounded to the listeners like a scream, though in reality it was the faintest of whispers.

"I say I'm a free man," he rushed on. "I tell yo' I'm as free as yo' is—I won't let nobody sell me! Don't yo' hear me—I've got my papers—I'm a free man, I'm a free man! I ain't afraid of yo' guns, I tell yo' to let me alone—I won't go—dey can't nobody make me! I've lived in Harrisburg fo'teen year—everybody knows me in

Harrisburg! I ain't a-goin' to be no slave—yo' let me be! What yo' want to sell me fo'—I ain't hurt nobody, have I? I earns my way, I kin work as good as any man. I was a-goin' back home to-day, I was—I got a family in Harrisburg—I got six chillun! Who's a-goin' to care fo' my chillun ef yo' sell me? My woman's sick—she can't work fo' dem chillun. Dey ain't nobody cares 'bout nigger chillun, dey'll all of 'em starve! But dey's my chillun, an' I tell yo' I'm a-goin' home! Don't yo' make no mistake, yo' can't keep me hyar! I ain't afeered o' no beatin's, yo' kin cut me all to pieces—it won't do no good. I won't work fo' yo'—I won't work fo' nobody—I'll run away de fust chance I git, an' go back to Harrisburg. Yo' might jes' as well not try it—I'll git away from yo' every time, I will!''

His grip on Allan's hand hurt so that the blood rang in the young man's ears. The veins stood out in knots upon the negro's forehead, and he glared like a wild beast, struggling to raise himself. His voice rose louder and louder.

''I'll fight—yo' can't beat me! Yo' got no right to me—yo' shan't have me!''—and then abruptly he stopped and fell back with a gasp, and lay for a minute or two panting.

At last he began whispering once again. ''Git away from da!'' he gasped, opening his eyes. ''What fo' yo' want to follow me? What did I do to yo'!—what yo' hang on to me like dat fo'? Ain't yo' tired o' dat ugly yelpin'? What dem men goin' give yo' fo' botherin' me? Dat's right now, *run!*''

Again the man had struggled to a sitting posture, his eyes wild and frantic.—''What good yo' t'ink it goin' do yo,' to burn me like dat, yo' white devil? Ain't yo' tried enough yit? Don't yo' know me by dis time? Don't yo' know I ain't de workin' kind? It don't matter what yo' do—yo' got me hyar alone, yo' kin do what yo' likes. But I'll kill yo' some day, sure—ain't yo' never 'fraid o' me—yo' Henderson? I'll wait fo' yo'—my time'll come yet! What yo' goin' to do when my time comes, hey?

s'pose yo' kill me—yo' t'ink dat's all? I wait fo' yo'! *—I wait fo' yo' jes' de same!"*

"Dutch Joe" had staggered suddenly to his feet, shaking off those who sought to hold him down as if they had been children. His giant frame stood aloft a moment—then suddenly he crouched, glaring ahead. A wild gleam had flashed over his face—the watchers turned in terror, expecting to see the overseer in the doorway. "Ha, yo' Henderson!" the negro shrieked. "Yo' never git away from me! Mark what I tell yo'—by God, I'll have my turn! Yo' better git down on yo' knees, yo' Jim Henderson! Is yo' goin' to have de law an' de guns an' de dogs on yo' side all de time?" And as he spoke "Dutch Joe" moved inch by inch upon something which he saw in the doorway; his hands were crooked like the talons of a bird of prey, and his voice, hoarse and terrible with his pent-up fury, sounded like the snarl of some wild animal.

"Git out o' de way!" he panted. "Git out o' de way! I see yo'—yo' can't hide from me! Come out hyar—ain't I waited fo' yo', yo' Henderson?"—and then suddenly he lunged forward, clutching into space, his voice rising into a piercing, unearthly scream: "Ha, ha—*I got yo'!"*

He took two steps before he stumbled and fell crashing to the ground. The terrified men sprang toward him—he rolled over, his face distorted with a spasm, his eyes starting from his head. His cries were suddenly stilled, and as Allan bent over him there came a gush of blood from his mouth and a shudder passed across his face. His muscles quivered, and then he lay still.

For several moments there was not a sound in the cabin, while the witnesses of the scene stood spellbound with horror. When at last a move was made, it was by Allan, who went to the doorway and, pushing aside the blanket, gazed out. He half expected to come face to face with Henderson, so much had he been shaken by the vision of the dying slave. But out in the moonlight everything lay still.

He went back, where the negroes still crouched, gazing at him with their staring white eyes. He went to the body, bending over it. "They will never find him now," he whispered, in answer to Tibbs's look of inquiry; and then, overcome by a sudden burst of anguish, he rushed from the cabin. For minutes he paced up and down in the moonlight outside, his hands pressed to his temples; then all at once he halted and listened, perplexed. He heard voices somewhere.

He had passed the last of the negro houses; the house of Wilson, the overseer, lay not far to the right. There was a light in one of the windows—he heard some one talking, and once he saw a figure pass by the light.

"What's the matter there?" Allan whispered to himself. "What are they doing awake now? What—"

And then suddenly an idea flashed across his mind, making his heart jump violently, and sending a strange thrill of fear through him. "Why—why!" he gasped. "Isn't *Henderson* sleeping there?"

He tried to laugh at the thought; but then, as if moved half without his own volition, he started toward the house. Soon he could hear voices in the room—one of them he knew for Henderson's. It was loud and excited—and Allan strode on and pushed open the door of the house and entered.

He stood in the hallway for an instant. There was a bundle of some sort at his feet—it gave him a horrible start as he touched it. Then he stepped over it—went to the door from which shone the light, and opened it.

In one swift glance Allan took in the whole scene. He was in Wilson's "office." One side of it was lined with shelves, upon which were rows of shoes, rolls of "negro-cloth," and piles of hats and blankets; upon the walls hung guns and antlers, handcuffs, and whips. About the room cots had been put up for the night, where the strangers had been sleeping; now, however, they were sitting up, and by the light of a candle Allan saw that their faces were ghastly white. They were all listening to Henderson, who was crouching on his bed in a

corner of the room. The man's head had been swathed anew in bandages, and his voice had a muffled sound as he talked—swiftly, excitedly. "I tell you, you're fools!" he was crying. "Don't you suppose I've any sense? I tell you—"

And then suddenly his eyes turned toward the doorway. Allan's soul froze as he watched him—the man's every hair seemed to bristle out and crackle; his eyes dilated—suddenly, as if they would burst; his body stiffened and he flung up his hands, and his voice rose into a scream that beat and rang against the walls of the room: "Oh, my good God, my good God! what's that? Look at that!"

The company turned, petrified — staring toward the doorway. For an instant there was not a sound; and then suddenly Wilson leaped up, yelling frantically, "I say, it's Mr. Allan!"

For the first time it flashed over Allan what was the matter—that it was *he* who was the cause of this!

"Is it you? Is it you?" Henderson was shouting wildly. "Answer me! Answer me!"

"Why — what in the world do you mean?" Allan cried — and Henderson, to his amazement, sank down and buried his head in the bedclothes, and burst into hysterical sobbing. "Oh, my soul!" Allan heard him moan, in the voice of a terrified child. "Oh, what a thing to do, what a thing to do! Oh, have mercy! I can't stand this!"

"What does he mean?" cried Allan again, seeing the men still staring at him. "What in Heaven's name has happened to you people?"

"You frightened him, Mr. Allan," said Wilson, hurriedly—"he took you for some one else."

And Henderson sat up, the tears streaming down his cheeks. "How could you do it?" he shouted. "What in hell did you want to come sneaking into this room like that for? Why, it's enough to drive a man mad!"

"You see, Mr. Allan"—put in Wilson again, "Henderson vows he's just seen a ghost!"

"What!" cried Allan.

"He declares he saw that nigger, sir! We've been trying to convince him it was a nightmare."

"You are fools, you are fools!" screamed Henderson, frantically. "I say he stood right there! He stood right there, and I saw him just as plain as I see you now. Can't you understand a man, Wilson—I tell you the nigger was in this room! He walked right out of that door!"

"But the door was locked!" cried Wilson.

"I don't care if it was locked a hundred times! I tell you the nigger went *through* it, then! It was his ghost—he's dead—that's what's the matter, do you hear what I say?—the nigger's dead! I know it—I don't need to be told it—he's dead! And, oh, my God, I killed him too, and he's after me! That nigger's after me, I tell you, and he'll never let me be, as sure as I'm alive! He stood right there, and pointed his finger at me—his eyes shone like a tiger's! I tell you I could feel my hair move when I saw him, Wilson, I can feel the chills running all over me still!"

The overseer's voice had sunk into a wail. "Look here, Jim Henderson," burst out one of the men—"you're sick, that what's the matter with you!"

"I know I'm sick," moaned Henderson. "I ain't a-goin' to git well, either—I know it as well as anything. I've got my death, that's what I have! That nigger's after me, he won't ever let me alone. I saw that in his eyes just now when he stood there.—What do you suppose he'd have done to me if I'd been by myself? Didn't any of you men hear anything?"

"Not until you let out that yell," said Wilson.

"It was a minute before I could make a sound," panted Henderson. "I sat here just as I am now, watching him, and all the time it seemed as if some one had me by the throat. I thought I was going to die right there. You tell me it was a dream—why, I hadn't been asleep all night! I lay here, and all of a sudden I seemed to just feel him come in! I sat up—he was gray color—I could see his clothes all torn. I could see even his thumbs,

too!''—And so the man went on, repeating the details of his story, over and over again. In his fright he was almost beside himself—sometimes he would laugh hysterically, sometimes he would sob, and shudder, and wring his hands. All the time his eyes kept growing wilder, and the flush on his cheek more fevered—until all at once, after listening to perhaps five minutes of incoherent protest, one of the men exclaimed, ''By the Lord, I believe the fellow's raving!''

And so it proved. Allan stood motionless and horrified, watching the overseer's delirium growing. He was soon seeing ''the nigger'' once more, and in the end he sprang up in a mad frenzy, and it took four of the men to get him back to the bed. In the fight the bandages of his wounds were torn off again, and again he was a mass of blood. In the midst of the uproar Allan turned away, and went back to the house, numb with awe. He sat in his own room and waited—he was not surprised when before long he heard people running about—nor in the morning either, when they told him that the doctor had been sent for, and that Jim Henderson was believed to be dying!

CHAPTER VIII

Six of the negroes had carried the body of "Dutch Joe" out to the swamp at night and buried it; and Allan had stood by the grave and told them that when he came to his own they should be free. There was nothing more that he could do.

On the next day it chanced that as he was strolling down the road he met once more the young Westerner, "Carter," this time riding. Moved by a sudden impulse Allan stepped out in front of him. "May I talk with you a moment, please?" he asked.

The stranger reined up his horse. "What it is?" he inquired in surprise.

"I believe," Allan began, "that there is a negro about here whom you were interested in—"

A look of perplexity crossed the other's face. "What negro?" he asked.

"I mean the runaway," said Allan.

But the stranger only stared at him. "Why in the world should you suppose that I was interested in the runaway?" he demanded.

Allan did not reply for a moment; then he went on resolutely, "It would be too bad if you and I could not understand each other. I know what your danger is,—but I do not feel about these things as the people round here do. I wanted to tell you that the negro is dead."

The other gave a start. "Dead!" he cried.

"Yes," said Allan, "he was hiding in our quarters, and he died of exhaustion; they had literally hunted him to death."

The Westerner continued staring for a moment, in dismay; then the look faded from his face. "That is too bad," he said quietly. "But why have you not made the fact known?"

"Made it known?" asked Allan.

"Yes," was the reply. "Did you not know that there were rewards of five hundred dollars for the fellow—alive or dead?"

"Rewards!" exclaimed Allan, perplexed.

"Yes, of course,—you were entitled to them, weren't you? And besides, people are spending their time hunting for him, and the whole country is alarmed about him; and you don't tell them that he is dead? I am sorry to have to say it, but I shall regard it as my duty to make known what you have told me, sir. I bid you good morning."

And the stranger touched his horse suddenly and bounded off, leaving Allan staring after him dumfounded. "What in the world does *that* mean?" he thought to himself. "Have I made a mistake?"

But it was not long before he thought of the other explanation—that the man had suspected a trap. "He saw me with Henderson on the steamer," Allan exclaimed. "And my, but wasn't he sharp about it!"

He weighed the two possibilities, but was left in uncomfortable uncertainty. He would soon know, of course—he waited through the day, half prepared for an explosion. None came, however, and toward sundown he rode into town and learned, as he had expected, that "Carter" had left.

"I was right after all," he said to himself, regretting that he had not been bolder. "I lost my chance, and I shall never see him again."

For two days more the neighborhood kept up its search for the runaway—then stopped, and little by little men ceased to think of him. It was not so with Allan, however—the memory of the murdered slave haunted him, day and night, and poisoned his life. The plantation was no longer a home to him; he had turned traitor. It was curious how what had happened had changed things for him there—the negroes had come to know that he was their friend, and now they fled to him with all their wrongs, and the young man's every hour was embittered with new

misery. There was no serving two masters at Valley Hall—you either sided with the owners or the slaves; and once your choice made, you went all the way. Allan was bound hand and foot—what could he accomplish by interceding save to bring them punishment?

It was only the love he bore for his father that enabled him to endure these things from hour to hour. Of the future he dared not even think. It seemed as if every day some new burden was flung upon his shoulders—some new fuel was added to the fire of revolt that was blazing in his soul. Sometimes he would have to rush away to master himself; and there were hours when, shrink from it as he would, he caught glimpses of the crisis that was on the way. His powers of endurance were less than infinite—and the horror about him was not. Yet he shut his eyes to the future, hoping against hope, and when the climax came it caught him all unaware.

There came a new subject of conversation at the Hall, taking the place of the runaway: a speech of Charles Sumner's in the Senate, reported in the Woodville paper the twentieth of May. This historic oration, "The Crime against Kansas," was the protest of a passionate lover of justice against the outrage then being done the nation. At the moment of its delivery the latest news from the territory was of the closing of the hosts from Missouri about the devoted free-state town; and burning with the wrath of the prophets, the mighty senator hurled his denunciation of the deed into the faces of its doers. It was "a Crime without example in the history of the past—the rape of a virgin territory, compelling it to the hateful embrace of Slavery." He denounced the invaders of Kansas: "Hirelings picked from the drunken spew and vomit of an uneasy civilization—leashed together by secret signs and lodges, renewing the incredible atrocities of the assassins and the thugs." He denounced the lawmakers of Kansas—their attempt to "fasten and rivet, by legislative bolt, spike, and screw, the whole usurpation upon the territory." Fronting the authors and the champions of

these measures, undaunted by their furious threats, the senator poured out his scorn upon them. Butler and Douglas he pictured as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. "The senator from South Carolina has read many books of chivalry; he has chosen a mistress to whom he makes his vows, and who, though ugly to others, is always lovely to him—I mean the harlot, Slavery. Let her be impeached in character, or any proposition be made to shut her out from the extension of her wantonness, and no extravagance of manner and hardihood of assertion is too great for this senator." Douglas he described as "vindicating his labored report"—"piling one mass of elaborate error upon another mass—constraining himself to unfamiliar decencies of speech." His victim followed him with the cry of rage—"Is it his object to provoke some of us to kick him as we would a dog in the street, that he may get sympathy upon the just chastisement?"

The sentiment of Valley Hall about this thing was voiced—vigorously if not coherently—by Mason of Virginia: "I am constrained to hear depravity, exhibiting its loathsome deformities in accusation and vilification against the quarter of the country from which I come. And I must listen to it because it is a necessity of my position, under a common government, to recognize as an equal politically one whom to see elsewhere is to shun and despise." That was the thing which galled them, to be bound up with people who chose such a man to represent them. Might one not just as well have been fastened in the public stocks and set out for them to mock?—"Somebody ought to call the scoundel out!" 'Dolph had cried.

"He wouldn't fight—that's just the trouble," Captain Montague answered. "There would be dozens of challenges if he would accept them."

"But is a man to get the privilege of pouring insults upon our heads merely by professing to despise dueling? By Heaven, Uncle Harry, he ought to be shot down like a mad dog!"

And every one who came to the Hall took the same view of it. To each of them it was like a personal affront—a

blow in the face. Allan felt as if he were living above the crater of a volcano—the very air was sulphurous with passion. "We shall wait until the fall," he overheard his father saying. "They will elect a Republican President, and that will be the end!"

Such was the programme; and meanwhile there was Kansas, the new State which might yet be saved to the South. Men waited hour by hour—one might almost say minute by minute—for the final news from the territory; and a couple of days later, jubilant and breathless, the boys came in with the tidings. Allan had been in the library, and hearing them, came out upon the portico and stood listening.

The first blow of civil war had been struck, and the hordes of Abolitiondom were scattered! Seven hundred and fifty heroes from Missouri had made up the party, with the supposed-to-be-murdered Sheriff Jones among them; and Lawrence, cowed at last, had submitted while he served his warrants. Afterward, pandemonium had broken loose —there were two free-state papers in the town, and the grand-jury of the territory having indicted them as nuisances, the mob wrecked their offices, and dumped their presses into the river. Next came the turn of the great hotel, the stone citadel of the Emigrant Aid Company; a few score of cannon-balls were fired at it, and these failing, kegs of gunpowder were tried, and finally the place was burned to the ground. The house of Robinson, the free-state governor, was fired, and the liquor stores plundered; and so at last the victorious army marched away again, with banners flaunting their defiance upon the breeze—

> "Let Yankees tremble, Abolitionists fall;
> Our motto is, give Southern rights to all!"

So the black clouds gathered, and the thunder muttered, and the air grew dark. It was the South's first taste of victory in a long time; and the young men who came to the Hall were like Iroquois savages dancing about a scalp. Randolph cursed the luck that had kept him at home while

such things were doing. "Do you think it will be the end, Uncle Harry?" he would demand, again and again; finding it difficult to credit the other's assurance that it would take more than that to crush the hopes of Aboli-tiondom. This sack of Lawrence had, curiously enough, taken place at the very time that Sumner was delivering his harangue in the Senate; and 'Dolph laughed gleefully that it was their reply—little guessing what else was in store.

The news came that same eventful afternoon—it burst upon them like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky. Randolph himself brought it, having gone to town to learn what more he could about Lawrence. He had been gone about two hours, and in the meantime company had come, and quite a party was seated upon the veranda, where the tea-table was spread. They were waiting only for him and for Captain Montague, who had gone driving with his favorite trotter. Everything was still — the very hum of the bees seemed hushed; until all at once Allan, seated at one side reading, rose up, thinking he heard the sounds of hoof-beats. They were plain a moment later—some one was coming at a gallop. A few seconds more and the horseman swept suddenly around the turn in a cloud of dust.

It was Randolph. He was waving his hat and shouting, half risen in his stirrups. He was so far away they could not hear him, but they sprang to their feet and stood staring, while he came on like a whirlwind. He was nearer now; they could see that his horse was white and dripping—and then suddenly they heard his yell:—

"Sumner, Sumner! They've killed Sumner!"

A thrill like a pulse of electricity seemed to shoot through the listeners; they stood rooted to the spot—not a soul moved a muscle. Meantime 'Dolph came sweeping up as if he had meant to gallop straight into the house—then suddenly reined up his horse, and before the animal had half stopped, flung himself from it and dashed to the steps. Never did Allan forget his aspect at that instant —the momentum of his coming carried him to the top in two bounds, and he halted there abruptly—stood as he

was, his arms flung wide, breathless, crazy with excitement, his eyes on fire, his whole face transfigured. "Have you heard the news?" he shouted; and when they answered him, "No!" he cried again, "It's Sumner—they've killed him in the Senate!"

There could be no mistake about the words now, they had heard him aright. "*What!*" yelled a dozen voices.

"I say they've killed him—or almost! Nobody knows yet—but they've given him a beating!"

Mr. Montague sprang toward his son with a cry.

"It's true, it's true!" 'Dolph rushed on. "Brooks of South Carolina—a congressman—got him alone in the Senate-chamber and beat him with a cane—pounded his head all to a jelly, they say!"

"How did you learn it?"

"I stood in the telegraph office while the news was read off. It is a fact—there's no doubt of it! He had a gutta-percha stick an inch thick, and he smashed it all to pieces over his head. Sumner tried to get up—he got caught in his desk somehow, and Brooks beat him senseless. They don't know if he's going to die or not!"

And suddenly with a wild yell 'Dolph's brother leaped forward, flinging his hat into the air. "Ha, ha!" he shouted, "Ha, ha!" The cry seemed to let loose men's emotion, and they laughed and shouted and sang. Only the women were silent, frightened and horrified; the men seemed to lose their senses — graybeards clasped each other's hands, and Ralph threw himself into his brother's arms and the two fell to dancing—whooping and yelling, drunk with blood. So on—until suddenly there came a cry which stopped them in a flash—that hushed every sound, and made the company stand almost paralyzed with consternation: "Oh, you cowards! *You cowards!*"

They turned. They saw Allan, standing at one side, clutching a chair for support, his face ghastly pale. They could not believe their ears at first; but they heard him again, his voice hoarse and quivering with pain: "Oh, you cowards! *You cowards!*"

For a moment every soul of them was dazed. "What do you mean?" gasped some one.

Allan's voice rose high and shrill: "To strike a man down when he was helpless, when he was unarmed! And in the Senate of your country, and he a senator! And you to laugh and be glad!—have you no decency left in you? Oh, God, it is too horrible—it is too horrible! Shame upon you, shame!"

And he stopped, choking, incoherent with his agitation; there was an instant of silence—and then from near the steps a low, tense voice, "*Jesus Christ!*"

And Allan turned to see his cousin Randolph crouching like a tiger, his face convulsed with fury. An instant more, and he leaped forward, flinging up his hand. There was a knife in it, and it flashed in the sunlight.

There was only one person near enough—Randolph's father. He bounded forward, throwing out his arm in front of his son. "Back!" he shouted. "*Back!* Stand back, sir, stand where you are! Are you mad? What do you mean?"

And Randolph halted and his hand fell to his side. He stood, white and trembling, his fingers twitching, his eyes glaring like a wild beast's.

There was half a minute of deathlike silence. Allan stood motionless as a statue—every person there staring at him, breathless with wonder and horror. Then suddenly Mr. Montague lowered his arm, breaking the spell. "You will go to your room, sir," he said, "and wait until your father comes."

Allan made no move, but continued to gaze at him.

"I know what this means, sir," his uncle went on. "There is no need to say a word more. We shall wait for your father—he may deal with you as he chooses, and no one here has anything to do with it. But you are a traitor to your State, sir, a traitor to your country; and God help you, for it will be the death of him when he hears it—it will break your poor old father's heart! Now go!"

And Allan, half mechanically, turned and went into the house, his head reeling. It had come at last—it had come at last!

CHAPTER IX

THE scene upon the piazza was out of his mind the instant it was out of his sight. What were his troubles, what was he? But the senator! The senator struck down by a cowardly assassin, weltering in his blood on the floor of his country's forum! Allan had seen him once at college, a towering figure, six feet and more in height, with the head of an Apollo. Champion of all things free and noble he was—the unconquerable defender of every outraged soul; and now to be beaten into insensibility by a ruthless bully—oh, God, it was too terrible to be true! It drove Allan wild to think of it—he strode up and down the room, kneading his hands together; he sank down upon a chair, sobbing. How were things like these to be borne? How dare an iniquity so hideous to show its face upon God's earth?

This was their latest, these slave drivers, it was the last of their crimes! What was Kansas to this—what could have deserved like this the description of Sumner himself, "the Crime of Crimes, the Crime against Nature, at which the soul revolts, and which language refuses to describe"? The exultation of the people which he had just witnessed rang still in his ears—seemed to him like the jeering of a thousand hateful demons. They crowded around him—hustling him—leering at him—goading him, spitting into his face; until suddenly he leaped to his feet and flung up his arms into the air, crying: "No, no! I cannot bear it! It is too much; it is too horrible! I will go out into the world and fight it! Down with it, I say—down with it!"

He stood in the centre of the floor, his hands clenched in sudden passion, his arms grown stiff, his soul flaring white-hot in a frenzy of revolt. He saw the monster rearing its head before him, towering above him, menacing; he flung himself at the throat of it—this Slavery!

Down with it! Trample it!— let it no longer dare to show itself in this world! Mountainous, colossal as it was, intrenched and unassailable, graven in the law and sanctioned by the centuries—yet he would go out to meet it—he pledged his soul to battle with it—either he or it must perish, for there was no longer room for both of them upon earth! He would travel to the ends of the earth to raise up foes against it, he would go out upon the highways and denounce it—and they should hear him, they should hear him. Such an emotion Allan had never known before—the depths of his being were upturned, and mountain billows of resolution surged through his soul. He was beside himself—in his frenzy he wrought with the whole nation. No longer was he a boy, helpless and perplexed; standing there with his clenched hands the power of the ages was in him—he was the everlasting soul of man, at bay and made desperate by oppression, vowing its defiance to wrong.

He saw the truth then, as he had never seen it before. No longer was he to be bound by other duties—his love of home, or his love for the South. It was the South herself who cried out to him for deliverance, from this haglike spectre which rode upon her back—this *Slavery!* What else was it that had turned these fair lands into a wilderness, that had beaten down this noble people, blinded them, and made them like ravening beasts? Let the means be what they would—let it be war and desolation, let these cities be razed, these fields drenched with blood—even that he would face—so only that this horror might be ended, and the spirit of the South set free! He saw her once again, as he had seen her in this place—but no longer radiant, no longer singing. She stretched out her arms to him, her aspect wild, her eyes full of weeping; for the star of her hope was fallen, and the pillars of her house were in ruins, and madness had smitten her sons. Who was there to deliver her—who was there to point the way? Was he the first—the first of her children to find it? He would not be the last—he vowed it as he knelt there, sunk down upon a chair, his face buried in his arms, and his

frame shaken with his sobbing. He would not be the last—he would not be the last!

The hours passed by; it grew dark, and Allan sat in the same room, motionless, silent, brooding. It was late at night before a sound came to disturb him; then he heard a step in the hall, and looking up saw Ethel standing in the doorway.

She had come from another room, and the light streamed in about her stately figure, shining upon her glossy black hair. She stood motionless, gazing at him; and with a sudden impulse Allan sprang to his feet.

"Ethel!" he cried, with swift intensity. "And you too!"

He noticed that the girl started. "How do you mean?" she asked.

"I can't believe it of you!" he rushed on passionately. "I can't believe it! How can you—a woman—bear such a thing? How could you stand there and listen to them shouting with delight—have you no mercy—no heart at all? I can understand the men, but you—*you!* Oh, Ethel!"

There was a moment's pause. Then the girl said in a low voice, "I have not come to talk to you about that, Allan." And she came quickly toward him.

"It is something more terrible than that." she said swiftly. "I don't know how you are to bear it, Allan—we are afraid something has happened to your father."

He started and stared at her. "What do you mean?" he cried.

"There has been a runaway," said the girl. "The horse has come home with the buggy all smashed to pieces, and he not in it."

Allan felt his heart give a throb; he caught at a chair.

"The men have gone to hunt for him," the girl went on, breathlessly. "He must have been hurt, but we do not know yet—"

"How long ago was this?" he cried.

"An hour ago."

"And why have you not told me before?"

"We did not know where you were, Allan—we thought you had gone out of the house."

There was a silence. He put his hands to his forehead, and the girl, watching him with frightened face, ran toward him, thinking that he was going to fall. But suddenly he straightened up. "It is better so," he said, in a low voice. "It is better so."

Ethel halted, and stared at him. "What do you mean?" she whispered.

"I mean that it is better he should be dead." Allan answered.

And the girl sprang back in horror, exclaiming, "Oh, Allan!"

"Did you not see what happened this afternoon?" he cried, wildly. "Did you not hear your father say that it would break his heart? Why should he live to face such things?"

There was a long silence.

"Allan," she whispered at last, faintly, "we had agreed to say nothing about it to him."

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, his voice choking. "But you forgot me—I could not agree to say nothing."

Again there was a silence. "Allan!" gasped the girl, suddenly, "your father may be dead!"

"*Dead!*" he cried. "And may the senator not be dead? Is not that slave they murdered dead? Are they not dying by hundreds and thousands—every day—all around you? Dead—great God, what is there for any one to do but to die?"

She was staring at him, motionless. Then suddenly came a sound outside; she turned with a low cry, and Allan followed. It was faint moonlight, and as they emerged they saw several horsemen riding toward the house, their figures looking black and ghostly as they came, slowly, noiselessly, in the sandy driveway.

Neither Allan nor his cousin could make a sound—they stood transfixed with sudden terror. The horsemen rode up and halted, stepped from their horses—all but one. He bore a heavy burden in his arms, and he waited, and

gave it gently to one of the others, who carried it to the steps and staggered up with it, still without a sound. He laid it on the veranda, the form of a man wrapped in a cloak; and at the same instant Allan sprang forward with a cry, "Father!"

Not a soul spoke; he bent down and raised the cloak. The face shone ashy gray in the moonlight; he touched it — it was cold. And he staggered back, reeling; then he sank down, sobbing as if his heart would break. The others stood watching him—and still making not a sound.

CHAPTER X

About ten days had passed since Captain Montague had been buried. His arm had been caught in the wheel of his carriage, and the horse had kicked him. They would not let Allan look at him a second time.

It had not proven possible for the young man to retain the high mood which saw his father's death as an atom in a universal tragedy. His battle frenzy was gone and forgotten, and he went about the house desolate, numb with grief. Now and then the fearful truth—that he was alone in the world, that he was never to see his father, never to hear his voice again—would flash upon him with overwhelming force, and he would stand still, sick with despair.

He had lost all the world at once. His relatives tried to make it easy for him, but he had committed the unforgivable offence, and they could not hide the truth—that he no longer belonged to Valley Hall, that he had no longer a part in their life. Poor Mrs. Montague was prostrated and under the doctor's care, and he did not see her. Her husband was courteous and grave as ever, but he kept his pain to himself, and for Allan he had only politeness. The boys avoided him all day, and spoke to him only in monosyllables when they passed him. If it had been alone with the family that his outbreak had occurred, it might have been different; but to have had it happen while guests were present—to have all the neighborhood discussing the fact that you had an Abolitionist in your house!

A situation so painful could not continue for very long. Only the tense and immediate strain of grief made it possible, and as soon as Allan had begun to see it clearly and to realize it, the longing seized him to end it, to get away. All that he had to bear he felt that he could bear better if only he could be alone.

And so he waited only until time enough had elapsed for his haste not to seem indecent. Then he found Mr. Montague one morning in the office, and went in and asked to speak with him. And when the other assented—"I think, Uncle Hamilton," he began, "that I shall return to the North."

"I had presumed that you would," the other responded, quietly.

Allan hesitated a moment. "There is something that I have wished to speak to you about first," he said.

"What is it?" his uncle inquired.

"There are one or two servants here whom I should like, if I could, to arrange to take to the North with me."

Mr. Montague knit his brows. "I am very sorry," he answered abruptly, "but it is impossible."

Allan looked at him in surprise. "Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"Absolutely," was the reply.

The other hesitated. "I should hate for there to be any unpleasantness, Uncle Hamilton—" he began.

"Have no fear," the other answered, quietly; "there will be none."

"But you must excuse me," Allan went on, "if I remind you that half of this plantation must somehow belong to me."

"It will belong to you," Mr. Montague replied, "when you come of age—or rather it would under ordinary circumstances."

Allan looked perplexed. "The circumstances are not ordinary?" he asked.

"By the terms of your grandfather's will," the other answered, "his property was divided equally between his two sons. But when your father went to live in Boston, we concluded an agreement by which the plantation was to be operated for our mutual benefit for a period of five years, I managing it here and he conducting its business in Boston. That agreement expired last year, and was renewed for the period of six years. I shall be glad to show you the papers."

"Then, if I understand you," said Allan, "I have nothing to do with it at all?"

"You are entitled to half of its income," said Mr. Montague, "and that you will receive. I am your legal guardian, in the absence of any instructions from your father, and I might, I presume, attempt to control your conduct, and might certainly control your income. I have no desire to do either, however; you may do what you will."

"I thank you," said Allan, in a low voice. There was a short silence; then he resumed, "And what I ask, you could not grant as a favor?"

"I should grant anything that I could," replied his uncle, "without injuring the plantation—without injuring your own interests as well as my own."

"And that would injure them?"

"It assuredly would. Your mere presence here injures them—feeling as you do, and the servants all having learned it, as they have. What you propose would injure not only Valley Hall, it would injure the whole community, and the State."

"Explain it to me," Allan said.

"You would intend to set the people free, would you not?"

"Yes," said Allan.

"And what do you suppose would be the effect of this upon those who were *not* set free?"

There was a pause; then suddenly Mr. Montague nodded in the direction of the window, saying, "Look there." The other saw, passing by, the young mulatto, the cooper, whom he had so often watched before.

"There goes a boy," said the other, "whom I have been three years in breaking. He has run away five times, and he has been whipped more than any other half-dozen negroes on this place. But now at last he has learned that I am his master, and that I rule, and he does his work, and says nothing. What do you suppose would be his thought when he saw some of his companions taken away to be set free? What do you suppose would be *our* thought, knowing that every night he and others

were thinking about it—that they were sitting in their cabins discussing it, instead of being fast asleep?''

The young man made no answer.

''The legislature of the State of Mississippi,'' Mr. Montague continued, ''has seen fit to prohibit the emancipation of a slave, except with its own special sanction, and for mentioned causes; and what do you suppose is the reason for that? You think it barbarous, of course; but we have our system and we have to maintain it. We do not wish to have our servants getting ideas about freedom—we do not wish to have pernicious free negroes about. And my position as the guardian of this plantation is precisely the same as that of the legislators as guardians of the State. There can be no halfway measures with Slavery—you either mean to maintain it or to destroy it. You are going back to Boston, and you can afford to encourage negroes; but we have to live here among them, and I assure you, sir, it makes all the difference in the world. You mark me—if those people that you meet in Massachusetts could be made to come down here and live in Wilkinson County, where there are three negroes for every white man, they would be turned into proslavery agitators in six months. You were born a Southerner, and you should have been bred one—I warned your father what he was doing when he took you away. If you had stayed here you would know what is the burden we bear, and by what stern necessity we do what we do. We mean to keep this a civilized country, sir, or to perish in the attempt. We have been a century teaching the negro that we are masters, and that when we speak we mean to be obeyed; and I assure you we do not intend that he shall unlearn his lesson now!''

There was nothing more for Allan to say—he was in no mood for arguing, and he waited only until he could do so without rudeness, and then he rose and left. How much of this conversation was reported to the family he never knew, for no one spoke to him save Uncle Ben.

It was hard for old Mr. Handy to understand that a

family was to be broken up by a disagreement about politics. It was Mr. Handy's habit to regard the Slavery question as a froth stirred up by the politicians; these fellows were struggling for power, you see, and trying their best to outdo each other; and all the troubles of the time were due to the fact that foolish people took them seriously. "Honestly, Allan," he pleaded, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Friends are too scarce in this world, my boy, to be flung aside for such reasons as that."

Allan kept silence, his brows knit.

"And a family's a family," the other went on. "Has the old home no claim upon you—has the State no claim upon you? You ought to stand by your own people."

"Even if they've murdered Sumner!" Allan broke in.

"Sumner?" exclaimed Mr. Handy. "What have you to do with Sumner? What's he to you?"

"He was a senator," said Allan.

"He was an ass," responded Mr. Handy. "Understand me," he went on, "I am not defending what they did—I'm not defending any of the crowd. I say that one side is just as much to blame as the other—that it's just such men as he on both sides that make all the trouble. He knows that there are violent men there who won't stand abuse; and yet he gets up there with a filthy speech he's learned by heart, and flings it into their faces. As God's my witness, Allan, it was all without a thought in the world but to show what a smart fellow he was and what a fine speech he could make! Why, he had every gesture of it rehearsed beforehand—they say he practises his speeches before a looking-glass with a little nigger on each side to hold a candle."

Mr. Handy pleaded long and sadly, but his arguments were of no avail. Allan, whose mind was made up, chafed with impatience at every hour's delay, and the same night after his talk with Mr. Montague he made his preparations. In the morning the carriage came for him, and he bade farewell for the second time to Valley Hall.

Painful was the contrast with his earlier parting—the memory of it brought bitter tears into his eyes. Then the whole county had turned out to see him off; now Randolph had ridden away beforehand so as to avoid him, and Hamilton Montague bade him good-by without even holding out his hand. Only Mr. Handy and Mrs. Montague spoke to him kindly—Ethel stood by without a word, and when she gave him her hand it was lifeless and cold. So the carriage bore him off, hurt and wretched. The world stretched out before him, desolate and lonely—there was no longer any home in it for him, nor any friends to whom he belonged.

Taylor Tibbs was driving—the family evidently not having suspected his treason. When they had reached Clarke's Landing, and the steamer had come into view, the poor fellow seized Allan's hand and wrung it, sobbing like a child. "Never mind, Marse Allan!" he cried. "We never forgit yo'—dey is folks on de old plantation loves yo' yet!"

"I will be back, Tibbs," Allan answered, his voice choking. "Nothing shall prevent me, I promise you. In five years I shall be my own master—and I will buy every slave on the place, Tibbs, and set them free, if it takes all that I own in the world. Tell them that—tell them to be patient, and not to fear."

"I tell 'em! I tell 'em, Marse Allan!" cried Tibbs, clinging frantically to his hand. "Good-by, Marse Allan! God bless yo', Marse Allan—good-by!"

And so the young man went away. His last memory of home was the solitary figure of the little yellow man standing on the dock and waving his hat, while the steamer swept round a bend in the river

CHAPTER XI

They talked politics, more eagerly than ever, upon the boat. In Congress, and all over the country, men were still discussing the Sumner outrage—the North in furious indignation, the South in exulting triumph. The senator was not dead, it transpired—only crippled for life. Mr. Toombs and Mr. Davis had expressed their approval of the assault—and public meetings in the South were presenting Brooks with canes bearing devices such as, "Use knockdown arguments!" and "Hit him again!"

In "bleeding Kansas" the sacking of the town of Lawrence had been the signal for the outbreak of civil war. One John Brown, an antislavery leader, had made a midnight raid with a band of followers upon a settlement on "Pottawatomie Creek," and taking five proslavery settlers from their beds, had "executed" them, as he termed it, by hacking them to pieces with an old army cutlass. The Missourians were now on the war-path, seeking vengeance for this deed, and guerilla bands were roaming over the territory. When Allan's steamer reached Cairo, the news came that the proslavery men had declared a blockade of the Missouri River, and that persons bound for Kansas who were deemed suspicious were sent floating down again tied to logs.

Allan turned his back upon these things—he was going home to Boston. He asked himself what after that, but he did not know—he only wanted to be alone. He reached Cincinnati early the following morning, and would have taken a train for the East, stopping only for breakfast, had not something occurred to delay him.

As the steamer was approaching the city, he noticed up the river another boat, belonging apparently to the same line, coming from the opposite direction, under the

tow of two tugs. "Something out of order," he heard a man near him say, and he stood watching the vessel. As they turned in toward their dock, the other did likewise, and the two landed about the same time. From the passengers who poured off, Allan learned that the boat's machinery had broken down.

When he was engaging a carriage, he noticed coming from this disabled steamer a gentleman and lady accompanied by a young colored woman with a baby in her arms. They engaged the carriage next to his, and he saw them again as he entered the hotel. They sat at the same table with him—and Allan noticed that the gentleman was placed where he could keep his eye upon the colored woman, who sat in the corridor outside. He watched her closely, and the reason for it was not slow in occurring to Allan—that the woman must be his slave. In the States bordering on the Ohio it was generally provided that passengers might carry slaves upon river steamboats which stopped at free-state ports; but if the owner stopped over with a slave, it was at his own risk—at least that was generally the case in late years, since the North had become wrought up on the Slavery question.

They were almost through with breakfast when Allan, who could also see the woman, was startled to notice a man talking to her. His back was toward him, and Allan could not tell what he looked like. The master chanced to be speaking to his wife, and for perhaps half a minute he did not notice what was going on; then suddenly, as he turned, he leaped from his seat with an exclamation, and ran toward the door.

The people in the room stared at him; then, hearing his voice raised, several of them rose and followed him. The lady, flushed with agitation, did the same, and Allan, who had about finished, went out also. "Now that's quite enough!" he was in time to hear the Southerner exclaiming. "I allow no one to talk with this woman!"

He was confronting angrily the other man, a tall, elderly gentleman, clad in the sober garb of a Quaker. Allan took one glance at him and gave a start. He recognized

him instantly—it was none other than his first Abolitionist acquaintance, the "President of the Underground Railroad,"—Mr. Levi Coffin!

He held his head very high, gazing straight into the other's eyes. "I do not know," he said, quietly, "who gave thee the right to forbid me to speak to whom I please."

"I'll show you about right!" cried the other, passionately. "This woman is my servant, and I will not have her interfered with."

"As to that," said Mr. Coffin, "'tis for the woman to say —not for thee. If I understand her rightly, thee claims this woman as thy slave; I was telling her that she is free, and that she has a right to leave thee if she wishes. And I assure thee, sir, that if she does wish, no command of thine will be of the least effect."

"By God!" cried the man, clenching his hands; Allan thought for a second he was going to strike the old gentleman. But people were running toward them from every direction, drawn by the excited colloquy, and this perhaps exercised a restraining influence.

The Quaker turned suddenly to the negress. "I tell thee," he said, "that thy master has no longer any right to thee; the law—"

"Maria!" shouted the other, springing between them, "I forbid you to listen to this man! Stand up!"

The poor colored woman had sat staring from one to the other, evidently helpless with fright; she looked half dazed, and the child in her arms was crying violently. "Stand up!" cried her master again, and she rose mechanically.

He grasped her tightly by the arm. "Come!" he said, and they started to the door, pushing roughly through the crowd which now filled the corridors.

Mr. Coffin, left behind for a moment, bent over and whispered hastily to one of the waiters, whom he had beckoned to him. Allan saw him slip some money into his hand, and the man ran out of the door. Mr. Coffin then sprang forward again to the side of the colored woman.

"Listen to what I tell thee!" he said to her. "I will help thee if thee will only let me. Thee said thee wanted to be free. Thee can be free if thee chooses. This man has no right to make thee go a step—if thee refuses—"

"Stand back, sir!" shouted the other, cursing wildly. "Stand back, I say!"

"If thee refuses, he cannot make thee—thee has only to stand still, to speak boldly. It is thy one chance, for he will carry thee away again—if he gets thee on board the steamer, I cannot help thee. Speak up—before it is too late!"

The woman was staring into his face, wild with alarm. She began to drag upon her master. "I doan' want to go—" she began, but the other shook her furiously, crying, "Be still!"

They had come to the door of the hotel. In front Allan saw a carriage standing—the one in which the master had come. He was striding toward it, when suddenly around the corner dashed the waiter, a policeman at his heels.

Mr. Coffin sprang toward the latter. "Officer!" he cried, "this man is trying to kidnap this woman! I demand that thee stop him."

The Southerner halted.

"What's that?" demanded the policeman. "What's the matter here?"

"This woman is my servant," said the other, indignantly. "This fellow has been trying to entice her away from me. She goes of her own accord."

And he started again; he still gripped the woman by the arm, and she went with him mechanically, confused by the loud voices, the contradictory commands, and the screaming of the baby in her arms. They were within ten feet of the carriage, when Mr. Coffin sprang in front of them again.

"Officer!" he exclaimed, "I say I demand that thee stop this outrage! Will thee stand by and allow this man to force this woman away?"

"I can't help it, sir," said the officer. "I have nothing to do with it if she chooses to go."

"Chooses!" cried the other. "Don't thee see that the man has frightened her to death? She is simply too confused—she doesn't realize what she is doing."

"I can't help it, sir," declared the policeman again, "if she doesn't ask it herself. I have no power to interfere —it rests with her to say."

"Well, ask her, then—ask her!" cried Mr. Coffin. "Tell her that thee is an officer of the law, and that she does not have to go unless she wishes. The man is taking advantage of her ignorance and her helplessness—she does not know what are her rights!"

The policeman stood for a moment, uncertain and perplexed. "See here, sir," he ventured, addressing the Southerner, who had started forward again; but the latter pushed past him resolutely. "This woman is my servant," he cried. "I have a right to take her, and it is nobody's business but her own!"

He was in front of the carriage; he pushed Mr. Coffin roughly aside—for a moment it looked to Allan, who was just behind them, as if there were going to be blows. The Quaker gave way, however, and the other placed his foot upon the step of the carriage.

"Step in," he commanded sternly to the negress, and Allan thought that he had won. At the same instant, however, the carriage began suddenly to back, and its horses to rear and plunge: "Look out there!" he heard its driver shout. "Look out there, you fool!" Turning he saw that another carriage, drawing up at the curb and coming from the opposite direction, was crowding the first one back.

At the same moment the waiter, breathless, pushed his way through the throng of people, and touched Mr. Coffin on the arm. "Here it is, sir!" he panted. And Mr. Coffin sprang suddenly forward and put his hand upon the shoulder of the colored woman.

"Maria!" he cried swiftly, "listen to me! Thee told me thee wanted to be free. Now don't let any one frighten thee, thee can choose for thyself, and no one can interfere —if thee wants to be a free woman, *step into this carriage!*"

The negress had turned and was staring, with wild eyes. "Step into this carriage!" Mr. Coffin cried again; and with a sudden burst of energy she tore her arm free from her master and sprang toward him.

"I'll go!" she panted.

The Southerner bounded after her with a furious oath; he caught her by the arm with a grip that made her scream. "Come back here!" he cried—and like a flash Mr. Coffin turned, pointing a trembling finger at the policeman.

"Officer!" he cried, "thee has heard this woman speak. Make this man stand back—thee will fail at thy peril! Thee knows who I am, I think!"

The policeman stepped in front of the master. "This won't do, sir," he said—"you can't stop that woman."

"By God!" cried the man, "but I will stop her. I tell you she's my slave, and she shan't get away from me!"

"Your slave?" asked the policeman. "Is she a runaway?"

"The woman is not a runaway!" exclaimed Mr. Coffin, swiftly. "He brought her here of his own will."

"I was on the *River Queen,*" put in the master. "The vessel broke down, and I had no choice but to land."

"You'll have to take your hand off her, sir," said the policeman. "I am sorry, but you cannot take her by force."

And the Southerner turned with an oath of rage. At the same instant Mr. Coffin whispered swiftly, "Step in!"—and the woman tore her arm free and sprang away again. With two bounds she was in the carriage, and the old gentleman had sprung after her. He slammed the door, and the driver lashed his horses, and in a flash the carriage was whirling down the street.

CHAPTER XII

The sympathies of the witnesses of this scene had all been with the rescuer. There was a cry of delight at the issue of it, while the baffled slave owner swore like a trooper. He shook his fist in the face of the policeman, threatening him with dire consequences; but the other only shrugged his shoulders and said, "You will find that it is the law, sir."

The master expressed his opinion of the law in vigorous terms; the crowd chaffed him so, however, that in the end he was glad to escape into the hotel—the carriage, meantime, having disappeared round a corner.

That adventure had put Allan in good spirits. He went back and changed the order for his baggage, and then, chuckling to himself, set out down the street. He had not forgotten Mr. Coffin's invitation to visit him if he were ever in Cincinnati. What he had seen had suddenly suggested to him that he would accept it.

He had no difficulty in finding out where Levi Coffin lived—in a big house on the corner of Franklin Street and Broadway. He was just about to ascend the steps when he was surprised to see the old gentleman himself turning the corner—his face still flushed with excitement.

Allan went up to him, smiling, and held out his hand, bidding him good afternoon. Seeing him perplexed, he added with a laugh—"You don't remember me?"

"I am glad to see thee, friend," said Mr. Coffin; "but I must confess thee is right."

"You once gave me a bowie-knife," said Allan.

The look on the Quaker's face showed bewilderment. "No," he said, "thee has made a mistake in the man."

"Impossible," Allan answered. "Don't you know? It was to kill an Abolitionist with."

And a sudden light flashed over Mr. Coffin's countenance; he stretched out both his hands. "My boy," he cried, "who would have believed it! Where in the world has thee come from?"

"All the way from Mississippi," Allan answered. "And I have turned Abolitionist!"

"No!" cried Mr. Coffin, opening his eyes; then he added eagerly, "Come in, and tell me about it."

They turned toward the house. "What became of the woman?" Allan asked.

"Woman? What woman?"

"The one you captured just now."

"What!" cried the other. "How did thee hear of that?"

"I was within ten feet of you all the time."

"Thee does not mean it!" Mr. Coffin exclaimed.

"But I was! You were too busy to see me."

"It was a busy moment," said he, laughing. "I was afraid that I was going to fail."

"What have you done with her?" asked Allan.

"Bought her a ticket, and put her on the train," was the reply.

"The train?"

"On the Underground Railroad. Since thee is an Abolitionist, it is safe to tell thee."

Allan laughed. They entered the house, and Mr. Coffin called "Catherine!" and the dearest old lady with the primmest of Quaker dresses and with the face of an angel came out. She had heard the story long ago, and so she and Allan were friends in a moment. "Aunt Katy," as every one called her, listened in mingled alarm and delight while they told of the late adventure, and while Allan pictured the look upon the face of Maria's master as the carriage disappeared.

"Poor woman!" said Mr. Coffin. "He had sold one of her children only last month. He was on his way to New Orleans, and she was afraid that he might sell her. She was frightened almost speechless, and I had little time to question her—I wanted to get her out of the way, for

I was afraid the man might be after me with some sort of a process."

"Do you have such adventures often?" Allan asked.

"I have had that sort twice before," was the reply. "Once there was a steamboat-captain who tried to hold a woman he believed to be a fugitive; he had no evidence, and I stopped him with a warrant just as he was starting to take her across the river in a skiff. But adventures! Thee should have been here last night—we passed eleven fugitives who had crossed the river on a ferry-boat in broad daylight, hidden in a load of hay! Two weeks ago we had seven who had had a fight and driven back their pursuers and gotten across."

So Mr. Coffin went on telling stories. He was a merry old gentleman—his eyes twinkled, and the muscles of his long Yankee face twitched as he told how he had gone into a merchant's office to ask help for a needy fugitive, and meeting there some Southerners furiously denouncing Abolitionists, had induced each of them to contribute to the help of the "poor and worthy person" in whom he was interested.

But then suddenly he stopped. "I have forgotten to ask about thee, Allan," he exclaimed. "Thee has grown up to be a man. Where has thee been all these years?"

"In Boston most of the time," Allan answered—"at Harvard. I went South a month or two ago."

"Thee is in mourning," said the other.

"My father died two weeks ago," he replied.

Mr. Coffin became grave. "Ah!" he said, "and I have been telling thee jests."

Allan told the long story of what had happened to him since he had returned to Valley Hall. The runaway, "Dutch Joe," having been kidnapped from Cincinnati, he thought Mr. Coffin might have known of him; but this proved not to be the case. Afterward Allan told how the news of Sumner's fate had brought about the crisis.

"Thee says thy home is near Woodville," remarked Mr. Coffin, later on. "I was in that town, I remember, five years ago. I recollect an argument I had with some

merchants in the hotel concerning this very thing—I mean the ferocity of manners which Slavery engenders. It was very queer."

Allan had opened his eyes. "I can't just imagine any one discussing such a subject in Woodville," he said.

"It is always my habit to say what I think," Mr. Coffin answered—"no matter where I am. I have never found Southerners unwilling to discuss the question of Slavery with me. They get excited, of course, but they know that I am a man of peace, and I always manage to win them over. I recollect that in Woodville there was a man who became very angry—he had read my card—'Dealer in free-labor cotton-goods and groceries'—and had asked me to explain what that meant. After we had had a long discussion, he said, 'They tell me that if fugitive slaves reach Ohio, the Abolitionists harbor them and help them on their way to Canada.' I answered that we had all sorts of people in Ohio. I told him a story I had just heard before I left home. A fugitive slave escaped from his master and made his way through the state. He generally traveled at night, and lay concealed during the day, but when near the northern boundary of the state, he concluded that it would be safe to travel in the day, not knowing that his master was on his trail and close behind him. That day his master had heard several times that his slave was a short distance ahead. The fugitive stopped at a house near the road to beg for something to eat. It happened that the people were good folks, who thought it right to feed the hungry, and invited him in. The lady of the house began to prepare some food, and her husband went out to chop some stove wood. While he was at the woodpile, the slave's master rode up, and inquired if he had seen a negro pass along the road that day.

"The man quit chopping and asked. 'What kind of a looking fellow is the negro you are after?' When the master had given a full description of his slave, the man said, 'Yes, I saw just such a negro pass along here to-day.'

"The master brightened up and said: 'That is my slave. What time of day was it when he passed? How long ago did you see him?'

"'It has not been more than an hour; he can't be far ahead.'

"'Did you speak to him?'

"'Yes. I talked to him for some time.'

"'What did he tell you?'

"'Well—he told me a good deal about himself.'

"'Now, sir,' said the master, 'I wish you would tell me all you know about him. He is my property and I intend to capture him at any cost. I will pay you fifty dollars if you will aid me to get hold of him.'

"The man deliberated for some time, then said: 'I don't know that that would be just right, but I'll tell you what I will do. I'll go and counsel with Deacon Jones, who lives at that next house, about a hundred yards off, and if he says it is right, I'll tell you all I know about your slave.'

"He then dropped his axe and started to see Deacon Jones. The master rode by his side and stopped at the deacon's gate, while his companion went into the house. The man stayed so long counselling with the deacon that the master grew impatient, and when at last the man came out he asked him, hurriedly, 'What did the deacon say?'

"The man, however, was in no haste. He scratched his head and hesitated awhile, then replied:—

"'He said he did not think it would be any harm to tell you all I know about your slave.'

"The master asked, more impatiently than before: 'Well, what *do* you know about him? Can you tell me where is he now?'

"The man replied, 'I don't know exactly where he is now, but when you were talking to me at the woodpile he was in my house.'

"They returned together to the house, the master in no very good humor. The man asked his wife about the negro, and she replied: 'He has been gone more than half an hour. When he saw his master ride up, he slipped

out the back door, and hid in the bushes, and when you were at Deacon Jones's, I saw him running like a turkey right toward Canada. You can't catch that fellow!' ''

When Allan had stopped laughing over this story, and at the idea of its having been listened to in Woodville, Mr. Coffin remarked: ''Thee must stay to dinner with us. I will introduce thee to a young man whom I expect to see shortly,—an extraordinary person. Since thee is turned Abolitionist, there will be no harm in thee knowing about him.''

''Who is he?'' Allan asked.

''His name is Edward Lovejoy,'' was the reply. ''He is the son of the Rev. Elijah Lovejoy, the Abolitionist who was murdered by a mob in Alton nearly twenty years ago. Thee has heard of him, no doubt?''

''Yes,'' said Allan, '' I have.''

''It was that murder which aroused Wendell Phillips,'' Mr. Coffin continued. ''Edward was a child when his father died; but he has pledged his life to the cause of the slave, and he goes down into the South and carries off those who will follow him.''

Allan gave an exclamation of amazement.

''It is desperate work, indeed,'' said Mr. Coffin. ''I do not approve of it myself, but there are those who help him, and all my arguing has not been enough to stop him. He is only five or six years older than thee is, but he has been doing this thing ever since the Fugitive-slave law was passed.''

''What does he do?'' Allan asked, wonderingly.

''Mainly he helps the relatives of those who have already escaped. There is scarcely a week that passes that we do not hear of some distressing case—of a mother whose children have been sold—of a husband who has had to flee and leave his wife—of sons and daughters whose parents are dying of old age and neglect. Sometimes we raise the money to buy them—but I have known cases where the owners would refuse to sell, merely by way of punishing the runaways. I saw a letter once from a

sugar planter in Louisiana, in which he declared that he would flog the husband of an escaped woman to death, unless she came back. When such things happen Lovejoy goes down and carries the slaves off."

"How does he do it?" Allan asked.

"He is a fellow of infinite resources," said the other, "a terrible and, I fear, a wicked young man. He has no family —his mother never recovered from the shock of her husband's murder; and he seems to be absolutely without fear for himself. I know of one case where he passed for a slave dealer, and in the night rode away with nine negro men on their master's horses. In another case he went to Kentucky as a poultry merchant, and brought away twenty-eight. They were nearly drowned crossing the river, and daylight came before he reached the city—he had to hide them in the ravines that had been washed in the sides of the hills. He came to me; he was so wet and muddy that I scarcely knew him—he had sunk to his waist, in landing, in the quicksands of the river bank. The situation of the fugitives was very perilous—they were within sight of the city, and the police are always on the alert for runaway slaves. I suggested that we should send to a livery stable and hire some coaches, and after taking in the fugitives form a procession as if going to a funeral, and so get them out of the way. We put food and coffee and blankets in the coaches, and carried out this plan; but it had been very cold and rainy, and one woman lost a poor little baby she had brought with her — it died while she was in one of the carriages, and so it was a funeral procession in fact, after all. Lovejoy has been twice betrayed and put in jail, but he is a Free Mason, high in the Order, and both times he has managed to escape. I have not seen him for several months—but I had a note from him yesterday, saying he was coming to see me."

Mr. Coffin stopped; an instant later there came a ring at the door-bell. He rose. "Perhaps that is he now," he said. "Excuse me a moment."

He went out, and Allan heard him greeting some one in

the hall. They came toward the room, talking, and the newcomer entered first. Allan took one glance, and then started back with a gasp. In the doorway stood his acquaintance of the steamboat — the accomplice of "Dutch Joe" — "Mr. Carter."

CHAPTER XIII

ALLAN stood breathless, and the other stopped short: they stared, without uttering a sound, until Mr. Coffin suddenly cried out, "Thee has met him before!"

"Met him," Allan gasped, "I should think I have!"

"Where?" cried the Quaker; but Allan did not answer him — the Westerner had sprung forward, stretching out his hand, and crying, "It was true, after all!"

"Yes, it was all true," Allan said. "But for heaven's sake — I thought your name was Carter!"

"I have many names," laughed the other. "But now, quick — tell me about that negro."

"You know nothing of what happened to him?"

"Absolutely nothing — except the few words you told me."

Allan first explained the situation to their astonished host, and then told hastily of his saving of "Dutch Joe," and of the man's death. "Ah, that villain!" cried Lovejoy. "God help me, but I'm going back there to kill that overseer!"

"He is dead already," Allan answered, and went on to tell the story of Henderson's dreadful fright.

"I tried to help that man," said the other. "Heaven knows I tried to help him! I gave him my horse, and told him where to tie it at daylight, and where I would leave it for him again the next night. I found the horse, and that was the last I knew."

"He should have hidden," Allan said; "he moved about — he even killed a deer."

"There was food tied to the saddle for him," the other replied; "but it came loose — I found it strewed along the road."

"Where did you first hear about the man?" Allan asked, after a pause.

"I saw him when they landed on the Kentucky shore with him — Henderson and two others. I knew there was something wrong, and that night I talked with the negro."

"Why didn't you have them arrested then?"

"Arrested! What evidence did I have to offer? I had seen no kidnapping — the men would have sworn the negro came of his own free will."

"But the man himself!" Allan exclaimed.

"What!" replied Lovejoy. "A slave in a slave State?"

"Sure enough," said the other, recollecting. A slave was in law not competent to testify.

"When a kidnapper has gotten his victim across the line," the Westerner continued, "he is generally quite safe — unless some other witness of his act has chosen to follow him. And even then — look at the story of that young girl who was carried off in broad daylight from a town in Pennsylvania four years ago, and of the man Miller who went down into Maryland to have her abductors punished, and was kidnapped from the platform of a railroad car and found a few nights later hanging to a tree!"

"I wonder you didn't try to free the man on the steamer," Allan said, after a moment's thought.

"I did," was Lovejoy's reply, "but I had no file, or anything; and Henderson — and you too, as I thought — watched him all the time. I did my best; before I could get the man away at last I thought that ruffian would have him cut all to pieces!"

"His body was a horrible sight!" exclaimed the other.

"A sight!" cried Lovejoy. "Why, let me tell you what happened to that man before Henderson ever saw him. He was brought into Mississippi by a slave dealer, and he ran away from him and travelled over a hundred miles northward — he was almost out of the State when he was stopped on suspicion, and put in jail. The law of Mississippi directs that a jailer shall require a fugitive to tell whom he belongs to, and shall write and inform his master. If no reply comes within a certain short time — three weeks, I think it is — he is to whip him, the idea being to compel him to give the right address. This man

said he gave the right one the first time, knowing there was no use doing anything else; but whether the letter went astray, or the jailer didn't know how to spell, or what else — the letter was not answered, and that wretch was tortured five different times at intervals before he could persuade the jailer to write again to the same address!"

They talked for a long time about these things — they each had a long tale to tell. Allan explained what had been his position at Valley Hall.

"I was suspicious of you from the first," he said to Lovejoy, and added, "I almost had the truth out of you there on the road."

"You startled me so," said Lovejoy. "Imagine my situation!"

"You were very quick about it."

"I have to be, in my business," was the reply. "I have had many people offer me their confidence, as you did, but yours was the only one in which I even suspected they might be sincere. And the reason was a queer one — I had seen you reading so many books on the steamboat!"

Allan laughed. He was studying his interlocutor carefully. The young fellow was changed much in appearance since Allan had seen him last, when he had been roughly dressed. He proved to be a person of more education than Allan had supposed — he learned before long that Lovejoy had been a student at Oberlin, the famous anti-slavery and coeducational college of Ohio. He was about twenty-three, but seeming much older, spare, with lean face and prominent nose and mouth. He stood very erect and eyed one keenly as he talked with him. He had evidently made up his mind as to Allan at the outset, for he spoke without any reserve.

"I came to tell you," he began suddenly, turning to Mr. Coffin, "that I have yielded to your entreaties — I am going to give up slave-stealing."

"Ah!" cried the old gentleman.

"Yes," said Lovejoy — "I have made my last trip South. I am going to start to-night for the West — for Kansas."

Mr. Coffin's smile of delight faded. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "that is worse yet. Thee is going to fight!"

"Going to fight!" echoed Lovejoy, and then suddenly clenched his hand. "Going to *do* something at last! No longer to talk and pother with them — going to have a go at them!"

The man sat forward in his excitement. "I am not fool enough," he went on, "not to know how futile were the things I have been doing — I only did them because I was so built I had to do something. But out there in Kansas the trouble is really coming to a head — if you can only blow up the fire hot enough, there will come a war out of that Kansas mess yet!"

"You want a war?" Allan asked, in a low voice; and Lovejoy cried, "I want a war!'

"Are you one of those who expect to settle this thing by standing up and jabbering about it?" he continued. "Do you think that those people have the slightest idea of giving up, until we have gone in and walked over them — smashed them down so flat that they never dare raise their heads in this country again?" — And Lovejoy shut his great jaw so tight that the muscles stood out in hard lumps.

"I understand you," said Allan, quietly; "but then — I was born a Southerner!"

"Yes," said the other, "I know; and doubtless you love the people — you only hate Slavery, and all that sort of business. But I was born a Northerner, and they murdered my father, and I hate them — I hate them like the very devil, if Mr. Coffin will excuse me. I hate their pride and their insolence — their blustering and their boasting — haven't I been down there and sat and listened to them talk until I had to go out into the woods and bellow like a mad bull with rage? Why, good God! there have been times when I have seen myself picking up that whole everlasting nigger-stealing nation and shaking them until their teeth flew out! —"

The speaker paused a moment; then he cried suddenly — "Take this business of Sumner! Have you heard the opinion of the University of Virginia?"

Allan shook his head ; and the other drew a newspaper from his pocket, and after looking through it for a moment, read this: —

"From the *Richmond Enquirer*, May 30th. 'Another Cane for Mr. Brooks — We understand that a very large meeting of the students of the University of Virginia was held on Tuesday evening, to take into consideration the recent attack of the Hon. Preston S. Brooks on Charles Sumner, in the United States Senate-chamber. Several very eloquent speeches were delivered, all of which fully approved the course of Mr. Brooks, and the resolution was passed to purchase for Mr. Brooks a splendid cane. The cane is to have a heavy gold head, which will be suitably inscribed, and also bear upon it a device of the human head, badly cracked and broken. The chivalry of the South, it seems, has been thoroughly aroused.' "

And Lovejoy crushed the paper in his hands with a sudden gesture, and hurled it to the ground. "Now tell me," he cried, "by the Lord God Almighty, is there any sort of an answer for that but bayonets and sabres and an everlasting mash ? "

Allan dined with Mr. Coffin, and afterward set out for the depot to take his train, the young Westerner walking with him. A strange and terrible man he seemed to Allan, who was still in his deepest heart half a Southerner ; and guilty feelings haunted him in his presence. In everything but years Lovejoy was an old man.

Allan wondered what his training must have been — surely brooding upon one tragedy could not have made him as rabid as he was. As he walked along, talking about the things he had done — taking long swift strides, his brows knit and his gaze fixed straight in front of him — he seemed to lose himself entirely in the ecstasy of his one passion. Was it his long solitary expeditions that had caused this tense self-concentration — or on the other hand was it this trait which made the journeys pleasing to him ?

Or was the reason, as he said, because he must be doing

something? The man's very presence radiated energy — he tossed his long arms about him with excess of it, he made swift gestures as he talked, he shook his head, he clenched his hands — the people on the street turned and stared at him. He had a way of shutting up his jaw like a trap when he was thinking of something that had opposed him. He carried weapons, Allan had been told, and he had fought like a wild-cat when interfered with.

He told of an adventure he had had in the mountains of western Virginia, up the Kanawha River ; he had set free more than a score of slaves, at the solicitation of relatives in Canada. They had saved money, many hundreds of dollars, and Lovejoy had represented himself as an agent from a firm in Kentucky, intending to engage in the salt trade. He had contracted for the building of two boats, and for the salt to fill them. While waiting he made friends in the town — he had two negroes who were called his slaves, and who sought out those who were to escape, and matured the plan with them. It was early spring, and the river was high and swift; on a Saturday night, after the first boat was finished, a company of the negroes and one of Lovejoy's "slaves" boarded it, and set out at full speed for the Ohio. On Monday morning he discovered his loss, and wild with rage, fell to cursing his other servant, accusing him of knowing of the plot. He went in pursuit with horsemen, but only to find the boat tied up on the Ohio shore.

Then Lovejoy returned, to wait for the completion of the other boat ; on the second Saturday night it also disappeared, with his other servant, and another dozen slaves. Again he set out with pursuers, but when they reached the Ohio, became separated from them, and conducted the hidden fugitives by the Underground Railroad to Canada.

— And when Allan had recovered from his amazement over that story, Lovejoy laughed. "I'll tell you a better one yet; maybe you won't believe it, but I've got a bill to prove this one, somewhere in my pockets — for eighty dollars' worth of wigs. I bought them in Philadelphia —

gave out that I was a theatrical agent. I brought out forty-three slaves with them altogether — most of them were friends of people living here in Ohio. They all had to be mulattoes, of course ; the first were from Baltimore — I got them all together and powdered them up and we took a train for Harrisburg in broad daylight. Then I went to Washington and brought out another company from there, without any one's being the wiser. The third time was at Harper's Ferry — one of these was too dark, and it excited suspicions, and we were almost caught. We took the express for Pittsburg, but the escape was discovered, and the pursuers engaged a special, and overtook us just as we were entering the city. Fortunately we were on the last car, and saw them, and when the train began to slow up we jumped and scattered. There was all sorts of a time after that — nobody was caught, but several of us thought we were going to be. Maybe you read about it at the time — the whole city was crazy with excitement, and the search was kept up a week. But I know the Abolitionists in every city, and we were safely hidden. I tell you, though, I still feel shaky when I go into Pittsburg ! "

They had come to the depot and stood by the cars. Then suddenly Lovejoy turned to Allan, gazing at him earnestly. " Why don't you change your mind ? " he asked. " Why don't you come out to Kansas with me ? "

But Allan shook his head. " I want to be quiet for a while," he said, hesitatingly. " I want to think things over. I fear that I should prove a poor hand at fighting."

Lovejoy made a gesture of impatience. " But the time will come ! " he cried fiercely. " It will be either win or lose ! Are you going to prove a coward ? "

The other's voice was low. " I do not feel brave enough to say," he answered. " I shall try not to."

And suddenly the other gripped his big hand on his shoulder. " Come, come ! " he said, " I like that ; when it's time, I'll come for you ! You will fight — wait and see ! "

BOOK III

THE CLIMAX

CHAPTER I

When Allan had been on his way from Valley Hall to Boston, the political parties were making their nominations for the presidential battle. The fates were unkind to Douglas — the world was just thrilling with the Lawrence and Sumner episodes, and the Democratic politicians in their alarm were driven to Buchanan, who as minister to England had been out of the country, and could not be blamed for these things. Douglas failed because he was too far ahead for one section ; and the next time he was destined to fail because he was too far behind for the other. So it is that the best laid schemes o' presidential candidates gang a-gley.

The Republicans, seeking a hero, chose Frémont, the explorer. The campaign which followed surpassed in intensity anything which the country had ever known — the meetings were attended by enormous crowds — in some cases by as many as a hundred thousand persons. On the part of the Republicans it was a crusade ; the educated classes, the men of letters, the clergymen, the professors and teachers, were all active in their support. At the South it was freely declared that the success of Frémont would result in the breaking up of the Union, and it was really this which elected his rival.

James Buchanan had been congressman, Secretary of State, and minister to Russia and England, and he was now a very old man. He had risen to eminence by life-long plodding, and by a diligent and pious reverence for the commonplace. Stately and formal in his manners, unemotional and reticent in temperament, it was his habit to wait until his party had made clear its precise attitude upon every issue, and then to declare his position, gravely. His party had found him a servant who shrunk from no task ; and so the chiefs of the slave power had chosen

him. They and not he are responsible for the things that were done in his name; for he was merely a muddled old gentleman who held it an apotheosis to be set up for four years to distribute for his party the patronage of the highest office of the land. Under his rule the corruption in the government attained to gigantic proportions — a thing which he himself confessed in one of his messages, in his own peculiar timid and helpless way.

An event of tremendous moment marked the opening of his administration. In his Inaugural address he undertook to explain that the dispute about Slavery in the territories belonged "legitimately" to the Supreme Court of the United States — "before whom it is now pending, and [by whom it] will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled. To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit, whatever this may be." Thus strangely heralded, the "settlement" was handed down two days later — in the form of the famous "Dred Scott decision."

A negro man by that name had been taken by his master into territory north of the Missouri Compromise line. He had sued for his freedom, and the case had been before the court nearly a year. Had he, in the first place, a right to sue — was he a citizen of the United States? If so, then was he now free, was the Missouri Compromise constitutional? The court contained at that time five justices from the slave States and four from the free; the five, and two of the four, being Democrats. The opinion handed down was written by the Chief Justice himself, and agreed to by five of his associates. It took a singular course — it first decided that a negro was not a citizen, and then, disregarding the fact that in that case the court had no jurisdiction and there was nothing more to say, it went on to declare what its decision would otherwise have been: that the territory "was acquired by the general government, as the representative and trustee of the people of the United States, and must therefore be held in that character for their common and equal benefit"; that "the right of property in a slave is distinctly and

expressly affirmed in the Constitution"; and that "no word can be found in the Constitution which gives Congress greater power over slave property, or which entitles property of that kind to less protection, than property of any other description." The Missouri Compromise Act was, therefore, "not warranted by the Constitution, and void." Thus was the mad dogma of Calhoun, forced upon the Democratic party by the recklessness of Douglas, now three years later declared the law of the land by the land's highest tribunal!

The North read the decision with amazement; it soon crystallized the opinion into the sentence that "negroes have no rights which white men are bound to respect" — a thing which the friends and partisans of Chief Justice Taney took as a shameful wrong. What he had actually said was that our forefathers had believed this — and that as they had embodied the doctrine in the Constitution, it was binding upon their descendants for all time. The distinction was a subtle one, however, and the people could hardly be blamed if they failed to appreciate it.

Roger Brooke Taney (the name is pronounced Tawney) was a member of one of the old aristocratic families of Maryland. He had come down from a far-off time, having been an elderly man when he was Attorney-General under Jackson. It seems clear that he had been influenced to give this decision by the Southern leaders at Washington. He was a stern and incorruptible judge, deeply learned in the law, a venerable and majestic figure; but he had seen with deep displeasure the agitation of these newer times, and he let himself be persuaded that it was his power and his duty to end it. A slaveholder himself, the thing seemed all very simple to him. "It is not a case of conscience," exclaims his official biographer, quoting the objections of the agitators — "it is not a case of conscience, but a question of *law!*" — The words resemble strangely those of another famous decision — upon the case of one whom Taney, a devout Catholic, worshipped as God. "We have a law," the chief priests had proclaimed, "and by that law he ought to die!"

The adverse opinion of Justice Curtis of Massachusetts became the answer of the North in the long agitation that followed. Replying to the assertion that a negro could not be a citizen of the United States under the Constitution, he showed that prior to the adoption of it, negroes had possessed the electoral franchise in five of the States. As to the power of Congress to prohibit Slavery in the territories, he cited eight instances in which it had been done : the acts being signed by all the Presidents from Washington down to John Quincy Adams, — "all who were in public life when the Constitution was adopted."

The decision of course became at once the chief issue before the country. By the Democrats it was made a campaign document, and Douglas proclaimed it as a finality. "Whoever resists the final decision of the highest judicial tribunal," he declared, "aims a deadly blow to our whole republican system of government," — failing with curious fatuity, or arrogance, to distinguish between resistance to the decision of a court and political opposition to it, two very different things. It was as if the country had been hypnotized — so much talk had men heard of the rights of the South as guaranteed by the Constitution, they seemed to have forgotten entirely the fact that the Constitution provided for its own amendment.

There were far-sighted leaders in the South, however, who were not unaware of this dangerous fact. There was a way of meeting it ; if only constitutions could hereafter be made unamendable — at least in one essential particular!

It was proposed to admit "bleeding Kansas" as a State, and an election for delegates to a constitutional convention had been held. The free-state party still holding aloof, the body was all proslavery ; and it adopted a state constitution which proclaimed that "the right of property is before and higher than any constitutional sanction, and the right of the owner of a slave to such slave and to its increase is the same and as inviolable as the right of the owner of any property whatever." This being the case,

the constitution of Kansas was never to be amended "to affect the right of property in the ownership of slaves."

There was but one obstacle in the way of this happy consummation. A pledge had been solemnly given that the constitution framed by this convention should be submitted to a vote of the people — both the governor of the territory and the President of the United States being unequivocally committed to this course. This was a part of the desperate attempts which had been made to patch up Kansas affairs for preëlection exhibition purposes. Not all the voters, it was feared, could be expected to take the robust view of those in Washington, who marched in procession beneath a banner which proclaimed, "Kansas and Sumner: let them bleed!"

But the free-state settlers in the territory now outnumbered the proslavery two to one, and this "Lecompton Constitution" would surely be rejected by them if they had a chance. To meet the difficulty the ingenious convention provided for an election at which the voters were to be free to choose between the constitution "with Slavery" and the constitution "with no Slavery"— excepting, of course, what slavery was in the constitution!

Congress assembled, and this plan was laid before it, with the indorsement of the administration. It was going desperately far — too far, as it proved, for many — chief among them being Douglas. The senator was to come up for reëlection in the following year, and he dared not have a thing such as this to answer for. He came to Washington, and in an interview with the President declared his opposition to the fraud. The result was a breach in the Democratic party.

Eight years ago Calhoun had pointed out how strand by strand the rope which bound the North and the South together was giving way. He showed how first the Methodist church had split, and then the Baptist, and how the Presbyterian was about to follow. The same thing had since then begun in the political parties; the Whig party had been torn in half, the American party had been torn in half — and now suddenly man stared in amazement at

the sight of the Democratic party dividing — and at Douglas, the aggressive proslavery champion of three years before, now suddenly become a hero of the antislavery hosts!

A divinity had shaped his ends, rough-hew them how he would. He was a man of tremendous force — the "Little Giant," his admirers called him; and given a truth at last, he made a stirring fight. The South had turned against him in a frenzy of rage — there was even talk of treating him as Sumner had been treated, and the administration used its patronage openly to defeat him. All through the winter the struggle lasted — men's passions were at fever-heat, and in the House it went as far as a free fight. It was an open secret that bribery was resorted to, that government contracts and government funds were used to influence votes. It was all in vain, however — the Republicans were too powerful, and the plot was defeated. The people of Kansas were given a chance at last to express their will; and when they did so, they rejected the Lecompton Constitution by a vote of nearly ten to one.

Douglas was now become the hero of the North. There was talk of forming a new party, which should include his followers and the Republicans. Many even went so far as to advise that no opposition be made to his reëlection as senator — influential journals such as the New York *Tribune* were advocating this.

Those whom it immediately concerned, had, however, no idea of adopting such a course as this. They knew Douglas out in Illinois; and they had a candidate of their own besides. They brought him forward in the spring of 1858, a backwoods lawyer by the name of Abraham Lincoln: a long, ungainly, big-boned man, an ungraceful speaker, but shrewd, and with homely common sense. He had been a life-long rival of Douglas, but only once had he ever been successful — and that success, if gossip might be believed, had proven worse than any failure. They had contested the hand of the same young lady, and the lady

was now no longer young, and had developed a terrible temper! Now and then in the man's speeches you might discover a lurking hint of the bitter jealousy which gnawed at him, who had been so hopelessly outstripped by the brilliant senator. Douglas was now in the zenith of his greatness, and when he travelled about the State he went in a private car, and with no end of what his neglected rival sarcastically described as "thunderings of cannon, marching and music, fizzle-gigs and fireworks."

As a debater the senator was a cruel opponent; the very reading of his arguments to-day is enough to make one cry out with pain. It was like trying to fight with an invisible assailant — a man could no more hold him than he could a handful of eels. His sophistry was diabolical. He would restate your argument so that you could hardly see yourself where it differed from what you had said — and yet, somehow, how different it was! And this monstrosity he would hold up before the people, and mock and jeer at it, shake it until its teeth rattled and the sawdust flew out of it; and afterward what had you left but lame explanations and hair-splitting distinctions? Mr. Lincoln had declared it his belief that "this government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free." And this, which was a prophecy, Douglas seized upon as a programme. "In other words," he cried, "Mr. Lincoln asserts as a fundamental principle of this government, that there must be uniformity in all the local laws and domestic institutions of each and all the States of the Union; and he, therefore, invites all the non-slaveholding States to band together, and make war upon Slavery in all of the slaveholding States. . . . He tells you that the safety of the republic, the welfare of this Union, depends upon that warfare being carried on until one section or the other shall be entirely subdued. . . . My friends, will you ever submit to a warfare waged by the Southern States to establish Slavery in Illinois?" And when his victim ventured to explain apologetically that he had made a prediction only — "it may have been a foolish one, perhaps"

— and to add that he had said a hundred times that he believed there was "no right, and ought to be no inclination, in the people of the free States to enter into the slave States and interfere with the question of Slavery at all" — Mr. Douglas went after that assertion in this style: "Now, Mr. Lincoln says he will not enter into Kentucky to abolish Slavery there, but what he will do is to fight Slavery in Kentucky from Illinois! He will not go over there to set fire to the match. I do not think he would. Mr. Lincoln is a very prudent man. But permit me to inquire whether the wrong, the outrage, of interference by one State with the local concerns of another, is worse when you actually invade it than it would be if you carried on the warfare from another State? For the purpose of illustration, suppose the British government should plant a battery on the Niagara River opposite Buffalo and throw their shells over into Buffalo, where they should explode and blow up the houses and destroy the town. We call the British government to an account, and they say, in the language of Mr. Lincoln, we did not enter into the limits of the United States to interfere with you; we planted the battery on our own soil, and had a right to shoot from our own soil, and if our shells and balls fell in Buffalo and killed your inhabitants, why, it is your look-out, not ours!"

Before long Mr. Lincoln, growing desperate, and hoping to pin this slippery adversary better if he got him face to face, ventured to challenge him in a series of joint debates. These occurred throughout the fall; and little by little they began to catch the attention of the whole country, and to force upon it the fact that a new champion had appeared. For this ungainly "rail-splitter" had a way of saying a thing and making it stick so tight that all his opponent's wriggling could never get it loose. What could have been better, for instance, than his definition of "popular sovereignty" — "that if one man wants to enslave another, no third man has a right to object!" Or than his explanation of why Douglas got all the credit for defeating the Lecompton fraud, although he and his

friends furnished only one-fifth as many votes as the Republicans — "He says I have a proneness for quoting scripture. If I should do so now, it occurs that he places himself somewhat upon the ground of the parable of the lost sheep which went astray upon the mountains, and it was said that there was more rejoicing over the one sheep that was lost and had been found, than over the ninety and nine in the fold!" Or again than his retort, when Douglas kept repeating over and over a disproven slander about him — "as the fisherman's wife, whose drowned husband was brought home with his body full of eels, said, when she was asked, 'What is to be done with him?' — '*Take the eels out and set him again!*'"

But more important yet was another point which this wary gentleman made. The breach between the two halves of the Democratic party seemed already wide enough, but it was not yet wide enough for him; and he slipped in a little wedge, and having the senator out in full view of the country, teased him into pounding upon it. Douglas had asked him some questions, which he had answered; and then he put some in return — he asked the senator in particular about the little point which Mr. Yancey had agitated so long ago — whether or not the people of a territory had the lawful power to exclude Slavery from it, prior to the adoption of a State constitution. It is said that when Mr. Lincoln discussed with his friends beforehand the putting of this question, they declared that if he did it he would lose the senatorship. It was the crucial point — and Douglas would find an answer that would satisfy the State. Mr. Lincoln replied that it might cost him the senatorship, but that it would cost Douglas the presidency; and so he asked the question.

His way of meeting it Douglas had many times before put forth; but now was the psychological moment, and his reply arrested the attention of the country. It was that "Slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations. . . . And if the people are opposed to Slavery, they will elect represen-

tatives to the territorial legislature who will by unfriendly legislation effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst." This doctrine, which became known as the "Freeport heresy," put an end forever to the political hopes of Douglas at the South; it made the breach irreparable. For it was now no longer sufficient to deny Congress the right to prohibit Slavery; the doctrine of the South had become that it was its duty positively to maintain it — to enact and enforce a national slave code in the territories. The idea was summed up by the Richmond *Examiner* in the sentence, that "Policy, humanity, and Christianity alike forbid the extension of the evils of free society to new peoples and coming generations."

The South was, in truth, moving fast. In that same year there appeared in the *Southern Literary Messenger* a definition of an Abolitionist — "Any man who does not love Slavery for its own sake as a divine institution; who does not worship it as the corner-stone of civil liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent republican government can be erected; and who does not in his inmost soul desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth as a means of human reformation second in dignity, importance, and sacredness alone to the Christian religion." — And to those who had learned to read the signs, it was plain that only a short time more could elapse before yet a new demand would be formulated, in accordance with this new doctrine. The price of slaves at the South was now become enormously high — a "prime field-hand" being worth as much as eighteen hundred dollars. It was clear that if new territory was ever to be opened to Slavery, new slaves must somehow be had.

A few radicals had begun the agitation; it had been continually discussed for nearly two years now, and the public was taking interest. A society was being formed for the purpose of agitating the reform — the "African Labor Supply Association," as it was called — composed of the leading citizens of the South. At a meeting of the

"Southern Commercial Convention," a resolution had been offered to the effect that if Slavery were right, "the natural means to its formation could not be wrong"; and demanding, therefore, the reopening of the African slave trade!

Mr. Yancey had spoken at the convention. Mr. Yancey was not prepared to advocate the reopening — it was a question about which his mind was not made up, though he owned that he was leaning toward it. What he did demand, however, and that instantly, was the repeal of the laws which proclaimed the slave-trade to be piracy. To be sure these laws had never been enforced; but that was not the thing — had not the fathers resisted the tax on tea, small as it was, solely for the sake of the principle? Mr. Yancey's objection to these laws was that "they stand on the statute book as a direct condemnation, by our own government, of the institution of Slavery in its moral and social aspects, and indirectly operate to restrict our political power." Furthermore Mr. Yancey insisted that these laws were *unconstitutional*. The constitution provided that the African slave-trade should not be prohibited by Congress before the year 1808. Did that mean that it might be prohibited *after* that? Assuredly not! Were not slaves recognized by the Constitution as property? And as property were they not entitled to the protection of the United States, upon the high seas as well as in the territories? People cried out about the cruelty of it — was not the domestic slave trade precisely the same thing, so far as it was carried on by sea? And did not the passage from Washington to New Orleans often take longer than the one across the Atlantic? Yet tens of thousands of slaves were taken South by this route every year, and no one found any fault with it.

During all these years, of course, the African trade had in reality been going on merrily in spite of the law. Senator Douglas had just been reported as declaring his belief that fifteen thousand native Africans had been brought into the country in the previous twelve months, and it was notorious that wild Guinea negroes occasionally celebrated their dances in the public squares of New

Orleans. In December of the year '58 the country was shaken by the famous incident of the *Wanderer* — a palatial private yacht flying the flag of the New York Yacht Club, which took on board a cargo of seven hundred and fifty slaves at the Congo River and landed them on the Georgia coast. The news leaked out, and there was tremendous excitement, and some arrests — but nothing came of it, of course. The yacht was condemned and sold at public auction, but so deep was the sympathy of the South with the owner that no one would bid against him, and he bought the vessel back for one-quarter of its value.

The negroes could be bought for fifteen or twenty dollars apiece, on the slave coast, and sold in the South for five or six hundred ; there were, therefore, millions in one successful voyage, and it was no wonder the business flourished. Under the law it was death, and confiscation of the vessel ; but even the latter penalty was seldom enforced — as one may gather from the record in the Senate Documents of the Thirty-seventh Congress, in which appears the quaint fact that "the bark *Cora* and cargo" were arrested and bonded in New York on June 23, 1860, and arrested again on the slave coast, December 10 of the very same year! It was declared by the New York *Leader* (Democratic) that "an average of two vessels each week clear out of our harbor, bound for Africa and a human cargo." The London *Times* called New York "the greatest slave-trading mart in the world."

Most horrible are the stories recorded of this traffic ; the slavers were built as a rule with decks five feet apart, and between these was a shelf, so that two layers of negroes were laid within this space. Cases had been known, after the trade had been outlawed, in which the wretches were packed in a space only eighteen inches high, and others where they were seated, each man with another crowded upon his lap, as on a toboggan. Thus they remained sealed up tight for days, if a storm chanced to arise ; it is recorded that the naval vessels cruising on the slave coast could detect a vessel five miles up the wind by the odor. It was necessary, if the slaver were to be held,

that she should be taken with the negroes actually on board ; and the captain of one, stopped in the night-time, tied six hundred slaves to his ship's cable, and sank them to the bottom of the sea.

This was the new demand which was to be presented to the North. Little by little one might see the signs of it — the *Democratic Review* of New York published an article in which it denounced indignantly the British authorities for allowing their cruisers now and then to stop slavers which were under the sacred protection of the American flag. The article went on to discuss the whole matter — gingerly, but with no uncertain purpose. The writer put the question, "How much better off than slaves are vast numbers of the inhabitants of British territory?" — a question that Southerners in those days were very fond of putting, and which, curiously enough, some Englishmen are putting still. The writer of the article went on to give it as his weighty opinion that "the signs of the times portend and foreshadow the importance of an examination into the warrant of authority from Congress to enact laws prohibiting the slave-trade, a commerce justifiable and lawful under the code of nations."

The article was patently a "feeler." One could almost see the politicians who had put it out, debating it, sentence by sentence — each cunningly constructed, weighed and measured. This must be said plainly — this must be veiled — this must not be mentioned ; and now, how will they take it? *What will be the answer of the North?*

The answer was being prepared elsewhere.

CHAPTER II

It was in the summer of the year 1859, when Allan, who was in Boston, received an unexpected visit from Lovejoy. "I have come for you as I promised," was all he would say — he would not tell what he meant.

He was bent upon sending Allan on a mysterious errand. "You must go!" he kept saying. "You must simply go, and ask no questions. The reason is, that I want you to go without any preconceptions. I shall only tell you that it is a man I intend you to meet."

"Where is he?" Allan inquired.

"It will mean a trip into Pennsylvania. I cannot go with you, for I am here on business that will keep me I do not know how long. Besides, I want you to have this experience all by yourself."

Allan was silent for a few moments, lost in thought. "You must realize," he said, "that you are asking a great deal of me."

"This man has kept me occupied for almost a year and a half," the other answered, "and it has never been my habit to waste my time, you know. And if I ask you to take so much of yours, it must be because I am absolutely sure that the event will justify me." — Lovejoy was so very determined, and so aggressive, that the other found himself helpless. "I will go," he said.

"Will you go to-morrow?" the other demanded.

"I will go to-morrow," Allan said. "I will go whenever you wish."

So, early on the following morning — it was a day in August — Allan started for Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. His instructions were to go to the barber shop of Henry Watson, and there ask for "Isaac Smith, the sheep dealer." He bore a line written by Lovejoy.

The journey took him all day, and he spent a night at the hotel, and in the morning set out to seek his destination. Something unexpected occurred at the outset — as he came from the building a colored man passed by, a tall, commanding figure, walking swiftly; and though it had been six or seven years since Allan had seen him, he knew him at once — it was Frederick Douglass! The man noticed him start, and gave a swift glance at him as he passed.

Allan sought out the barber shop and found that Henry Watson was a colored man, old and wizened; he inquired for Isaac Smith, the sheep dealer, according to directions. The negro gazed round his shop nervously, as if fearing lest some one might have heard; then he made haste to close up the place, and left with Allan.

They walked a mile or two, leaving the town behind them; Allan was burning up with curiosity, but the negro did not speak a word. They came at last to an old stone quarry, and here he began gazing about him nervously, saying, "We'd best be kinder keerful, mass'r."

"What's the matter?" Allan said.

"He might shoot, mass'r," said the guide, proceeding, evidently, in great trepidation. Suddenly the figure of an old man appeared from behind a pile of boulders, and the negro stopped short. The old man came slowly toward them, eying them closely. He was clad in rough country costume, very much worn, and yellow with dust; an old hat was pulled down over his eyes, and in one hand he carried a fish pole. "Dat's him," said the negro.

The person slouched toward them carelessly; when he was near he halted, and inquired, "Well?"

Allan took out the paper Lovejoy had given him, and handed it to the man, who took it without a word, and glanced at it. Then he said "Oh!" and gazed up at Allan once more, holding out his hand. "How do you do, sir?" he said.

Allan responded courteously, and the other continued, "I am expecting some one else; let us sit down and wait."

They returned behind the boulders, where they were out

of sight of the road. The stranger laid down his fish pole and seated himself; Allan eyed him in perplexed wonder.

He was a man of about sixty years of age, powerfully made, tall and military in his carriage; by his speech he was evidently not quite the boor he was dressed. His head was very long and narrow, and a long white beard accentuated this curious feature. His hair shot up from his forehead, bristling and straight, and his brows were knitted as if in intense thought or effort. Beneath them gleamed a pair of bluish eyes, keen and restless — the whole face was alert, and even wild, in its expression. The old man was as nervous as a hunted animal just then; he soon started up again, gazing expectantly in every direction. His face was haggard and drawn, as if he had long been under a great strain.

Once more he came and seated himself opposite Allan, and said: "You must excuse me, sir, if I warn you a little in advance of the seriousness of what you are going to listen to here. For twenty years I have been toiling and suffering for the purpose about which I am going to tell you; and never before have I consented that any one should know of it, except one whom I myself knew. In your case I have taken Lovejoy's word for the fact that I may trust you — he seemed to be very anxious for us to meet."

"What is the thing of which you speak?" Allan asked; but before the old man could reply there was a sound, and he sprang to his feet again. Some people were approaching, and he went to meet them. He came back with two colored men; Allan started — one of them was Frederick Douglass!

The stranger introduced them, and seeing the other looking at him, Allan said, "I half met you once before, Mr. Douglass — a long time ago."

"I noticed you seemed to recognize me to-day," the other answered. "When was it?"

"I wonder if you remember the 'young Southerner' whom Professor Otis brought to hear you once?"

A sudden light flashed over the big mulatto's face. "Ah!" he cried. "I *do* remember!"

"Perhaps," the other answered, "it may be a comfort to a lecturer to know of one case where his seed fell on good soil."

"Assuredly it must have," was Douglass's reply, after a moment — "you being here! It is an extraordinary coincidence."

"Very interesting, very interesting indeed," put in the "sheep dealer" — in a tone that showed he did not think it interesting at all. "And now, gentlemen, since we're here, and there is no time to lose — to business! Watson, I want you please to keep moving round outside, and whistle if any one comes. Carry that fish pole with you."

"Yes, sah," said the old negro, moving away.

The four sat down. The other negro was an old man by the name of Green; he sat very quiet, venturing not a word.

"Now," said Douglass, suddenly; "tell us the plan!"

The old man put his hand upon the speaker's knee. "Douglass," he said pleadingly, "I want you to come with me — I want you badly! My bees will begin to swarm — and you are the man to hive them."

He paused for a moment. "Listen," he said, "you will never have another chance like this. Think how long I have been planning and toiling — and now at last the hour! I have the means, I have everything; and nothing can turn me, Douglass. We shall prevail, we shall prevail — it has been revealed to me; the hand of God is in it, it is His will! 'And the Lord looked upon him and said, Go in thy might, and thou shalt save Israel from the hands of the Midianites; have not I sent thee?'"

The negro sat staring in front of him. The old man halted and watched him eagerly for a moment, then went on.

"Do you never weary of this *talk?*" he cried, with sudden vehemence. "Does it never flash over you how

futile is all this that you do? These people will never set you free — their hand is upon you — they laugh at all your efforts! How many years have you been at it — how many will you be at it — before you see it as I see it? I tell you a hundred slaves in Virginia can do more for freedom in one day than a hundred thousand Abolitionists in Massachusetts in their whole lifetime! Why should not your people fight their own battle, as other peoples have done before them? And you — why should you not be their Moses, to lead them out of the house of bondage — you, *you?* What is this temper in you that dreads a blow so much? You shrink from bloodshed — consider the blood of your brothers in Slavery! How many lives could be balanced against the continuance for one more year of this system, which makes every seventh woman of a whole race a harlot? It cannot be the price of a failure that you dread; I know it is not that, Douglass — you are no coward!"

The old man stopped again; Douglass answered him promptly, — "I wish to see a chance of success."

"I know! I know!" exclaimed the old man, excitedly. "But there will be no chance of success until we have made it. We are twenty resolute men with arms in our hands, and we raise our banner — *there* is the chance! Why, didn't Nat Turner, with fifty men, hold at bay all Virginia for five weeks? That many men to-day, and I tell you I could shake the system out of the whole State! It is the start that is needed, Douglass, the rallying-point, the call! Do you not think that these people have souls in them, do you not think they will leap to arms when the arms are there? Give a slave a pike and you make him a man; and when he has shown himself a man the nation will respect him — never before, I tell you. You may lecture, preach, protest — all day, all night, all your lifetime — and never set free one single man. But once make war on the system — once frighten it — and *then* see what happens!"

The man was speaking swiftly, his face alive with energy; the negro still sat gazing in front of him. "I

think they will overwhelm you before you get started," he said.

"The mountains, Douglass, the mountains!" cried the other. "Have not the mountains been the home of freedom from all time? I firmly believe that God has put that chain through these States for no purpose but to be used for the emancipation of the slave. And I know them — I could keep a body of men there, hiding and fighting — they are full of natural forts, where one man would be a match for a hundred. And do you not think that the slaves would flee to us there? Would not the news spread like wildfire? Would they not come trooping in day and night? And do you not see that we have accomplished our purpose when once we have rendered Slavery insecure — when we have destroyed the money value of slaves?"

Again the old man halted. "What arms have you?" asked the other.

"I have two hundred Sharp's rifles, — the old Kansas rifles, — two hundred revolvers, and about a thousand pikes."

"And where are you going to strike?"

"My first move," he answered promptly, "will be to capture the arsenal at Harper's Ferry."

Douglass started back with a look of amazement in his face. "*What!*" he gasped.

"That is my plan," said the other.

Allan, too, had given vent to a cry of amazement at this — the first sound he had made. Through it all he had sat, frozen into sudden attention, staring at the wild-eyed man before him, confounded with amazement, horror — scarcely able to realize the words he heard. Every nerve of his body was tingling.

"Surely, you cannot mean that!" went on Douglass, aghast. "Why — that will be to attack not the South, but the Federal government! It will turn all the nation against you!"

"It will serve as a notice to all the slaves," the other replied. "They will rally to it as to a trumpet-call — and the arms are there, you know."

"But you will be surrounded and cut off in six hours! Why —"

"We will find means to cut our way out," said the old man. "And besides, our first step will be to take the residents of the neighborhood prisoners, and we can hold them as hostages, and dictate terms of egress."

Douglass clenched his hands in his excitement, and struck them on his knees. "It is madness!" he cried. "*Madness!* Why, they would blow you and your hostages to the skies before they would let you escape them! Believe me, Captain Brown, believe me — I know them — I have lived among them!"

"Listen to me! listen to me!" exclaimed Captain Brown, swiftly. A long and excited argument followed. The old man held to his contention; he was not to be shaken; he had evidently thought out his plan in all its details — he had maps and drawings of the neighborhood, and an answer for every argument. The dismay of Douglass as he realized it was complete.

"You will never succeed in it!" he reiterated, again and again. "You are going into a trap, a perfect trap; and once in, there will be no hope for you!"

Captain Brown — Allan had by this time understood that "Isaac Smith" was not his name — sat with his piercing eyes fixed upon the negro, waiting while he poured out his protests. Then, when he stopped, he began suddenly, in a low voice, "'Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied!'"

There was a pause; and then again the old man went on, his voice lower yet, and trembling with intense emotion. "And suppose that you are right — suppose that it is the will of the Lord that this plan of mine should fail — do you think that He can find no way of turning it all to His profit, even then? Let them capture me — what then? Might it not very well turn out that I should prove to be worth more for hanging than for any other purpose? Do you think that it will be worth nothing

that one man has risen up to testify to the crimes of this land, that must be purged away in blood? Do you think that if they were to hang me for it — that it would not send a shudder through every slaveholder — that it would not show the way to every seeker of freedom, black or white? Verily would it be said once more — 'The dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life!'"

There was a long silence. "You are prepared for that fate?" asked the negro at last.

"I am," the other replied. Then he leaned forward pleadingly. "You won't come with me, Douglass?" he exclaimed.

The negro shook his head. "For such a purpose as that," he said, "one will be as good as twenty."

"And you?" asked the old man, turning to Allan.

Allan was too much dazed to find a word; but he also shook his head. Captain Brown turned away with a sigh — and then suddenly the other colored man sprang up.

"Massa!" he cried. It was the first sound he had made, and the old man seemed to have forgotten his presence. "Well?" he demanded.

"I go wid yo'!" cried the negro, in broken English. "I go help! I been a slave all my days — I jes' git free now; but I go back wid yo' — I go help, even if I die!"

It was late in the afternoon before they parted, and Allan and Douglass walked back alone. "Who is that man?" asked the former, in wonder.

"His name is John Brown," the other replied. "'Old Brown of Kansas,' as people call him."

CHAPTER III

ALLAN got alone as soon as he could, and he went back to Boston like a person in a dream. The things which he had heard—they were so monstrous that he could scarcely persuade himself that they were real, that that strange madman whose voice still rang in his ears was not a creature of his own sick imaginings. An attack on Harper's Ferry! And an insurrection of the slaves!

He sought out Lovejoy again; and Lovejoy gazed at him, smiling. "So," he said, "you found it worth while!"

"Lovejoy," he cried, "do you mean to tell me that you, with your common sense, are going to join in that attempt?"

"As to that," the other answered, "I don't know how to explain. But you know, Montague, I've been with Captain Brown out in Kansas most of the time, nearly ever since I left you, over three years ago. And somehow he's a hard sort of a man to get away from — he knows his own mind, and he *fights!*"

"You will be overwhelmed!" Allan cried. "It is the plan of a maniac!"

"Sometimes I have thought so," Lovejoy said, "but there are two sides to the thing. If there wasn't some risk, you know, there wouldn't be any fun."

He paused a moment. "I've been in all sorts of scrapes in my time," he went on; "and I've come out of 'em all — I shouldn't wonder if I came out of even this. I fear I'm too practically minded a person to rejoice in my own martyrdom, as I declare I believe the old man would. You didn't get a chance to hear him pray while you were down there, did you?"

"No," Allan said.

"Well," said Lovejoy, "John Brown knows the Bible, chapter and verse, and every word by heart; and what's more, he believes it all—takes in every word of it, the blood and all the rest. He makes us all say grace before and after each meal; and night and morning, wherever he is, he gets the whole crowd together and prays with 'em. You never heard anything like it, Montague—the negroes, some of them, just fall down on their faces and roll. And you know I'm not that sort, but God!—it sometimes gets on my nerves, even. The point about all this seems to be, that it doesn't matter where we strike, for if the Almighty wishes us to win, He will come down to our aid and see to it; and if He doesn't do it, it will be because it is best for us to perish. So what kind of a reply can you make to an argument like that?"

"You can keep out of it!" Allan cried. "Why go with him?"

"I go with him because I see the best chance I ever had to strike a blow at Slavery. Don't you see that the very boldness of it is what will count? Why, man, it will scare this land like the judgment trump! And when will the slaves ever rise, if they don't rise at such a chance?"

"They won't ever rise!" Allan cried, vehemently. "That's just the madness of the thing—the wickedness of it—they have no idea of rising!"

"Humph!" said Lovejoy. "How are you going to be sure of it, till you've tried 'em?"

He waited a moment for the other to reply; then, seeing that he did not, he fixed his eyes on him. "Surely," he said gravely, "you don't mean to deny that a man has a right to strike for his freedom if he can?"

Allan hesitated. "No," he said, "not that. If it were a slaves' uprising, I could not blame it. But it's going down there and trying to incite them—"

"Going down there and giving them a chance!" broke in Lovejoy, excitedly. "What chance have they otherwise, with no arms, no communications—bound hand and foot as they are?"

There was another pause; then Lovejoy broke into a

laugh. "It's funny," he said, "I think it's in the blood. You're a Southerner; and although you hate Slavery, and call yourself an Abolitionist, you're a Southerner still, and just as bad as the worst of 'em. If it were Poles or Italians who were going to rise up to-morrow, you'd be at the head of them; but it's niggers! So you come home, trembling with horror at what you've heard—and looking as you'd seen a ghost!"

"It's because I know the people," Allan answered. "I know them, and you don't! I know they don't want to rise, and couldn't govern themselves if they did rise—"

"Yes;" put in the other, "I've heard all that; but if that's all, you needn't worry yourself. I assure you that when I have once made up my mind that they won't rise, I shan't go on rising for them."

"But meanwhile you violate the law! And you—"

"Oh, pshaw!" laughed the Westerner. "Why didn't you argue all that with the old man? He has it reasoned out, you know—he's fond of the metaphysics of things. Slavery is a state of war, so he says; and any law which pretends to sanction it is simply a fraud. He has been sent by God especially to proclaim it."

"Every assassin says that!" Allan cried. "But it simply takes you back to the right of private vengeance—it denies the possibility of civilization."

"Just so!" snapped Lovejoy—"at least in conjunction with Slavery."

"Give every man his rights, you see," he continued, after a pause. "Set him up as a man—and then you can require him to keep laws, and decide things by discussion. But until then, it's all just a battle; you've got him under, and he tries to change it if he sees a chance. Captain Brown can quote scripture to you to prove it—'Therefore thus saith the Lord: Ye have not harkened unto me in proclaiming liberty every one to his brother, and every man to his neighbor; behold, I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine!'"

There was a flaw in that argument somewhere, Allan

felt; but he could not find it just then. "Who knows about this?" he asked, finally.

"All sorts of people," said Lovejoy — "some hundreds, I guess."

"Where does the money come from? Has Brown any?"

"Lord, no! The old man's been out in Kansas campaigning; and of course others have had to furnish the funds. There is Gerritt Smith, the millionnaire philanthropist — he's given him thousands of dollars. And there's a merchant in Boston by the name of Stearns, and a school-teacher in Concord named Sanborn, and Higginson, the preacher, and Theodore Parker."

"Theodore Parker knows of this!" cried Allan.

"Assuredly," said the other — "has from the beginning."

"How long has it been in preparation?"

"About two years — this particular plan. It was to have been carried out last year, but some one betrayed it. Then we went West again and made a raid, and carried off twelve slaves from Missouri — you doubtless read about that."

"I did," answered Allan.

"The government has a price on his head," said Lovejoy. "They are very anxious to take him."

"Who are the men that are with him?"

"Some are his Kansas men; half a dozen are negroes he has picked up here and there; there are three of his own sons, and several more that are his sons-in-law, or their brothers. Brown, you know, is a regular Old Testament patriarch — he has had twenty children, and every one of them that is left is as full of the cause as he. Some of them have died for it already."

"Where do they live?" Allan asked.

"Way up in the wilds of the Adirondacks — such a place you never dreamed of. I was up there last winter, and met the family. Living there just now is the mother and one young son, three married daughters and the wives of two married sons, besides the wives of two other men who are out with Brown — brothers of one of his daughters-in-law."

There was a moment's silence; then Lovejoy went on: "I think it would pay a man to go up there to North Elba, just to see those eight women. I have seen people tried pretty often, but I never in my life saw any grit like theirs. They are nearly all mere girls — except the mother, I do not think there is one of them over twenty; and they expect any day to lose everything in the world they love — father, husbands, brothers, friends; and before God, Montague, I don't think that one of those girls has ever shed a tear!"

It was a thing about which a man might come to twenty different conclusions in one day. So many kinds of truth there are in the world, and so many ways of being right! And so hard it is to keep the distinction between a man's conscience and his judgment! And so thankless a task to subdivide a prophet! There was that in this thing which flashed upon Allan suddenly, shaming him for all the intricate framework of distinctions he had just completed. He knew so well the correct way to do the thing — but, after all, how much of it had he done? The thought haunted him and stung him, it stayed with him day and night.

The time passed on. Lovejoy was gone, and Allan heard no more of him. He took to passing by the bulletin boards, and to snatching up the paper in the morning. August passed, September passed — had they given up again? One day he hoped it, the next day he feared it; he was never quite the same. And then one Sunday morning — it was the sixteenth of October — there came a telegram, unsigned, with the single word, "Come!"

He obeyed the signal as if he had been an automaton. Within half an hour he was on the train, whispering to himself, "It must be to-night," and finding himself trembling.

He reached Baltimore about midnight. There was no train for the West until about six in the morning. He was obliged to wait, with such patience as he could command. He went to a hotel, but he could not sleep — he

did not even lie down. Before train time he wandered up by the office of the *American* — there was nothing there to indicate any unusual excitement. He was on the train and nearly half an hour on his way, before at last the thunderbolt fell. At one of the stations he heard excited shouts, and saw people running this way and that; Allan sprang off, as did nearly every one else, the train men included. Then they got the news — there was an insurrection of the slaves at Harper's Ferry, and reports of uprisings throughout Virginia and Maryland. The government arsenal had been seized and the arms sent away to the mountains. The bridge was defended with cannon — the wires were down and the tracks were being destroyed. Trains had been fired into, the citizens of the town were being massacred, and an appeal for the militia of Baltimore and Washington was made!

Such were the tidings; the alarm and confusion were indescribable — for some time it seemed uncertain whether or not the train would proceed, and when finally it did, it left a good number of its passengers behind.

Their progress was slow; they stopped for news at every station, finding the depots more and more crowded, the excitement more and more intense. Midway they passed the east-bound train, which had been stopped by the insurrectionists the night before, and only just allowed to proceed. It was after ten o'clock when they neared Harper's Ferry.

The little town lies on a point of land made by the Shenandoah River as it runs into the Potomac. The railroad runs up the Maryland side of the river, crossing to the town by a long bridge. About a quarter of a mile this side of it the train stopped. Armed men could be seen ahead. It was in spite of the protests of the train hands that Allan started toward them. They shouted to him to surrender as he came within range, and he held up his hands, calling out that he was a friend.

There were three men, one of them a negro; they were wrapped in blankets — it was cold and rainy — and armed with long "Sharp's rifles." They regarded him with

suspicion, which changed only slightly when he said that he was a friend of Lovejoy's.

"Take him to the captain," said one in command — a son of Brown's, though Allan did not then know it.

He marched across the bridge, under the escort of the negro. At the other side another armed man paced back and forth — a short way up the street was another. There were no other persons to be seen. A few rods on was the iron gate of the armory yard — as they turned the corner Allan saw more men here, and among them old Brown, rifle in hand.

He recognized Allan, and shook hands with him. "It is all right," he said to the negro. "Go back to your post."

"Well, sir," he inquired, "have you concluded to help us after all? You see we have been successful."

Allan stared at him. "Successful!" he cried. "How long do you expect to stay here? Don't you know that the whole country is on fire — troops will be pouring in here in a few hours."

"Let them come, let them come!" said the old man. "We are ready — we have hostages."

"But how long do you expect to hold the town? When are you going to start for the mountains?"

"Not until nightfall," was the answer.

"Until nightfall!" gasped Allan.

"Yes — we must wait for the slaves to come in."

The young man stared in amazement. "I have thought it all over," Captain Brown went on hastily, "I must stay here, I cannot change my plan. The Lord's will must be done."

Allan attempted no reply. "Where is Lovejoy?" he inquired, after a pause.

"He is gone," the other answered.

"Gone! Gone where?"

"He has deserted us, sir. He left about an hour ago — as soon as he found that I was resolved to stay. I was very sorry — but there was no help for it. *I must stay!*"

The other was helpless with wonder. Old Brown

seemed to act unaccountably — as if exalted by the excitement of the occasion. His eyes were flashing as he turned here and there, giving his orders. He spoke swiftly — eagerly; he was the master of the place, and Allan noticed the almost childish delight which he took in his various achievements. He had secured from one of his prisoners a sword which Frederick the Great had presented to General Washington; and it pleased him that he was wielding this in the cause of the slave. He had freed half a dozen negroes, and armed them; he stopped to talk with them, fondly, paternally — as also with some of the prisoners who were brought in. One pleaded for his wife and children — the old man sent him, with one of his men for an escort, to visit them and assure them that no harm was meant. "Do not shoot at that man!" he would call to one of his followers. "Don't you see that he is unarmed?" Then again he would go over to where his "hostages" were cowering, and comfort them, and urge them to keep out of the way of a chance shot.

"What is it that you wish to do, sir?" he said at last, turning to Allan again. "Will you take one of the rifles?"

"I do not wish to fight," Allan answered.

"Then," said the old man, "perhaps you had best go with the prisoners — you will be safer there. My son Oliver Brown, Mr. Montague. My son Watson, Mr. Montague. Watson, take this gentleman —"

The young fellow was in the act of coming toward Allan, holding out his hand. Suddenly from one of the windows down the street came a blaze of firearms, and he pitched forward with a cry. At the same instant another of the men fell dead — with a bullet in his breast.

"Fire! Drive them back there!" shouted Brown, wildly; and sprang toward his son.

The boy was ghastly white. "I'm done for," he gasped, as he strove to rise; the old man gathered him in his arms and carried him into the building, his lips set tightly, his face unmoved.

The firing went on, in a desultory way. Allan, without waiting for more, made his way over to a corner of the

grounds, where were gathered all of the prisoners, forty or fifty persons, black and white, old and young, rich and poor. For the most part they were wild with terror, expecting that they would be put to death. Among them Allan noticed an elderly gentleman, tall and aristocratic in aspect, Colonel Lewis Washington, from whose plantation the precious sword had been taken. The "liberators," as they called themselves, had taken nothing else.

It was not long before there came the sound of rapid firing from the distance. It swelled to a volley, and then continued as an almost incessant rattle for several minutes. "They're after them now!" exclaimed a man to Allan. "The soldiers are coming!"

Captain Brown had come out again, grave and impassive, directing his men, who were still keeping back the sharpshooters from the windows. The distant firing seemed to worry him, as well it might; not long after it had died down, a negro dashed into the place, breathless and gasping.

"They've captured the rifle works!" he panted. "Every one's killed!"

"Killed!" cried Brown. "Who?"

"Kagi—Leary—all of them!" exclaimed the man.—"They drove them into the river and shot them there! They're killing Thompson, too!"

Thompson was Brown's son-in-law; the old man put his hand to his forehead. "They have no mercy!" Allan heard him murmur.

The time passed on, the firing still continuing here and there. Allan could make out from his position that troops were now surrounding the armory grounds; he caught sight of a uniform now and then, but the besieged did not seem to notice it. Toward mid afternoon, however, the fighting redoubled in fury. Two colored men were killed by shots from near-by windows, and though the little guard still stuck by the gate, they were able to maintain only an intermittent fire. Then there came sounds of a conflict in the rear. Several volleys were heard, and at the same time

bodies of troops began to be seen deploying in front. Brown's other son, Oliver, was struck by a bullet, and staggered into the building to die; so at last it became plain, even to Brown, that the yard could not be held much longer.

Within the enclosure was a compact little stone building, the engine-house. To this the old man retreated now, with the remainder of his men, and about a dozen of his "hostages," carefully selected. He nodded to Allan to make his escape with the others, who left the yard at his command. The troops outside were on the watch for them, and welcomed them with huzzas. The last glimpse that Allan ever had of Old John Brown was as he stood in the engine-house doorway, holding his dying son in his arms.

The young man had seen only one side of it, so far; he had not realized the frightful panic of the town, or the temper of the besiegers. Fully a thousand troops, besides numerous armed citizens, were now surrounding the place. As they realized that the armory yard was won, they rushed up, yelling like wild animals. A little way down the street lay a huge mulatto, writhing upon the ground, a great gaping wound in his neck; a crowd of men were dancing about him, cursing, jeering, screaming. They were beating him with their canes, prodding him — Allan saw one man thrusting a stick into the gap, while the crowd roared to see the victim kick. A little farther on lay another of the band — a white man, desperately wounded. He had come out with a flag of truce, and been shot down. He had five bullets in him; but men were shouting for a rope to hang him with.

The firing grew loud and fast; they were beginning an assault upon the engine-house. Allan did not wait to learn the issue, but hurried away, sick at heart. He came suddenly upon the hotel — and as he approached the door he saw a crowd rushing out. They were young men, and their faces were white with determination and rage. In their midst was the figure of a prisoner, tightly bound,

held by the arms and collar. His captors made scarcely a sound, but rushed him down the street, straight for the railroad bridge. Allan followed, mechanically.

They dragged him into the centre of it and stood him against one of the piers. Almost before the spectator had realized what was going on, there was a crashing volley, and the man toppled and dropped like a stone. He fell to the base of the pier — fifty feet, at least; but he was still alive, and began to crawl and kick himself along. "Give it to him again!" yelled a voice, and once more the rifle shots rang out. The body splashed into the water, and the current swept it away.

The bridge was held by troops now, and no one allowed to pass. A body of four or five hundred militia were just arriving from Maryland, and behind them Allan returned to the hotel. He was swept here and there in the seething tumult of people. The assault on the engine-house had been repulsed, and several killed; they were planning another attack from the rear, but darkness fell before it began.

In the night there came the first regular troops, a company of United States marines, under the command of a colonel — a Virginian, as it happened — Robert E. Lee by name. Allan was in the hotel-corridor when he entered, booted and gloved, dressed as for a parade, a tall and stately personage, speaking to be obeyed.

"How is this, gentlemen?" he asked, as he came in, addressing the militia officers, who had made the place their headquarters. "Fifteen hundred troops, and these fellows have been too much for you all day?"

"We have not had time, colonel —" began some one.

"Pshaw, pshaw!" exclaimed the other. "Your men have had time to slaughter helpless prisoners in the streets, have they not? How many of the outlaws are there left?"

"We have counted ten killed," replied a voice. "There cannot be more than four or five alive in the engine-house."

"We shall soon settle it in the morning," said the

colonel. "The prisoners might be hurt if we attacked to-night. I have ordered my men to replace the guards about the armory — we will not need any help. Lieutenant Stuart!"

Several officers had come in with Colonel Lee. One of them stepped forward — a big, broad-shouldered lieutenant of cavalry, handsome and dashing, with a long brown beard as glossy as silk. He was another Virginian — J. E. B. Stuart by name.

"Lieutenant," said the colonel, "please to take a flag and proceed to the engine-house. Demand the surrender of the insurgents — we can give no terms but protection from violence and a trial according to law. Otherwise tell them the place will be stormed the first thing in the morning."

"Very well, sir," said the lieutenant; and then he added — "By the way, colonel, they say the leader is Ossawatomie Brown, that old scoundrel I once captured out in Kansas."

"You should have held on to him, lieutenant," said the other, quietly. "We will not let him go this time, sir!"

CHAPTER IV

TIME passed on, and they tried him, and sentenced him to be hanged. The marines had soon battered in the door of the engine-house, and overwhelmed the little band. Old Brown had been kneeling in the centre of the place, feeling the pulse of his wounded son with one hand, and clutching his rifle with the other; a lieutenant of marines had leaped down upon him from the engine, twelve feet at a spring, and thrust him a blow with his sword which had struck him in the belt and bent the weapon double. Afterward, as he lay helpless, the officer had beat him over the face and head with it — so hardly did men think of his deeds.

In the meantime Allan had gone back to Boston, where he had found Lovejoy, the latter having made good his escape, but being, strange to say, not entirely content with himself for his superior wisdom. The city of Boston was in a ferment — the antislavery people were as if they had seen a ghost, or witnessed a miracle. "There came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each one of them!" There was something out of another world, or at least out of another time, in the faith of this old man. Crowds had poured into Harper's Ferry on the day of his capture; and they had stood around him, and pestered him with questions as he lay upon the floor, a mass of clotted blood, with a wound in the groin, and one in the breast, and four sabre cuts upon his head. Governor Wise of Virginia came out lost in wonder, for he had expected to find a madman or a ruffian. "He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw!" he exclaimed. "He is a man of clear head, of courage and fortitude." And later he lay in a cell, loaded with chains, with two jailers on

watch day and night, and two thousand troops to guard him : wounded horribly, believed to be dying, surrounded by the foes he had assailed, and with a nation roaring for his blood in the background. "I do not," he wrote, in a letter, "feel myself in the least degraded by my imprisonment, my chains, or the near prospect of the gallows. Men cannot imprison, or chain, or hang the soul. I would not say this boastingly, but thanks be to God, who giveth the victory through infinite grace." "This new saint awaiting his martyrdom!" exclaimed Emerson ; and went on to predict that he would "make the gallows glorious like the cross." In Concord lived a strange man named Thoreau, who had spent some years in a hut in the woods, and had been put in jail because he would not pay taxes to a slaveholding government ; people now crowded to hear him as he pleaded for Brown, and compared him in plain words with Christ.

In the South men seemed beside themselves with rage and terror. The fall in the price of slaves which followed upon the foray amounted, it was said, to ten millions of dollars' loss ; and planters were afraid to sleep on their estates — within one week five barns were burned down near Harper's Ferry, and it was believed to be the beginning of a new insurrection. The guards who were watching Brown had orders to shoot him dead if there were any attempts at rescue ; and one night the sentinels of the small army which surrounded the town slaughtered a stray cow which approached their lines in the darkness and refused to give the countersign.

The legislators of South Carolina, Missouri, and Kentucky voted ropes which they prayed might be used in hanging the "old horse-thief" (as Senator Douglas had described him). It was rumored that Governor Wise had been so impressed with Brown that he was thinking of pardoning him. "He could never get him out of the town alive," it was said, "not if he came at the head of a regiment!" — "A felon's death!" wrote one Virginian. "Almighty Providence! is man indeed so weak that he can inflict no more?"

There were those who warned the South that man could not inflict even this ; a poet was not lacking to call their attention to the fact that "Ossawatomie Brown" might "trouble them more than ever when they'd nailed his coffin down!" But they would not listen to this. "He came to incite slaves to murder helpless women and children!" cried Senator Davis; and the Richmond *Whig* thundered: "Though it convert the whole Northern people, without exception, into furious, armed, Abolition invaders, yet old Brown will be hung! The miserable old traitor and murderer belongs to the gallows, and the gallows will have its own!"

The second of December came, and they brought him out to die. Two thousand troops surrounded the scaffold, and cannon guarded the roads. The government had seized the telegraphs, and for days every train that entered the state had been searched and put under guard. It is strange to read all the precautions they took, and think how they were baffled — how terribly old Brown was vindicated in his sentence that "men cannot imprison, or chain, or hang the soul!" Even when they were swinging him off, he was beginning to march ; during the half hour he hung kicking in the air, all over the North churches were holding services of prayer — bells were being tolled, and minute guns fired. In Concord a meeting was being held in the Town Hall, at which Emerson, Thoreau, and Bronson Alcott were speaking ; in the excitement of it one of the audience wrote a poem, and sprang up and cried the first stanza of it aloud : —

> "Not any spot six feet by two
> Will hold a man like thee!
> John Brown will tramp the shaking earth,
> From Blue Ridge to the sea!"

Wherever there was sympathy with the South, these things were of course read with fury. By way of an offset to them, the President gave on the same day a state banquet to the diplomatic corps at Washington ; and when the woman who had been John Brown's wife started home

with his body, and wished to stop in Philadelphia to rest over Sunday, the mayor met her at the depot and ordered her on — the city was in such a tumult.

They took him on to his lonely mountain home, where stood old Whiteface, not troubled by tumults. They buried him there, and over his grave they sang the hymn with which all his life he had been wont to lull his babies to sleep — "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" When it was over, Wendell Phillips, the orator of Abolition, rose up and cried out with the voice of a prophet: "*He has abolished Slavery in Virginia!*"

CHAPTER V

THE temper of the times was shown upon the assembling of the new Congress, three days after the hanging of Brown. Previously to this it is recorded that those who opposed each other in public life had been wont to meet socially upon friendly terms; but now feeling ran so high that social functions in Washington were difficult to arrange.

In the House the first business was the election of a speaker; the candidate of the Republicans chanced to have indorsed some time before a book published by one Helper, a poor white of North Carolina — "The Impending Crisis of the South," an argument against Slavery from the standpoint of the non-slaveholding Southerner. A Kentuckian now moved that it was "insurrectionary," and that no one who had indorsed it was "fit to be speaker of this House."

There is an anecdote of another Kentuckian, who, while narrating the origin of a "personal difficulty," was asked, "Did he call you a liar?" and replied, "Worse than that — he proved it." The trouble with "The Impending Crisis" was the same — what made it so peculiarly dangerous was the fact that it used, not statements, but statistics. It gave them all, and they were irresistible. It pointed out the fact that though the area of the slave States was greater than that of the free, the farms of the latter were worth two billions, those of the former only one; that the real property of the North was over four billions, that of the South less than three, half thereof being slaves; that the value of the property in eight slave States — which were named — was less than that of the State of New York alone; and that the value of land in New York was $36 an acre, in North Carolina only $3. The taxed property of the nine largest free cities of the North was $754 per capita,

that for the nine of the South only $477. The imports of the North were nearly ten times those of the South. Inquiring for whose benefit the South suffered such things as these, he showed that out of a total white population of six millions there were but three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders, and but two hundred and fifty thousand who owned more than five negroes apiece. For these the system was maintained and extended, and by them the nation was ruled. Twelve Presidents had been Southern slaveholders, and only six Northern non-slaveholders; moreover, five of the former had served two terms — not one of the latter. They had always had a majority of the Supreme Court, had held the office of Secretary of State forty years out of sixty-seven, and the speakership of the House twenty-one times out of thirty-three. Inquiring how they did this — where their power came from — he quoted the vote of "Five Points," a New York slum, at the last election: for Buchanan, five hundred and seventy-four; for Frémont, sixteen. Finally he quoted against Slavery the testimony of Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, Monroe, Randolph, Clay, and Benton.

The politicians of the South never gave clearer evidence of the nature of the fight they were conducting than in the matter of this book. No man could point to a line of it that called for anything but that political action which is the right and duty of every free American; yet a clergyman in North Carolina was sentenced to a year in jail for circulating it, and Helper himself was driven from the State. In the House a representative from Virginia declared that "one who consciously, deliberately, and of purpose lent his name and influence to the propagation of such writings, is not only not fit to be speaker, but is not fit to live."

It was interesting to know what was the result of such a course; it was set forth in an editorial in the New York *Tribune* early in January. "The orders flow in for the book from all quarters, in all quantities, from one copy to three hundred in a bunch. We do not know how many copies have been ordered, but we have reason to believe

the number already exceeds one hundred thousand. The price is now reduced to about eighteen dollars a hundred, in consequence of the extensive sale. The work goes everywhere, through all channels, to North, East, South, and West. Innocent bales, bags, boxes, and barrels bound South have each a copy of Helper tucked furtively away in the hidden centre of their contents — if we go about the streets of this most conservative city, ten to one we are delayed at the first crossing by a hand cart or wheelbarrow load of Helper. It is Helper at the stand, Helper on the counter, Helper in the shop and out of the shop, Helper here, Helper there, Helper everywhere!"

Time and again there was almost a physical conflict in the House of Representatives. For eight weeks it was impossible to elect a speaker, and the body was in confusion. Virginia, meanwhile, was arming, knowing not how widespread the John Brown conspiracy might be. "More than fifty thousand stand of arms already distributed," wrote ex-President Tyler, "and the demand for more daily increasing." — "I speak the sentiment of every Democrat on this floor from the State of Georgia," a congressman cried — "we will never submit to the election of a Black Republican President!" One Keitt of South Carolina, who had mounted guard for Brooks while he pounded Sumner, exclaimed, "The South here asks nothing but her rights; but as God is my judge, I would shatter this Republic from turret to foundation stone before I would take one tittle less."

To this Congress had come Owen Lovejoy — "Parson" Lovejoy, of the Princeton District of Illinois — the brother of the "Abolition martyr," and an uncle to Edward. He, too, was soon in trouble. "Slaveholding is worse than robbing, than piracy, than polygamy!" he proclaimed. "The principle of enslaving human beings because they are inferior is the doctrine of Democrats, and the doctrine of devils as well — there is no place in the universe outside of the Five Points of hell and the Democratic party where the practice and prevalence of such doctrines would not be a disgrace!" Pryor of Virginia leaped toward

him at this, ordering him back to his own seat. "It is bad enough," he cried, "to be compelled to sit here and hear him utter his treasonable and insulting language; but he *shall not*, sir, come upon this side of the House, shaking his fist in our faces!" Members sprang to their feet, a score or two crowding around the men, shouting, jostling, wild with fury. It seemed as if a fight must come at last — not a man in the body was without a revolver or a bowie-knife. The efforts of the speaker were futile. "Order that black-hearted scoundrel and nigger-stealing thief to take his seat!" yelled Barksdale of Mississippi. "An infamous, perjured villain," "a mean, despicable wretch," are other of the phrases the *Congressional Globe* reports in this quarrel. "Nobody can intimidate me!" shouted Lovejoy. "You shed the blood of my brother on the banks of the Mississippi, twenty years ago, and I am here to-day, thank God, to vindicate the principles baptized in his blood! I cannot go into a slave State to open my lips in regard to the question of Slavery" — "No," cried a Virginia member, "we would hang you higher than Haman!"

Out of this particular dispute came a challenge to a duel from the Virginian, Pryor; a congressman named Potter was the victim, and he accepted. He had the privilege of naming weapons — and he chose bowie-knives. Needless to say, the fight did not come off.

Later on in the spring, Charles Sumner returned to the conflict. For four years he had borne his torture — and it would have been strange if he had not been bitter now. His first philippic had been "The Crime against Kansas"; his second dealt with "The Motive for the Crime," which was Slavery. He quoted the Southern senators upon the institution — "the corner-stone of our republican edifice" — "a great moral, social, and political blessing" — "the normal condition of human society" — "ennobling to both races, the white and the black." And then he gave the title of his speech — "THE BARBARISM OF SLAVERY." "Barbarous in origin, barbarous in law, barbarous in all its pretensions, barbarous in the instruments it employs, bar-

barous in consequences, barbarous in spirit, barbarous wherever it shows itself, Slavery must breed barbarians, while it develops everywhere, alike in the individual and in the society to which it belongs, the essential elements of Barbarism!"

He analyzed the evils of it, one by one; that it made merchandise of the soul, that it abrogated marriage and the parental relation, that it closed the gates of knowledge to men and deprived them of their toil. He marshalled anew all the statistics of its havoc,— population, value of property, manufactures, commerce, railroads, schools, colleges, and public libraries. Of these last the North had nearly fifteen thousand — the South but seven hundred. He cited emigration, the press, literature, patents. There were over twelve hundred printers in Massachusetts, in South Carolina only a hundred and forty-one; in three years Massachusetts had taken out over thirteen hundred patents, South Carolina only thirty-nine. The white illiterate in Massachusetts was one in four hundred and forty-six; in South Carolina he was one in eight; in North Carolina one in three! He pointed out, one by one, the barbarous features of Southern society — he quoted advertisements from Southern newspapers: "Run away — My man Fountain; has holes in his ears, a scar on the right side of his forehead; has been shot in the hind part of his legs; is marked on the back with the whip. Apply to Robert Beasley, Macon, Georgia." — "For sale — An accomplished and handsome lady's maid. She is just sixteen years of age, was raised in a genteel family of Maryland, and is now proposed to be sold not for any fault, but simply because the owner has no further use for her." The correspondent of the New York *Herald* wrote that he had no recollection in his experience, running through a period of twenty years, of anything like the ominous silence which prevailed during the delivery of this speech; and four gentlemen of Virginia, upon reading it, travelled to Washington and besieged Sumner's residence for days, declaring their intention to "cut his damned throat!"

There were things in the signs of the times that were yet more ominous. In the South there was now a veritable reign of terror; Southern papers were full of accounts of mob violence, and of the doings of "vigilance committees." The ministers of the "Methodist Church North" were driven out of Texas. A travelling preacher brought eighty lashes upon the back of himself and a companion by expressing in Kentucky unorthodox views as to the relative duties of master and slave. In Columbia, South Carolina, a young Irish laborer was tarred and feathered for venturing the opinion that Slavery degraded white labor; and from Kentucky three old-time colonies of free-labor settlers were turned out bag and baggage. James Monroe, when minister to England, had given the passports of an American citizen to a negro slave of John Randolph's; a senator from Massachusetts was now unable to obtain them for a free colored man, a physician of his State. The Secretary of the Treasury furthermore decided that a negro could not command a vessel sailing under United States papers, even if the vessel were his own.

And these things were done upon the eve of a presidential election — a time when the utmost circumspection is to be expected from politicians — when words and measures are weighed to the smallest grain! Men saw the Southern leaders stalking through the legislative halls, haughty and reckless, flinging caution to the winds. Masters of the trade of politics as they were — could it be that they did not realize what they were doing, that they were squandering political power they had been a generation in acquiring, that they were giving up every advantage that their strategy and audacity had ever won them? Could it be that they did not realize the madness of the quarrel with Douglas, who had done more than any living man to keep the Northern Democracy subject to their bidding? Or was it — a possibility so dreadful that men scarcely dared to face it — that they knew full well what they were doing, that they were bent upon wrecking the party — that they were going to scuttle the ship!

CHAPTER VI

The time came for the parties to make their nominations. Never before had political excitement been so intense, never had so much depended upon the actions of conventions. In the Democratic convention the great quarrel in the party must come to a head, and discerning men perceived that the issue of it must shape the history of the country to the remotest times.

The convention was to be held in Charleston, the stronghold of the slave power; and thither, the last week in April, 1860, came the Democratic politicians of the four quarters of the Union. It was a period of "hard times" in the Northwest — the Douglas men came out of a land of famine into one of plenty. The South had never been more prosperous; and here upon the Battery driveway of Charleston city one might see the distilled essence of all its luxury and fashion. Most of the Northern delegates had now their first chance to make actual acquaintance with the thing for which they had been battling all their days; it is recorded that one of them, wandering into a slave auction room, was shown a pretty mulatto girl, euphemistically described as a "sempstress," whom he might have for fifteen hundred dollars. The delegate came away, swearing softly to himself.

"Dinna hear the slogan? 'Tis Douglas and his men!" They hired a hall, and upstairs were hundreds of cots where they slept; each delegation had its private barrel of whiskey, we were told — so doubtless they slept soundly. Their consultation rooms were at the "Mills Hotel," and here, in the crowded corridors, filled with clouds of tobacco smoke, they toiled and perspired and fought. The correspondent of a Cincinnati paper describes one "For God's sake Linder," making a stump

speech, frantic with excitement. "For God's sake, Linder, come down here, I need help," Douglas had telegraphed from some convention; and the telegram had leaked out, and the name stuck.

At the "Charleston House" were the "fire-eaters"; of these the leader was one whom we know well, but he did not mingle in crowds. In the crowds, however, was Barksdale of Mississippi, the congressman who had described "Parson" Lovejoy as an "infamous, perjured villain." "He has a way of throwing his head on one side," writes the correspondent, "and turning up his chin, and talking in a short, sharp way, like a 'Bowery boy.' He is thick-set, broad-shouldered, and short-legged. His eye is small and fierce. The whole country knows that he wears a wig — for Potter of Wisconsin knocked it off once upon a time. But as for a duel — beware of meeting Barksdale with the bowie-knife! He knows how to handle the instrument, and has handled it." Here, too, might be seen a gentleman with a "red cherry face," and "long, thin, white hair, through which the top of his head blushes like the shield of a boiled lobster. He is a New Yorker by birth, but has made a princely fortune at the New Orleans bar. It is universally known that he is, with the present administration, the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. Mr. Buchanan is as wax in his fingers. The name of this gentleman is John Slidell. His special mission here is to see that Stephen A. Douglas is not nominated for the presidency."

The convention met and organized, and Caleb Cushing was made chairman — an old-time Massachusetts politician, whom the poet Whittier had labored long ago to keep in Congress to do antislavery work. He had wandered far afield since then. "Ours, gentlemen," said he, in his rousing speech, "is the motto inscribed on that scroll in the hands of the monumental statue of the great statesman of South Carolina, 'Truth, Justice, and the Constitution.' (Loud cheers.) Opposed to us are all those who labor to overthrow the Constitution, under the false and insidious pretence of upholding it; who are aiming to pro-

duce in this country a permanent sectional conspiracy, a traitorous sectional conspiracy, of one-half the States of the Union against the other half. Those, the branded enemies of the Constitution, it is the part, the high and noble part, of the Democratic party of the land to withstand; to strike down and to conquer! Aye, that is our part, and we will do it! In the name of our dear country, and with the help of God, we will do it!" (Loud cheers.)

There seemed to be some slight uncertainty upon the part of God. No sooner was the convention ready for business than the "irrepressible conflict" broke out. The convention was deluged with resolutions and fiery speeches. The issue was simple — frightfully simple. The political existence of the Douglas men depended upon their being able to come before the North with a platform which could be construed as a reaffirmation of "popular sovereignty." Upon this particular point the platform of the party adopted at Cincinnati four years before had been carefully ambiguous. All that they asked now was that this careful ambiguity might be retained; but this the Southerners would by no means grant. It was for this that they had come to the convention — to secure an express repudiation of the "popular sovereignty heresy," and a declaration for congressional protection of Slavery. The Douglas men were in a majority, and so they might easily have their will; but if they did so, the Southern delegates would leave the convention — the party would break in half.

The Northerners were frantic in their dismay; they found that all the usual convention methods were futile. They had money to spend, and a hundred million dollars a year in Federal patronage to pledge. But it was of no avail. It is said that they promised every office in their gift ten times over — "foreign missions, collectorships, indeed, all the offices within the gift of the President, are the currency here," wrote one. But it was of no avail. The "Committee on Platform" presented two reports. One referred the question to the Supreme Court, which was a way of being ambiguous; the other promised protection

to "property," not only in the territories, but "upon the high seas" — which meant recognition of the African slave trade.

Several speeches, pro and con, were made, with bickering and bitter recrimination. Then suddenly a hush fell upon the convention. A delegate had arisen, and was coming to the platform — it was William Lowndes Yancey!

The hour of Yancey's lifetime was come. For twenty-seven years he had toiled and battled, with tongue and pen, at public meetings, at political conventions, at legislative caucuses; in spite of obloquy, in spite of ridicule, — warning, imploring, exhorting. And now at last his every statement had been verified, his every prediction come true, his every measure adopted! They were here from Virginia to Texas to support him — the whole power of the South behind them, the South as he had dreamed it, awakened, aggressive, alert! The South arisen, gone forth to meet her foes, girding on her sword as she went! Was it any wonder that when they saw him they bounded to their feet with a roar? The volleys of their cheering rolled through the hall in deafening billows of sound; and outside, the city listened, knowing that Yancey had come.

For an hour and a half he held them spell-bound by the torrents of his eloquence. For the first time now in his whole life he spoke no longer to the South — his work with the South was done, and he turned to face the enemy. He went to the roots of things as he always did; he told them what was the cause of all their trouble — that they had never come upon the high ground which the South demanded — that they had never asserted that Slavery was right! "If you had taken the position that Slavery was right and therefore ought to be, you would have triumphed," was the burden of his great oration. "But you have gone down before the enemy, so that they have put their foot upon your neck! When I was a schoolboy in the Northern States, Abolitionists were pelted with rotten eggs! But now this band of Abolitionists has spread and grown into three bands, — the Black Republican, the Free-soilers,

and the Squatter-sovereignty men — all representing the common sentiment that Slavery is wrong ! "

There were two days of arguing and expostulating ; then the Northern platform was adopted — and one by one the Southern delegations withdrew from the convention. Glenn of Mississippi mounted a chair, his face ashen gray, his eyes glaring in a frenzy of passion. For twenty minutes he spoke, and he brought the Southern delegates to their feet, wild with excitement. " Go your way," he shouted, — " we will go ours ! The South leaves you — but not like Hagar, driven into the wilderness, friendless and alone! I tell Southern men here, and, for them, I tell the North, that in less than sixty days you will find a united South standing side by side with us ! "

So they went out, seven States in all ; but there were some for whom even this was not enough, and one of them arose the next day and explained his point of view, which was that the doctrine of protection to Slavery in the territories was " a mere abstraction." " You have cut off the supply of slaves," he said ; " you have crippled the institution of Slavery in the States by your unjust laws. I would ask our Northern friends to give us all our rights, and take off the ruthless restrictions which cut off the supply of slaves from foreign lands. I tell you, fellow-Democrats, that the African slave trader is the true Union man ! (Cheers and laughter.) Gentlemen, we are told upon high authority that there is a certain class of men who 'strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.' Now Virginia, which authorizes the buying of Christian men, separating them from their wives and children, from the relations and associations amid which they have lived for years, rolls up her eyes in holy horror when I would go to Africa to buy a savage, and introduce him to the blessings of civilization and Christianity. If any of you Northern Democrats will go home with me to my plantation in Georgia, but a little way from here, I will show you some darkeys I bought in Maryland, and some that I bought in Virginia, some in Delaware, some in North Carolina, some in Florida ; and

I will also show you the pure African, the noblest Roman of them all!"

With this in their ears, the delegates went home — having adjourned their convention to await the action of the Republicans at Chicago, where all men now saw clearly that the next President of the Republic must be named.

For the Republican convention there had been constructed an enormous "wigwam," a wooden building capable of seating ten thousand persons. The new city of Chicago had at that time one hundred thousand inhabitants, but during the convention it had a third as many again. Never before had such crowds been seen, never such an uproar. The Republican party was no longer in the hands of enthusiasts — it was grown up, and on the way to power, and the office-seekers and wire-pullers were thronging to it in force. The Seward workers had come by the thousands, decorated with badges and led by a uniformed band; they had barrels of money to spend, it was said, and at their headquarters champagne was as free as water. Their delegation was a strange one — it included a gang under the command of "Tom Hyer," a prize-fighter — and also George William Curtis, the author.

The chances were all with the great New York senator. For years he had been the chief man of the party. He was a statesman of intellect; he was popular with the people; and he had not been too fastidious to be popular with the politicians. The trouble was with the doubtful states, which feared him because of his very prominence. He had been the leader of the antislavery agitation; and people were afraid of his "higher law doctrine," as it was called — by which a man was held not bound to return fugitive slaves. Could not some one be found equally acceptable to the East, but less conspicuously radical than he?

Out in Chicago the people had one to offer; from all over the State they swarmed to yell for him, and to lead them they hired a man whose voice they declared could

be heard above any tempest that had ever raged on Lake Michigan. Also they had decorated the city here and there with fence rails which their candidate had split — there were three thousand of them, it was said, down in the Sangamon bottom. "Honest Abe," they called him, and his friends loved him wonderfully, and were working for him like fiends.

He had allies in the East, also — a mighty one in Horace Greeley, who was at odds with Seward, and trying to beat him. The great editor was one of the sights of the convention — the crowds flocked round him everywhere he turned; he was sublimely unconscious of it all, having the blessed gift of absent-mindedness. Queer stories were told of this faculty of his — how once in company the hostess, seeing that he could not be stopped in his discoursing, and wearying of offering him refreshments, put the plate of doughnuts into his hands, hoping that he might eat one. He did so, without ceasing his talk — he ate them all, to the consternation of the company.

Twenty thousand people could not get into the "wigwam" when the convention assembled. Upstairs the galleries were reserved for "gentlemen accompanied by ladies"; and frantic was the search for ladies that resulted. "Schoolgirls were found in the street," records a correspondent, "and given a quarter each to see a gentleman in." One of the Seward "irrepressibles" — so they called themselves — subsidized an Irish washerwoman, with a bundle under her arms; and yet another tried to run the gantlet with an Indian squaw, whom he had found selling moccasins upon the street. At this, however, it is recorded that the authorities demurred. There was a vehement debate — as to whether or not a squaw was a lady. It was finally decided that she was not, and the applicant went away lamenting the fact that the Republican party was fallen from its high estate.

On the evening of the second day all things pointed to Seward. The balloting began the next morning, and the country was told that his nomination was sure. But

through the night, while processions were yelling and bands serenading, the delegations were consulting, and the Lincoln men were working like mad — threatening, cajoling, imploring. The Seward leaders had ceased work, counting the battle won — when Lincoln's managers stole away the delegations of Indiana and Pennsylvania by promises of two cabinet positions for their members. In this they disobeyed the orders of their chief — but he thought best to keep the promise all the same!

A breathless silence prevailed while the roll was called in the morning. A majority was necessary. At the first ballot Seward had 173½ and Lincoln 102 — 233 being necessary to a choice. "Call the roll!" shouted the delegates, wild with excitement; and upon the second ballot Vermont came over to Lincoln — and then the Pennsylvania vote was delivered, counting 44. The Seward men turned white. The total was Seward 184½, and Lincoln 181. The moment was intensely dramatic — the house was as still as death. Every man was keeping count for himself; and when at the end of the third balloting it was seen that Lincoln was nominated by two votes, a yell burst forth which caused hundreds to stop their ears in pain. A man upon the roof signalled the news to the countless thousands outside; and after that the cannon which were fired upon the roof could not be heard.

To Boston — to Allan Montague, and to all with whom he talked — the tidings of this nomination came as a shock, causing dismay, almost despair. It was but one demonstration more of the weakness of a political system which inevitably passed over the leader, the man of power, for some colorless individual who had not frightened the dull and cowardly by too deep love of the truth. For a score of years and more the mighty Seward had been fighting this battle of freedom; and now at last, when victory was in sight, to fall back on the argument that your candidate had split rails! Four years had Seward been a governor and ten a senator; and now his party had deposed him and chosen one whom the enemy could call — as did the

New York *Herald* — "an uneducated man, a mere vulgar village politician."

Of course, however, none of these things could be said in public; there was nothing for the East to do but to put on a brave face and get to work. The senator himself, swallowing his chagrin, toured the country in his rival's support, delivering a series of magnificent speeches. And he was only one among thousands. It was the last effort of the long, weary contest to tear the government of the country out of the hands of the slave power. — "We judge," wrote Horace Greeley, "that the number of speeches made during the recent campaign has been quite equal to that of all that were made in the previous presidential canvasses from 1789 to 1856, inclusive."

The scent of victory was in the air — the enemy was disorganized and in despair. The Charleston convention had reassembled at Baltimore, and had nominated Douglas; the seceding delegates had thereupon put forth a ticket of their own, with a declaration for congressional protection of Slavery.

The young Republicans organized themselves as "Wide-awakes," and they marched in grand processions of twenty and thirty thousand, wearing caps and capes, carrying torches, singing songs, and shouting for "Lincoln and Hamlin." In Boston there was formed a regiment of "rail-splitters," all six-feet-two in height; they bore transparencies upon which was exhibited the fact that their ticket had been providentially determined: ABRA-HAM-LIN-COLN. At the South men read of these things with execration; "*the fanatical diabolical Republican party*," they called it in one campaign document. The head of the ticket, having been born in Kentucky, was known as "the Southern renegade"; also they called him the "human baboon" and the "man-ape," which would seem to be the *ne plus ultra* of the rhetoric of disapprobation. The nominee for Vice-President, the governor of Maine, chanced to be a man of dark complexion, and on the stump it was freely asserted that he was a mulatto.

"Lincoln will be elected," declared Mr. Stephens, in a

newspaper interview, "and the result will undoubtedly be an attempt at secession and revolution." The governor of South Carolina had already sent letters to the governors of the other "cotton States" proposing coöperation; and on the day before election day he sent a message to his legislature advising secession and threatening war — recommending among other things the preparing of a force of ten thousand volunteers, and the arming of "every white man in the State between the ages of eighteen and forty-five." The North read of these proceedings, and could not believe what they meant. "Who's afraid?" cried Seward, laughing; and answered, "Nobody's afraid!"

So they talked also in Boston. Allan discussed it one night with his cousin Jack, chancing to meet him coming home from the armory. Jack Otis was now in his second year at the Law School, and had just been chosen a lieutenant in the Massachusetts Fifth. He was on his way home from drill, resplendent in a new uniform and with a silver-mounted sword presented by a college fraternity.

"It's too old a story," he said. "Why, Allan, they have carried elections with it ever since you and I were children! How long do they suppose they can keep it up?"

"But they mean it, Jack!" Allan answered. "They always did mean it, and they mean it this time more than ever."

"I've no doubt they think they do," was the reply. "Wait until we've called the bluff, and see!"

"You think they'll give in?"

"I do," said Jack. "So does every one. So long as it's only talk, the fire-eaters have it all their own way; but don't you suppose that when it comes to *action*, there'll be some men with common sense to be heard?"

"I wish you knew the people as I do," Allan remarked.

"You know one family of millionnaire aristocrats," was his cousin's retort, "and you call that knowing the South!" Jack paused a moment, and then went on, — "They may try to, I grant you; but what I say is they will be

stopped very quickly. Do you mean to tell me you think that any crowd of slaveholding politicians can wreck this government without any one's lifting a hand?"

"Will you help?" the other inquired.

And Jack hesitated a moment, then broke into a laugh. "I promised the governor I'd see this law grind through," he said, "but, Lord, how I hate it! And just imagine me refusing to go South on a picnic party, at the pleasantest time of the year!"

"There might be fighting," suggested Allan.

"There wouldn't be much, I fear — not enough for me. God knows I'd agree to let them tie me up and whip me, if they'd only hold out till after exams!"

There was no use trying to get Jack Otis to take anything seriously, and Allan made no reply; but he had a picture in his mind of his cousin Randolph — and of the debonair Massachusetts lieutenant, with his silver-mounted sword, marching into Wilkinson County on a picnic party!

All things in life had been of the picnic order to Jack — and to most of his regiment, in fact. Theirs was one of the "crack" organizations of the state militia, and most of the officers were rich young society fellows — college boys, whose ideas of military duty were connected with dress parades and cotillons. Every one of its companies had its own uniform, and a gorgeous one; they owned their armory, and elected their officers, and had their own way in general. But their Saturday night drills were things to be seen; and when the files emerged triumphant from some impossible evolution, and the girls waved their flags and cheered, the officers' hearts beat high, and rebellion seemed a hazardous adventure.

Gay and full of spirits, open-hearted, and affectionate, Allan's golden-haired and handsome cousin was the life of one of these companies. They had made him a lieutenant, and when it came to a dance or to private theatricals, he was a captain by brevet. It was very much to the detriment of his studies, as his father saw with dismay; but Jack, who was both a little dissipated and still more extravagant, was hopelessly cheerful and clever, and as im-

pervious to rebuke as a duck to rain. Jack regarded with disapproval his cousin's serious views of life ; and whenever Allan ventured his idea of what it would mean to put down the insubordination of the South, and his opinion that the doings of the "Cambridge Tigers" — so the company was called — was not at all adequate training for the work, Jack would merely inquire maliciously in what respect the other's preparations were better.

And so came election day, and Abraham Lincoln received one hundred and eighty out of three hundred and three electoral votes, and carried every free State save New Jersey. And in the next morning's papers, along with the wonderful tidings, came a strange report of excitement in Charleston — of frantic crowds on the streets, of bonfires, cannon, processions, serenades, and stump speeches. A United States senator had stood in the window of a hotel and harangued a howling mob — bidding them "unfurl the palmetto flag." "Fling it to the breeze!" he had shouted, "and ring the clarion notes of defiance in the ears of an insolent foe!"

CHAPTER VII

THE victory was won; but "Wideawake" processions melted quickly, and Republican enthusiasm fell silent, in the face of this news. The excitement continued; the day after election business in Charleston was suspended, and everywhere to be seen were "lone-star flags" and "palmetto cockades." Impossible of belief, the judge of the United States District Court and the United States District-Attorney both formally resigned their offices. And on the following day the legislature of the State called a convention to declare its withdrawal from the Union!

The North stood still, amazed. The thing went on, faster and faster. The senators of the State resigned next. There were meetings for the ratification of the legislature's action — fireworks and bonfires, bands and serenades, parades of "minutemen," raisings of "liberty poles." Day by day the newspapers of the city chronicled their doings, and similar doings all over the South — "The March of the Revolution," as one of them termed it. Alabama and Mississippi had called conventions; the legislature of Georgia appropriated a million dollars for the purpose of arming the State. To the latter Mr. Toombs had delivered a furious harangue. "I ask you to give me the sword!" he had cried. "If you do not give it to me, as God lives, I will take it myself!"

They really meant to secede, then, these wild people, exclaimed the North. But what was the matter with them? Was it on account of Lincoln? Why, he was so little of an antislavery man that Wendell Phillips had called him a "slave hound." And what harm could he do, anyway — his party could not even command either branch of Congress! To break up the country upon such a pretext — why, it was preposterous!

And yet they were in earnest — day by day the thing was becoming more clear. The people turned to their leaders for counsel; but the leaders were as much at sea as the people. Some among the Republicans cried "Treason!" and invoked the example of Jackson, who had vowed his "By the Eternal" to hang the South Carolina nullifiers nearly thirty years before. But, alas! poor Mr. Buchanan was no Jackson. For ten or twelve years the old gentleman had made his living by crying "Wolf!" to the Northern States; they had seen fit to laugh at him, and now it was not in human nature that he should be very much enraged at their finding his predictions coming true.

In so far as there were any precedents at all in this crisis, the hope of the distracted country lay in a "compromise." The South was violent for the third time; what did she want? The radicals and the agitators were frightened into silence, and the voices of the conservatives began now to be heard; there commenced a defection from the Republican ranks, the bankers and merchants leading. The stock market was in confusion, banks were suspending — ruin stared the country in the face.

All eyes were turned upon Congress, which met early in the following month. The first thing was the President's message — he had taken counsel with Senator Davis upon it, and it proved to be a long sermon, addressed to the free States, upon the wickedness and folly of their ways. For the troubles which had come upon it, the North had nothing to blame but its own "long-continued and intemperate interference" with the South. "Self-preservation," the President explained, "is the first law of nature. And no political union, however fraught with blessings and benefits in all other respects, can long continue, if the necessary consequence be to render the homes and the firesides of nearly half the parties to it habitually and hopelessly insecure." So far as the message dealt with the future, its doctrines were summed up by Senator Seward: (1) "That no State has a right to secede unless it wishes to; and (2) that it is the President's duty to

enforce the laws unless somebody opposes him." Pitiful, indeed, was the figure of this half-imbecile old man, who after half a century of political time-serving, was now whirled out into this seething caldron of passion. The destinies of a nation lay in his keeping — and he was drifting hither and thither, flung about by a raging tempest, without a compass, without a rudder, without a sail.

With a firm hand and a swift movement this half-hatched cockatrice of rebellion might have been stifled in its shell. But for forty years the Southerners had been the masters, and this feeble gentleman the servant; and now in the cabinet and the council chamber, arrogant and domineering, they kept him on his knees. He was in terror of bloodshed, and day and night they plied him with threats of it. In the harbor of Charleston were four military works belonging to the United States government. One of them, Fort Sumter, had cost a million dollars, and was now without a garrison, and with enemies arming and drilling day and night in front of it. In command of another of them, Fort Moultrie, was Major Anderson, with sixty men. He had warned the government of his peril — as General Scott had done before him; but the Secretary of War, one Floyd, was a secessionist, and no troops were sent. Troops could do nothing, was the argument — the one hope was in a "compromise."

All the border States were proclaiming this, crying for an adjustment. Foremost among their representatives was Crittenden of Kentucky, the "Nestor of the Senate," the successor of Henry Clay. On December 18th he introduced his measures — calling for six amendments to the Constitution, in the interest of Slavery. It was to be explicitly declared that Congress had no power to interfere with the institution in the slave States; also Slavery was to be recognized south of the Missouri Compromise line of 36° 30′ in all the territories "now held or hereafter acquired" — the last phrase referring, of course, to Cuba, Mexico, and Central America, which the Southern leaders meant to subdue. Three days later the South Carolina convention assembled, and passed unanimously its "Ordi-

nance" declaring the dissolution of the Union between that State and the United States of America.

The bells of the churches rang out this news ; cannon proclaimed it, and handbills confirming it were scattered about the streets. The people organized themselves into impromptu processions — one band of young men marched to the tomb of Calhoun, where they pledged their solemn vows upon their knees. That evening the delegates met, in the midst of a vast concourse, and the formal signing of the Ordinance took place. Overhead swung a banner portraying the old Union as an arch in ruins ; and a new one raised above it, of slave States only, with South Carolina as the central stone. That night Paul Hamilton Hayne, the Charleston poet, was visited by the muse, and composed a "Song of Deliverance." "O glorious Motherland," began one stanza, and ended with the outburst, "Off with the livery of disgrace, the baldric of the slave !"

In spite of such things, in the North men went on praying for the "compromise." The Republicans in Washington stood appalled at the course of events. Abolitionist meetings were once more being broken up by mobs in Boston, a thing the country had not seen for twenty-five years. Petitions were pouring into Congress, signed by tens and hundreds of thousands, and even Senator Seward was said to be on the point of giving up.

Shut up in the harbor of Charleston, meanwhile, was Major Anderson with his sixty men. The Major was a Southerner and a "states-rights man," but meant to do his duty. Before him was a city in which the blare of music and the tramping of militia were to be heard day and night ; whose newspapers were clamoring for the capture of the forts, and printing the doings of the rest of the country under the heading of "Foreign News." He had in Fort Moultrie a line of ramparts to defend, nearly a quarter of a mile in length, and surrounded by sand-hills from which his men might be picked off at leisure ; Fort Sumter, on the other hand, was situated upon an island in mid channel. The Major took a bold resolve, and on the night of the

twenty-sixth of December he spiked the guns of Moultrie, cut down the flagstaff, and transferred his command to the other work.

When Charleston opened its eyes the next morning, it rubbed them hard, and then went wild with rage. The governor sent to demand from Anderson his immediate return, which was refused. South Carolina at once seized the other forts, and filled them with troops; also the government custom-house at Charleston, and the arsenal, with all its contents. Commissioners were sent to Washington to demand of the President that Anderson should be sent back, and it was said that the President was on the point of yielding. The South Carolinians were very vehement with the old gentleman — it is recorded that he pleaded they did not even give him time to say his prayers.

In the cabinet there were men who were urging on secession the while they paralyzed the President by holding up before him the consequences of resistance; also, however, there were some Northern Democrats. Step by step the demands of Slavery had drawn away one group after another of its Northern supporters — this last humiliation was too much for even the friends of Buchanan. The result was a cabinet crisis; and the Secretary of State, by threatening to resign, compelled the President to refuse the demand.

An expedition was prepared to reënforce Sumter, and it seemed then to all men as if a conflict could be only a matter of days. The vessel, an unarmed merchant steamer, appeared off the bar of Charleston harbor on the morning of the ninth of January, and the South Carolinians at once opened fire on her. But Major Anderson found himself unable to signal to the ship because the halyards of his flag were caught; and while he waited, shrinking from the fearful duty of beginning a war, the vessel turned and went out to sea again. Men read of the incident the next morning and caught their breath, wondering how much more the country would stand.

On the same day the papers told that the State of Mis-

sissippi had seceded. Florida followed a day later, and Alabama a day later than that. There was a strong sentiment for delay in Alabama, and there had been a bitter fight in the convention; Mr. Yancey had made a furious speech, denouncing the "coöperationists," as the timid were termed, comparing them with Tories, and calling them traitors and rebels, "misguided, deluded, and wicked men." Apparently Mr. Yancey did not recognize the right of secession by a portion of a State.

A week later the withdrawal of Georgia was made known, and that of Louisiana after the same interval. With Louisiana went the government mint at New Orleans, with half a million dollars in coin; and when the State of Texas seceded, which it did on the first of February, a general of the regular army surrendered to it military property worth a million or two more. Well had Mr. Davis calculated when he said, addressing the "compromise men" in the Senate, "With every motion of that clock is passing away your opportunity!"

The swiftness of such blows stunned men. The country was falling to pieces before their very eyes, and not a hand raised to prevent it. The administration had sunk once more into inactivity — there was no more attempt to reënforce Sumter, and none to save the other forts. At the North everything was paralysis and confusion; at the South, aggression and success. One knew not what to expect next — papers in Canada announced that England would recognize a Southern "confederacy," and the Richmond *Enquirer* declared that bands were organizing in Virginia to seize Washington. In Congress a bill had been offered to divide the country into four sections; and the mayor of New York now sent a message to the city council, in which he recommended the secession of that city! The metropolis sympathized with the slaveholders, and hated the rest of the State — a population which De Bow's *Review*, the literary organ of the South, had described, in discussing the proposal, as "the vile, sensual, animal, brutal, infidel, superstitious democracy . . . the whole beastly, puritanic, 'sauer-kraut,' free negro, infidel, superstitious,

licentious, democratic population, . . . the immoral, infidel, agrarian, free-love democracy of western New York!"

Here and there, to be sure, a gleam of light burst through the darkness. The Secretary of the Treasury electrified the country by sending a despatch to the commander of a revenue-cutter in Louisiana, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" But then, the secessionists did not even deliver the message, and the vessel went the way of everything else. In Washington all was in confusion; employees of the government and officers of the army were proving disloyal in such numbers that no one knew whom he could trust.

The one idea of President Buchanan had now become to bring his administration to its end without war. In this he was at one with the Southern leaders, who wished time to mature their plans; and behind the scenes there was now a struggle between them and the radicals of Charleston, to whom the presence of the stars and stripes over Sumter was a perpetual menace and insult. Charleston was wild with impatience — secession had somehow not proven a universal panacea as promised. The value of slaves was now only half what it had been before Lincoln's election; business was at a standstill, and the expenses of the military régime being twenty thousand dollars a day, it was no wonder that the city was hard to restrain. A commissioner had been sent to Washington to demand the surrender of Sumter; and receiving instead one of the interminable disquisitions of the placid President, he fell into a fury, and replied with a letter which must have made that old gentleman jump. "You next," the commissioner wrote, "attempt to ridicule the proposal as simply an offer on the part of South Carolina to buy Fort Sumter and contents as the property of the United States. . . . It is difficult to consider this as other than an intentional misconstruction. You were told that South Carolina, as a separate, independent sovereignty, would not tolerate the occupation, by foreign troops, of a military post within her limits — and this your Secretary calls a proposal to purchase!"

In Congress men were still laboring for a "compromise." It was now seen that this must mean the giving up of the cotton States; but it might still be possible to keep the border States, and to avert a civil war. Seven slave States had seceded, eight still hung in the balance, — Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Arkansas. In each of them the attempts of the "precipitators" had failed; and now the General Assembly of Virginia, expressing its wish for some settlement, came forward with the suggestion of a "peace conference," to which all of the States were requested to send delegates. These met in Washington, upon the fourth of February, ex-President Tyler being the presiding officer; the hopes of the conservatives were all in this conference, but few of the Republicans regarded it with favor. The *Tribune* described it irreverently as a "convocation of old hens, sitting upon a nest of eggs, some of which will hatch out vipers, while the rest are addled." The point of this remark lay in the belief that the secessionists were using the convention as a means of blinding the country and gaining time for their preparations. The business of dancing attendance upon the border States was one which went against the grain of the Republicans; a jingle of the time summed up the rules of the dance: "Move not a finger; 'tis coercion, the signal for our prompt dispersion. Wait till I speak my full decision, be it for Union or division. If I declare my ultimatum, accept my terms as I shall state 'em. Then I'll remain whilst I'm inclined to, seceding when I have a mind to!"

On the same day that this peace conference met, there assembled another at Montgomery, Alabama, made up of delegates from the cotton States. Their purpose was to form a Southern Confederacy, and this they proceeded with resolute swiftness to do. In five days they had drawn up and adopted their provisional constitution, and had chosen Mr. Davis their president, and Mr. Stephens their vice-president. The constitution differed but little from the one they had left behind them, save that it explicitly recognized Slavery. The African slave trade was

prohibited, out of respect to the opinions of mankind: a move which greatly displeased South Carolina, and caused the Charleston *Mercury* to predict a new secession and to declare that they were about to be "saddled" with almost every grievance against which they had fought.

In a few days more Mr. Davis was inaugurated; he named his cabinet, and then the convention, acting as a Congress, went on to provide for a loan of fifteen millions of dollars, and the raising of a hundred thousand volunteers. It took over "all questions and difficulties" then existing with the old Republic, and it named commissioners to treat concerning them. Also it named others — of whom Mr. Yancey was one — to hasten abroad and secure the recognition of England and the nations of Europe: all of which had a very businesslike and serious aspect. "We will maintain our rights and our government at all hazards," Mr. Davis had said, as he entered the city, amid thundering of cannon and deafening cheers. "We ask nothing; we want nothing; and we will have no complications."

CHAPTER VIII

It was a matter to make a man rub his eyes. For half a century this thing, Secession, had been like some monster of the deep, rearing its crest now and then from the troubled depths of the sea; now for the first time it had emerged, and stood with its full form revealed. And men gazed at it terrified. The country torn in half! The Union severed! Its States organized with a new government, a new name, a new flag! And turning their arms against their sister States — sending to Europe for help against them!

It was a thing one could not realize all at once. It was a horror without end. It had a way of coming upon one suddenly, overwhelmingly, like a rush of waters; it broke open before one in vista upon vista of despair, making him shudder in every limb. It stretched out into the future without end — the farther one saw the more fearful it loomed, until he buried his head in his arms, and cried out to be free from the sight of it. Why — there was nothing left of America, there was nothing left in the world that a man could live for!

And yet it was real — as real as the day; it was here, there was no getting away from it! Portentous, enormous, it was here; unassailable as Alp or Himalaya; defiant and aggressive, hideous, leering into your face. It haunted you, it followed you about, wherever you went, whatever you did, a presence that was not to be put by. It acted upon men like the ringing of a fire bell — insistent, incessant; the student left his books and the workingman his bench, forgetting all things for this. In groups upon street corners men discussed it — in newspapers, in churches, in public meetings and in legislative halls they talked of nothing else.

It called to Allan, with the rest; it took hold of him as

no other public question ever had. He had been wrought up by the inroads of Slavery; but Slavery was nothing to this. Slavery you could put off; you could stop thinking about it, you could turn your thoughts to affairs of your own, and have only a twinge of conscience now and then to trouble you. But it was idle to try to have any peace in the face of this thing—no man not a caitiff could live a moment and not share in its agony and distress. The ship of state was on the rocks.

Those on board cried out for help—with the shrill insistence of despair. The agony of the thing was this—that no man knew what to do, but every man knew that to do nothing was ruin, and that the next instant it might be too late to do anything. To be drifting helplessly with the breakers in sight was more than human nerves could bear. Was the deliverance to be found in a compromise? If so, then it must be quickly; to-morrow new States might go out, to-morrow those that remained were sure to be more unsettled, more exacting. Were those which had seceded to be brought back by force? Then there was more need than ever of haste; every day they were stronger, every day they were more accustomed to the thought of independence. Was peaceable secession to be the course—was the North to say, in the words of General Scott, "Wayward sisters, depart in peace"? In that case the urgency was greatest of all. Down in Charleston harbor lay Major Anderson, beleaguered, cut off from his government, walled in by hostile forts; and there it lay in the power of some rash hand at any instant to fire a shot that would drench a continent in human blood. Day by day one could see the fires of hatred, North and South, fanned higher by the wrangling over that wretched fort. Allan could feel that in his own person; he hated this rebellion which had struck at his country's flag—but most of all he hated it because it was the work of South Carolina. When one thought of South Carolina, he thought of Calhoun and the nullifiers, of Sumner and his assassin. It was hard to think of civil war in general—but easy to think of it with the constituents of Preston Brooks.

The passion of it smouldered in him ; it was of no use to try to feel about this as if it were an abstract question, a matter of the phraseology of the Constitution, the intention of the founders, the rights of the minority, the sovereignty of the States. Grant all the rights they claimed, and you had not touched the main thing ; what was it that was breaking up the Union — what was it that had struck the blow? It was the black, piratical power that had fought down the nation since Allan had opened his eyes to political affairs — that had built a wall across its pathway — that was beating it back from its goal, despoiling it of its priceless heritage — it was *Slavery!* Brutal, blind, and ruthless as it was, it had held the land by the throat for a generation. By hatred, prejudice, intimidation at the North, by jail and whipping-post, mobs and assassinations at the South, it had kept the power in its hands ; and its crimes — who could count its crimes? The African slave trade, the Mexican War, the Cuban and Nicaraguan filibusters, the Kansas raid, the Sumner assault ! And now the sceptre had been torn from its hands — and it had turned and struck down the altar of the nation, shattered it into fragments, and stood unpunished, mocking, safe from all rebuke !

A right to break up the Union? Yes, no doubt — for a right reason. But a right to break it up for *Slavery?* That was the thing — that was the very heart of it, and see that you did not miss it ! If it had been for any right reason, they would never have wanted to break it up. What reason could there be for secession from such a union? A union of States devoted to freedom — loving peace and order — caring only for progress and the welfare of mankind. What reason, before God, but a bad reason? What reason but the reason of the "K. G. C."?

The centre of the "Golden Circle" was Havana ; its periphery began in Maryland and extended through the cotton States, through Mexico and Central America, to the shores of the Caribbean. "The Knights of the Golden Circle" was a secret order of the proslavery extremists of the far South. It had existed there and done

its work of agitation for many years, and people had merely laughed at it; but now it numbered its members by tens of thousands — it was said to have its "castle" in every town in Texas. Its task had been to "fire the Southern heart" with the vision of the great slave empire which was to arise within the bounds of the magic circle. The independence of the slave States once made sure, its armies would sweep over this land with the rush of a tornado; nothing could withstand them, and when they were intrenched they would reopen the African trade and fill up the country with millions of negroes. And of this empire the monarch was to be Cotton: Cotton, which only the South could grow, and which England, Old and New, must have — which was to hold the world in thrall. "You dare not make war on Cotton!" a South Carolinian had cried out exultingly in the Senate. "No power on earth dares to make war upon Cotton! COTTON IS KING!"

And it was for this that the Union was to perish, that the hope of mankind was to fail. It was for this that the grandsons of Washington and of Jefferson were to shatter the temple that Washington and Jefferson had reared. Throughout all this long agony Allan seemed to hear his grandfather's voice in his ear, seemed to see his face before him, as he lay dying, but still pleading for the land he had loved so long. "Cherish it! Guard it!" he had whispered to them so often. "There is no land like it in the world, there is no hope like it in the world; and when you go out into life and meet selfish men and base men — do not let them deceive you, *and do not let them have their way!*" Now they had had it; and Freedom stood upon her mountain heights, and wrung her hands in her despair.

Long ago Allan had flung aside the foolish arguments for "the constitutional right of secession." Such arguments would deceive those who wished to be deceived — none others. Even supposing that one were to grant that right to the sovereign States of South Carolina and Georgia — the right to annul the compact by which they had entered the Union; what then of the States of Florida and

Louisiana and Mississippi, which now claimed equally the right? Florida, that had been purchased from Spain by the money of the whole nation, and Louisiana and Mississippi that had been purchased from France! It was notorious that it was nothing but the military and naval power of the whole nation, such as it then was, that had kept England from gobbling up the last two States, purchase or no purchase; and yet now they would take themselves off, without even so much as "By your leave!"

And where was the thing to stop, if each State had such a right? How long would it be before new differences would arise—differences between agricultural and manufacturing States, for one thing, leading to the withdrawal of the West? And California, bought from Mexico, might also leave whenever her interests dictated? The government had just put down a revolt of the Mormons in the territory of Utah—and now all the Mormons had to do was to be admitted as a State, and then secede? And New Mexico, also purchased at a cost of millions—her population was mainly Mexican, and all they had to do was to be admitted as a State, and then secede and return to their mother-land? Once let such news get about—why, what would prevent any foreign nation from colonizing the territories of the United States—what would prevent Canadians from filling Oregon—or Russians, or Chinamen, if they chose—and then seceding? Or the Germans in Pennsylvania? Or the Irish in New York? One could not trust entirely the disinterestedness of a people which advanced an argument with such consequences as those.

A slave empire such as the South had begun could of course not endure, that much was evident to any man; it was founded upon the everlasting lie, and decay and ruin would be its destiny. "Let them go, then," said some, perceiving this. "Let them have their way—let them try it! They will get tired, and then they will come back." There was reason in the argument; and those who held it watched the storm-clouds gather over Sumter with sick and fainting hearts. If once it came to fighting,

then this hope was gone forever; whatever happened then — there could never more be a Union. How absurd it was, the idea that States could be driven back at the point of the bayonet, to become members of a free Republic! Better a thousand times that they should go — that they should have their will — so only we keep somewhere safe the free institutions our fathers left us! After all, what is the South to us — what has it ever been to us, but a hindrance? And have we really no greatness but in our size? Why, all Greece was not one-half as large as the State of New York — let us try to be as great as was Greece! May we not mind our own affairs, and save our sons from death and horror, and let the slave power run its own Satan's course? Surely this is noble, and not cowardly; and surely we may look forward to a happy time when mankind will know how to honor such a decision, to respect a nation which scorns to stand upon force!

To these arguments came others, perplexing to the soul, destructive of sleep. No, a war would not make the Union impossible — nothing could make it impossible but the recognizing of secession. Every day that you left the South alone, you did something to make it impossible; if you had struck at the first move, the crisis would have been over by now. And you talk of their going to ruin, and you standing by — do you think that you can live next to such neighbors, and not be dragged down with them, step by step? They spurn you as dogs already; what will they do when you cower once more before their threats? They are writing insulting notes to your poor old President — what will their ambassadors do when you meet them to arrange the thousand and one details of your submission? And you will give them everything and retire in dignity — fools, they will be claiming something new before six months are by! You are going to give up the fort and surrender the arsenals — but what are you going to do about copyrights and patents — about the railroads and telegraphs you own there — about the two hundred million dollars their merchants owe to yours, and

that they are going to sequester? What are you going to do about the tens of thousands of slaves who will come pouring into your borders — about the quarrels and raids that will take place there? Do you not see that if you never should fight, they would never stop until they had walked all over you? You prate of peace — of scorning force — can you not understand these men are *slave drivers?* That they know nothing but force, that they respect nothing but force, that their whole political system is nothing but the incarnation and the apotheosis of force? No — let them go, and what you will do from the very start — what you are beginning to do right now — is to enter into a race with them in military preparation; and in ten years you will be as Germany and France are now, and your people will have bent their heads to the yoke of standing armies and conscriptions. Do you not see the dreadful peril of the nation — that the only hope is in the fact that your non-recognition of this rebellion makes it impossible for Europe to recognize it, without committing an act of war? Once yield, and they follow, and then you have intrigues and alliances — and your place in the world is gone forever! Do you not think that the aristocracy of England and the despot of France will know where their interests lie in such a quarrel? You look for an era of peace and freedom — of peace with this pirate power at your side! Do you not see that the one chance of an era of peace for centuries to come lay in the experiment which we were trying here? How else could peace be brought to the world so quickly as by a power such as we were to be — too strong to be attacked, too strong to need to attack others? It was our dream to stand to mankind for democratic institutions — to be the hope of the struggling masses all over the world; and now we are to fall to pieces — and the monarchies of Europe will have centuries added to their lease of life.

So talked the young men of Boston, the men of Harvard, with whom Allan argued. These people were quiet, and not given to blustering; it was a sign of the times now

that all over the city drill clubs were organizing, that night after night these men were being made into soldiers. They said nothing about it until they were asked ; but Allan was startled to learn that some of them were sleeping upon the floor by the open window on cold winter nights, wrapped only in a blanket. There was one slightly-built gentleman who had been the poet of Allan's class, and who was now married and a father, but walked twenty miles every day, with his pockets filled with lead ; he was wealthy, and had been tenderly reared, and he owned it was hard ; "but you see," he explained to Allan, "you can't expect uneducated men to understand about this thing."

Allan had private interests which might well have influenced his hopes in the matter. He had an inheritance worth, perhaps, half a million dollars, in Mississippi ; and while the income of it still came to him regularly, and without trouble, he had no way of knowing how long this might continue. The agreement by which he was kept from disposing of the land and freeing the slaves as he had promised, expired early in the coming month of April ; and it was his dearly cherished plan to bring them North and to establish them with Mr. Coffin's help. Meantime, however, the war talk had, perhaps, cut the value of the place in half, and an actual outbreak of hostilities might repeat that process, to say nothing of the tremendous difficulties it would throw in the way of his plans. Yet these considerations were not what influenced him ; if, in the presence of the clear-cut resolve of his friends, he found himself cowardly and weak, he could at least be sure that this was not the reason. He would have given an arm, he felt, to be able to take their view of the prospect ; he would not have feared the hardships — they would have given him an appetite again, and he was sick with uncertainty and despair. He cursed himself in the words of Hamlet, "A dull and muddy mettled rascal — like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause ! "

Yet he knew that the truth was not this — it was that

he saw farther, he saw that the thing these men meant to do was not possible. He knew the South, he knew the task. The first shot that was fired would send the border States out of the Union — there would be fifteen States to conquer, nine or ten millions of white people, as brave, as alert, as determined as ever had lived upon earth. And upon their home ground, in the midst of their forest wildernesses, their mountain passes, their eight or nine hundred thousand square miles of territory, to conquer and subdue them would be a task the like of which history had never seen performed. The wealth of the nation would not be equal to it — the lives of the nation would not be equal to it. And it was to be done by the nation as it was — spiritless, despairing, impotent ; tangled up in legal quibbles, while the very roof-trees of the building were falling about its ears ; in the midst of a crisis the like of which no country had ever faced before — and without a principle, without a leader, without a care, save for partisan advantage, and the state of trade. It was all very well for a few ardent Republicans to be going to drill clubs ; the Republicans had been in a popular minority at the election, and since then nearly all of them had given way, and were offering themselves to the South to be kicked. And the old Conservatives — and the Democrats — you were going to get a war out of them! They were jeering at you, spitting in your face, for joy at your discomfiture, — and you were going to get a war out of them! The infamous New York *Herald* — the wild Irish mob of the city — you were going to lead *them* upon an antislavery crusade into the South! Far more likely would you find justified the prediction made continually by their leading politicians — that if there was any fighting it would all be at the North — that no regiment for the subjugation of the South would ever get through that metropolis alive.

"But the new administration," they answered, when Allan argued thus, — "will not a bold policy rally the people?" He would have been glad to believe it ; he

longed for the attempt — he looked for the first sign of it. The President-elect had given none, so far; but the time for his inauguration drew near, and he set out for Washington, and on the way he was of course compelled to make speeches. Boston was, speaking generally, not prejudiced in favor of six-foot rail-splitters as Presidents; and these speeches were awaited with anxiety, and read with dismay. The new President's remarks were full of flippant and tactless sentences. Upon the question of the hour he had nothing better to offer to a distracted country than the opinion that there was "nothing going wrong," that there was "nobody hurt," that there was "no crisis but an artificial one." His main reliance, at a pinch, seemed to be the statement that he had not prepared a speech, but had merely come to see the people, and to give the people a chance to see him — and that he had very much the better of the bargain. Now perhaps it was true, as a diarist of the time noted down, that the coming President was "the most ill-favored son of Adam" ever seen; but what atrocious taste it was to keep making speeches about it! Also he developed a fondness for an amazing procedure which he called "putting backs with" people — with the tall men of the communities he passed through — to demonstrate that they were not as tall as he! And finally there was an unspeakable incident of a young girl who had written him that she thought he would be "prettier" if he "let his whiskers grow." Now when she greeted him in the crowd he kissed her, calling her "Grace," and remarking that he had done as she asked. The next morning the dignified New York *Tribune* came out with the head-line, "OLD ABE KISSED BY A PRETTY GIRL," and the end of all things seemed near at hand. Boston trusted that this was the climax, but was to be disappointed yet again, as it proved. Shortly afterward it opened its eyes one morning and read that Mr. Lincoln had abandoned his programme at Philadelphia, and sneaked ignominiously through Baltimore at night, disguised, so the papers all declared, in a "night-cap and a long military cloak." The truth was that his friends

had unearthed a plot in which the chief of police in Baltimore and numerous Southern leaders were said to be involved, to have his railroad train mobbed by the "plug-uglies" of that city, and himself stabbed to death by a band of assassins. This, however, the country did not know, and the Democratic press jeered derisively, while the Republicans in secret almost cried.

The sporting men of Baltimore had laid wagers, at odds, that he would never get through the city; and at the South it was the general belief that he would never be inaugurated. That the prediction was not realized the country owed to General Scott, who was now the senior officer of the army. The general was a Virginian born, and was now so old and overfed that he was not able to move without help; but he did his duty in this crisis, and he saved the state. His troops were not visible, but they were there, and the secessionists who thronged Washington knew also that their guns were loaded with ball. The President read his Inaugural address undisturbed, and while he read it Senator Douglas stood by and held his hat, meaning this for a sign that he intended to support the administration. Whatever Douglas did, he did boldly, and he had now come out against secession. As he stood for a million of voters, the country found this a joyful sign.

The Inaugural pleased Boston better than the speeches. The President took much pains to be apologetic; he had no intention of interfering with Slavery in the States, and he intended to execute the Fugitive law; but he denied in clear and unmistakable terms the right of secession. He said that he intended scrupulously to avoid bloodshed and violence, but that the power confided to him would be used "to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts." Addressing the South, he concluded: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors."

And this was very promising for a start; but to stand still and wait for the enemy to act, while it sounded well upon paper, proved at once to be impossible in fact. It was discovered that Major Anderson was running short of provisions, and that the administration had therefore to choose definitely between supplying the fort and abandoning it. So once more the country was put upon the rack, while the new cabinet wrestled with this problem. It was complicated by the fact that the Virginia convention was in session: the secession sentiment in it ebbing and flowing visibly, day by day, with the rumors of the President's intentions. To attempt to enter Charleston harbor would most certainly mean a fight; and at the first shot the "Old Dominion" would secede.

The President had adopted the singular expedient of making up a cabinet of all his political rivals; Seward was the Secretary of State, and Chase, whom Seward hated, was the Secretary of the Treasury. Three other disappointed candidates had also been taken in. As a means of uniting the party in a crisis, and of securing the country's best talent to meet it, this was a promising plan; but a man with such a cabinet on his hands bade fair to have a lively time. The confusion became evident at the very first council — the conservatives, with Seward leading, wished to back out of the fort, while the radicals wished to hold it at all hazards. While Seward was exchanging communications with the Confederate "commissioners" who were in Washington, the President was seeking counsel, and striving to make up his mind upon this most frightful of issues. To make his situation more maddening he was overwhelmed with office-seekers, who had swarmed in from all over the country — twenty of them to every place, it was figured. Seward wrote that they packed the grounds, halls, and stairways of the White House, so that he could hardly get in or out; and the President called himself a man sitting in a building, allotting compartments, "while the structure itself is on fire and likely soon to perish in ashes."

The country looked to the President, and the President looked to the country. "I shall strive to find out what you wish," he had said, "and then I shall do it." So now he waited, and watched, while day by day the issue grew clear. Should he take his stand — should he hold the fort, and let come what would? Or should he haul down the flag — were they willing to bear the shame of that? For three months their eyes had been fixed upon it, they had written and prayed and sung about it; and now was it to come down? They would have to face the contempt of the world, they would have to face their own self-contempt; and were they sure that even if they did, it would settle the matter? The government held also Fort Pickens in Florida. Would not the South demand that? And supposing the second demand granted — would *that* be the last? Would they rest content without a formal recognition of their sovereignty — without the formal recognition of Europe? These were fearful questions; and there were men — earnest and patriotic and God-fearing men — who would not face them, who fought against them with the frenzy of despair, unable to believe that thirty millions of peace-loving people could be caught upon the horns of such a dilemma.

There was one man at least who ought to have seen it clearly — Seward, who had long ago proclaimed the truth about this struggle: "They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces!"

A conflict between Freedom and Slavery! For half a century they had been closing in — cleaving their way toward each other; and now they stood face to face, sword point to sword point. First it had been the agitators, to be resisted by mobs and by postal exclusion; then it had been slave rescues and "underground railways"; then it had been Mexico, California, Cuba; then squatter sovereignty, congressional protection, Dred Scott. And now all these were forgotten, and among thirty millions

of people there was only a single question — one little fort! All of the past was now summed up in one little fort! All the dead issues — the whole conflict — were in it — the one infinitesimal spot in an infinity of space where the points of the two swords had come together!

BOOK IV

THE STORM

CHAPTER I

In the last days of March Allan set out once more for Valley Hall.

Allan's home was still the South. It had been four years since he had left it forever, but it had never ceased to be his home; and now as the ship moved, and the chill mists of Boston vanished, and the breezes began to grow warm, the longing of it came over him. The old plantation — he was to see it once again! How plainly it all stood out in his memory! And the people — how were they? For four years he had not had a word — some of them might be dead, for all he knew. They had been incensed when he left; but surely time had mellowed their feelings — it had mellowed his, and he yearned to see them again. He yearned to see the cotton fields, flooded with sunshine. To see the moonlight on the corn! To hear the mockingbird, to watch the fireflies, and drink in the odor of jasmine and sweetbrier at twilight! Gladly would Allan have escaped from all the stern realities of the hour.

— But there was no escaping them on the steamer. It was bound for New Orleans, and the few passengers were all Southerners, and were on edge with excitement; to be at sea for a week at such a time was a sore trial. The vessel was never far from the coast, and when it was opposite Charleston they listened for the sound of guns. Rounding Florida they passed close to a schooner, and the steamer slowed up while they hailed her. But she had no news, and so when they neared the end of the journey the suspense had come to be all but unbearable.

How well Allan remembered that low coast, and all the sights of it! Those long white reefs lined with trees, over which flapped the armies of pelicans — it might have been one instead of eleven years ago that he had seen them. But when they neared their destination and the customs

boat came out to meet them, here at least was something new! — this strange three-striped flag. How he and his father would have started, had any one told them of that! And to have to have your trunk examined for duty, coming from Boston to New Orleans!

Allan soon grew used to the flag — that is, at least, to the sight of it. It floated from all the public buildings in New Orleans, and from perhaps half of the private ones. The queer old city seemed transformed into a military post; there were tents in all the public places, soldiers parading in the streets — nearly every other man one passed was clad in uniform. Where you would have looked for advertisements and theatre posters, you saw instead placards and announcements of the various volunteer companies: the Lafayette Guards, the Beauregard Rifles, the Pickwick Rifles (Mr. Charles Dickens was the author of the day); the Meagher Rifles, the German, the Spanish, the Italian volunteers. Many of the "affiches" were in French — the Creole population was even more wild with excitement than the rest. Without end and beyond belief was the variety of their uniforms — there were Turcos, and Zouaves, and Chasseurs — and other things without name. At all of it Allan stared in amazement. He had not dreamed of anything like it. To be sure, there had been talk of preparation in Massachusetts — the militia regiments had been ordered to hold themselves in readiness, and the governor of the State had brought a storm about his ears by venturing to order two thousand overcoats for them to wear in case of emergency. But here the very look upon the faces of the people was different; the air was full of menace, the bits of conversation one caught upon the streets and in the hotels had all to do with war.

The bulletin boards in front of the newspaper offices were crowded. There were rumors of war, and rumors of peace, but still no news. The "Illinois baboon" had been in office a month, and had not yet been able to choose a policy; the balance still trembled and swayed.

Allan took the steamer for Clarke's Landing; he was glad to be out of the turmoil — to see the land as he loved

it, drunk with sunlight, clothed in wonder, endlessly peaceful and still. The river was high; he could look down upon it over the levees: at the corn in tassel, and ten or twelve feet high; at the cane, dazzling in its greenness — there were oceans and oceans of it, without a break, without an undulation, far back to the distant forests. Here and there were the villas, white, with green-painted blinds, bosomed in trees, orange and lemon trees, myrtles and magnolias, peach trees, and huge moss-draped cypresses. Nowhere was there a sign of life — the gangs could not be seen for the height of the crops, and there was not a single boat upon the river or a horseman on the road. The land lay asleep; and Allan's soul cried out at the thought that it might ever awaken to the crash of war.

He landed and mounted a horse; it was mid afternoon, the fields steaming with heat, but he put it to a gallop. He was going to see Valley Hall once more! To see the boys, to see Ethel and Uncle Ben! And Aunt Jinny, and Pericles, and Taylor Tibbs! And the horses and the dogs, and the quarters and the fields of cotton! The sandy road fled by beneath him, the flower-lined hedges on each side of him — and so for an hour or two, until the landscape began to grow familiar, and his heart to thump. This was Major Potter's place, and there was the road where you turned in! Allan's thoughts fled back a dozen years or more, to the time when his father had made a political speech there, at a Fourth of July celebration. How vivid it all was! — a thunderstorm had burst in the middle of it, and Allan had wondered at the bad taste of the powers that managed thunderstorms. And over in that grove was the Hindses' house — and beyond the slope were the woods and the bayou, and at the other side the edge of the Valley Hall plantation, and the little bridge, and the turn where you saw the house!

He put spurs to his horse, and dashed on, his eyes fixed ahead. A moment later he started, as out of the deeply shadowed archway of the road came two horsemen, riding rapidly; they were in uniform, blue, with red facings. One was tall and mounted upon a great coal-black horse;

the other was smaller and rode a bay. Allan's pulses began to leap. He was near enough to see their swords shaking as they rode — yes, there was no mistake — it was the boys!

He gave a yell, and waved his hand, and galloped down upon them. They slowed up their horses, staring at him — didn't they know him? A moment or two more, and he reined up his horse before them and stretched out a hand upon each side to them, crying, "Hello!"

There was a moment's pause, while he gazed at them. Ralph had half reached out to take his hand; but Allan's eyes had been drawn toward 'Dolph, who sat erect, drawn back to his full height. His brows were knit — and suddenly he set his lips together, and gave his horse a cut that made it leap. "Go to hell!" he said, and went by like a flash, and down the road. His brother followed.

They left Allan sitting motionless, dazed. He turned and watched them vanish, his heart beating like a hammer. Long after they were out of sight he sat gazing after them; and when he rode on it was very slowly. He was not angry — he was stunned. Nothing that he had ever seen had seemed quite so much like *war* as that.

By the time that he reached the turn in the road he had become very sober, and felt in truth a little like a fool. He beat back the emotions that rose in him as he saw the house — he rode up to it as he would have ridden up to any other house.

There were two people upon the veranda: one was Ethel, and the other an old colored woman, whom Allan did not know. They were gazing at him. Allan saw that the girl was lying back, propped upon pillows. She was very pale, and the negress was fanning her. Had she been sick?

He rode near and halted the horse. "How do you do, Ethel?" he said, and raised his hat.

The girl started, and colored; she half rose, and then sank back. "How do you do, Allan?" she answered, in a low voice. She looked older — but more beautiful than ever, it seemed to him.

There was an awkward pause; then she spoke to the negress, "Mammy, go and tell some one to come for Mr. Allan's horse."

The woman went away, and Ethel looked at him again. "You have been ill?" he asked her.

"Yes," she answered.

"And how is every one, Ethel?"

"They are all very well," she said.

Again there was a pause. It was broken by an unexpected sound from within the house — the crying of an infant. Ethel started, and looked around her. "Mammy!" she called. "Mammy!"

The colored woman came around the corner of the house, running; she disappeared inside. "What is that?" Allan asked, in surprise.

"It is the baby," was Ethel's reply.

He dismounted, and gave his horse to the stable-boy, who had dashed up and stood staring and grinning. "How are you, Tom?" he said, nodding to him, and then approached the veranda.

"You did not know that I was married?" Ethel inquired.

"No," said Allan, "I did not know it. How long, Ethel?"

"More than a year," she said; "I married Billy Hinds."

"Ah," said Allan. "Billy" was the young cavalier whose devotion at the age of seventeen Allan had noted when he last visited the Hall. "Where is he?" he inquired. And the girl, who had sunk back upon the pillows, answered without turning her eyes upon him. "He is gone to the defence of his country," she said, in a low tone.

There was a silence. Allan knew not what to reply — but suddenly the girl started up, staring at him. "Allan," she cried, — "how can you bear it?"

"Bear what, Ethel?" he asked.

"Bear this — all of this — this frightful situation? How can you bear to see it, and know that you are the cause of it?"

"I, Ethel?" he exclaimed, in perplexity.

The girl half raised one trembling hand toward him. "You — you!" she cried. "Who is to blame but just

such cruel and wicked men as you? Men who hate us — who cannot leave us in peace — who have hounded us out of the Union and now want to hound us back!"

The blood had mounted into her cheeks as she spoke, and her nostrils quivered with her agitation; Ethel's eyes were very big and black, and now they were fixed upon Allan's face with a wild look. "I wonder that you can come down here!" she rushed on, impetuously. "Why *have* you come? Is it to gloat over the misery you have caused — is it any pleasure to you to know that my husband had barely an hour to gaze upon his new-born babe, before he had to go away to prepare for a war? And now he is ill at New Orleans — and I am here, and must see my two brothers start to-morrow! Go among the people around here, people who once loved you — why, you will scarcely find a family upon whom some such sorrow has not fallen!"

Allan stood, with his eyes lowered, silent before this unexpected outburst; there was bitter anguish in the girl's voice, and he did not know what to say to her. "I cannot help it, Ethel," he began at last; but she cut him short.

"You can, you can!" she cried. "You could have helped it all along — you and those who think like you, I mean — who care more for a lot of miserable negroes than about their own countrymen! You can help it now — you can take your soldiers out of our States, you can go your own way and let us go ours. We do not ask for anything else, we never have asked for it — we want you to leave us alone! And what right have you — "

"Ethel!" said a voice, suddenly, "you were not to excite yourself."

Allan turned. It was his uncle, standing in the doorway. The girl stopped and glanced round; she hesitated a moment, as if meaning to answer — then she sank back without another word. Her hands fell to her sides, limply; and she closed her eyes with a low moan.

There was an uncomfortable pause. "How do you do, Uncle Hamilton?" said Allan, at last.

Mr. Montague bowed gravely. "I thank you," he said, and again there was a silence. "I will see you in the office, Allan, if you like," he remarked, finally.

Allan bowed, and turned without a word to follow him. As he did so he noticed that the negroes were thronged upon the lawn, staring with open mouths; they had come rushing up to greet him, and now stood amazed at what was taking place.

The two entered the room, and Mr. Montague pointed to a chair. He seated himself by his desk, and fixed his eyes upon his nephew. "I suppose," he began abruptly, "that you have come to take possession of your property."

"Yes, Uncle Hamilton," Allan answered.

"Ah!" said his uncle. And suddenly he clenched his hand upon the edge of the desk, and bent his gaze upon Allan. "It is not a pleasant duty," he said, "and the sooner it is over the better. I have to tell you that you have come to no purpose."

Allan looked at him in surprise. "To no purpose!" he echoed.

"You cannot have the property," said Mr. Montague.

The other gave a start and his face reddened. "I do not understand you," he said. "The property belongs to me."

"It would have belonged to you," the other replied, "if you had not chosen to league yourself with the enemies of your country."

"Oh," responded Allan, and continued to stare for a moment or two. "You must explain to me, Uncle Hamilton," he said at last; "I really don't know quite what you mean."

Mr. Montague gazed at him for a space. "What I mean is," he said, finally, "that after carefully considering it, I have concluded that it would be a wrong for me to allow any part of the resources of this State to pass at such a time as this into the hands of its enemies; and, in particular, to allow any of the enemies of our domestic institution an opportunity to interfere in its affairs. Therefore I have

decided to remain in possession of Valley Hall for the present."

Allan drew a long breath. "I see," he said. "And the law?"

"I do not think," said Mr. Montague, "that you would be wise to appeal to the law in the matter."

The young man flushed slightly—startled by the tone even more than by the words. "That is a threat?" he asked, in a low voice.

"No," was the response, "it is merely a friendly counsel."

There was a pause.

"You have always been a gentleman, Uncle Hamilton," said Allan, at last.

"I have been too much of a gentleman to defend my actions," was the response. "In this case I am willing to explain that I am not acting for myself, but simply for my State. The revenues which may accrue in the matter will be at the State's disposal—as also is the property, of course. There is now before the Congress in Montgomery a bill dismissing all law cases in the interest of Northern parties; and it will not be many days after the first stroke of war, I fancy, before all debts due to Northerners, and all property belonging to them, will be sequestered. That will cover the case."

"I see," said Allan, and added, "You take the liberty of anticipating the law."

"In which," was the other's response, "I follow the best of precedents. I am merely holding, in the expectation of a war, a fort which I happen to possess, but to which I have no other right."

The irony was subtle. "And if the war should not come?" Allan demanded.

"In that case," said his uncle, "I should have neither the right nor the wish to deprive you of your property. Just as soon as the questions at issue are settled to the satisfaction of my country, I shall make you an offer for your share in the estate; and if you do not care to accept that, I shall cause it to be sold, and transmit to you half of the proceeds."

There was a long silence. Allan sat motionless, his heart beating fast. Assuredly, this was bringing the political situation very close "to men's business and bosoms." He was filled with dismay—but then his pride spoke, and he swallowed his feelings. He rose suddenly to his feet and stood very straight, gazing at Mr. Montague.

"Uncle Hamilton," he said, his voice low, "you hold my portion of this plantation through my father's trust in you; and I do not believe that you are keeping faith with him now. But you have the power, I perceive; and you will not be troubled with any words from me. If you will be so good as to order my horse for me, I will go."

And then the two exchanged a stately bow, and went out. The veranda was deserted; Ethel had taken the opportunity to disappear, and only the negroes upon the lawn remained staring. Allan stood waiting until his horse came down the road.

Taylor Tibbs was leading it; and the little yellow man, who had evidently not heard that there was anything wrong, was wild with delight. "Marse Allan!" he cried, and rushed, horse and all, to embrace his young master. But there came a stern voice behind Allan, "Tibbs!"

And Tibbs halted and stared in wonder. "Go to the stables, sir," Mr. Montague commanded, and came forward and took the rein himself. Tibbs put his hand to his forehead, in a dazed way, and turned to go; he made not a sound, but his form shook as he walked.

Mr. Montague held the horse in silence, while Allan mounted; then their eyes met, and he bowed in response to Allan's "Good afternoon." The young man touched his horse and rode slowly away, without once turning his head—without even a last glance at Valley Hall.

He could not hold himself thus for very long, however. Down the avenue he put his horse to a trot, and when he had turned the corner and was out of sight, he leaned forward and the tears ran down his cheeks. He cared nothing about the money—but how could they be so unkind? Per-

haps he had been a fool; but all the old-time memories had rushed over him and made his heart soft, and their blows had struck doubly deep.

So he went on, without heeding where he went. The road took a turn after you crossed the bridge, and passed near the Hall, though you could not see it for the forest. Suddenly Allan was startled to hear a crashing in the thicket; and turning, he was just in time to see a negro rush out upon the road behind him. It was Taylor Tibbs.

The man was breathless, and his face scratched by the briers. "Marse Allan!" he panted. "Marse Allan!"

Allan wheeled his horse. "Tibbs," he cried, "go back! They will see you!"

"I don't care if dey does, Marse Allan!" gasped Tibbs. "I had to see yo'—I couldn't let yo' go 'way without seeing yo'!"

"They will punish you!" the other exclaimed.

"Dey kin only whip me," said Tibbs, stubbornly, and he caught Allan's hand. "Dey send you away!" he cried wildly. "But Marse Allan, *we* loves you still!"

Allan was silent for a moment, deeply stirred. "Tibbs," he said, in a low voice, "I meant to free you—I honestly meant to free you! And now to have to leave you to be slaves forever!"

"But we's gwine to git free, Marse Allan!" cried Tibbs, breathlessly.

Allan looked at him in surprise. "I cannot free you," he said.

"I don't mean yo', Marse Allan!" exclaimed the other in excitement. "But we's gwine to git free! We's gwine to git free!"

"How do you mean, boy? Who will free you?"

"Massa Linkum gwine free us, Marse Allan!"

Allan stared. "Hey?" he cried, amazed.

"Massa Linkum — he's a-comin' to free de niggers!" cried Tibbs, his eyes shining.

"Who told you that?" demanded Allan.

"Everybody say it, Marse Allan — de niggers all knows it, dey done find it out, Marse Allan!"

The other continued staring at him. "No, Tibbs," he said, shaking his head, "Lincoln is not coming to free you. God knows I wish he could, but he has no more way of freeing you than I have."

But all that Allan said made no difference to the little yellow man — who kept on obstinately declaring, "Massa Linkum gwine free us!" The poor fellow had evidently made the strange belief into a religion; and the other had not the heart to reason with him. There was a choking in his throat as he pressed Tibbs's hand. "Good-by," he whispered; "good-by! And now go, before they see you; and God bless you, Tibbs."

He rode blindly, without once looking about him. What a strange idea was that, and how infinitely tragic! To fancy those wretched people, doomed to a life of murderous toil, hugging in their souls such a dream! The "slave-hound of Illinois" coming down to set them free! Evidently the negroes of Valley Hall had not yet read the Inaugural.

Allan's horse had taken the road toward Woodville; and he first came out of his revery when he heard another horse approaching. Looking up, he saw the rider coming over a hill in front of him, and he recognized Mr. Handy.

Allan bit his lips together, and fixed his eyes in front of him, preparing for another rebuff; but the old gentleman came up, crying out with delight, and holding out both his hands. "Why, Allan!" he exclaimed.

He was fatter and rounder than ever; his nose was redder, too, the young man thought, but his little eyes still twinkled as brightly as in the old days. Mr. Handy had never been a "fire-eater," his nephew recollected with relief. "How are you, Uncle Ben?" he cried, reining up his horse.

"You are leaving so soon?" asked Mr. Handy.

"I was not invited to stay," the other answered dryly.

"I know, I know," was the reply. "Hamilton told me what he was going to do. It's too bad—too bad—I told him it was a shame."

"You don't feel quite as stirred up, then?" Allan inquired.

"I'm not one of the agitators, Allan," the other answered. "You ought to know me—it's you violent people on both sides who are making the trouble. God knows you'll do the fighting, if there is any, so far as I'm concerned."

Allan could not forbear a smile; how many political quarrels he had heard the old gentleman pacify with his doctrines of common sense and mint-juleps! "I'm sorry I didn't meet you first, Uncle Ben," he said, laughing suddenly —"so that I could have been forewarned."

There was a moment's pause. "What are you going to do?" asked the other.

"In what way?"

"As to the property?"

"I don't know," said Allan. "I suppose I shall sue, as a matter of form."

"From Boston, I hope?" observed Mr. Handy.

"Why?" asked the other. And the old gentleman gazed at him a moment, and then put his hand on his arm. "Listen, Allan," he said. "I don't believe you are even armed, are you?"

"Armed!" echoed the other. "Of course not. Why?"

"You're probably the only white man in the State that is not, for one thing," was Mr. Handy's answer.

"I don't mean to trouble any one," said Allan.

"That's not it," replied the other. "Listen to me, sonny —I always liked you, and I'm only speaking for your good. Take my advice, and don't stay 'round here any great time—and don't do any talking, here or anywheres else, until you're North again."

Allan was looking at him in surprise. "Why should any one bother me?" he cried.

"You don't know," said Uncle Ben—"the country's terribly stirred up. Holding Abolition views has been made a penal offence now—and not only that, but the crowds are apt to be violent. I have heard of objectionable people being tarred and feathered, and beaten, and even

hung, once or twice. So I beg of you, don't try to make any trouble about the business of the property around here."

There was a pause. Then Mr. Handy went on—"I wouldn't even go through Woodville, if I were you, Allan; I met the boys in there, and they told me they'd seen you. And 'Dolph's excitable, you know, and he's been drinking to-day, besides, and he's probably talked some. You really have no idea of how the crowd about here is worked up!"

Allan had been eyeing his uncle steadily. "I really think, Uncle Ben," he said, at last, "that I have behaved myself very well, on the whole—as well as any one has a right to expect. And I don't believe now that I care to run away from 'Dolph."

Mr. Handy went on to protest, but Allan only shook his head. Then suddenly he stopped and sat listening. There were hoof beats down the road, approaching. Two horsemen came round the turn. "Here they are now," said Mr. Handy, in a low voice.

Instinctively he moved somewhat in front of Allan; Allan sat motionless, gazing at the approaching riders. They had slowed their horses, involuntarily, and were coming on at a walk.

The situation was an awkward one, and Allan could see that Randolph's face was flushed. Not wishing to return his stare, he turned his eyes away. He brought them back again a moment later, however—for his cousin had touched his horse, and was bounding straight toward him. He halted at his side.

"Did you get what you wanted?" he demanded.

Allan looked at him, but did not answer. Ralph rode up quickly and placed his horse between the two. "Now, 'Dolph!" he exclaimed.

"Let me alone!" cried the other, angrily. "Get out of my way! What does he want down here, anyway? Does he think we're going to let any damned Abolitionist walk off with our niggers and not say a thing? What—"

Mr. Handy, who had also driven his horse in to the group, caught 'Dolph by the arm. "Now, see here!" he cried.

"Don't be a fool — you are forgetting yourself, 'Dolph!"

"Take your hand off me!" the other exclaimed, and tore his arm loose with a fierce gesture. At the same time he gave his brother's horse a slash with his whip that made it leap back out of his way. Then he shook the whip in Allan's face. "What did you come down here for, confound you!" he shouted. "Why don't you stay where you belong — hey? You think we'll have any Yankee spies around us —"

'Dolph's face was wild with fury, and his eyes shone. Old Mr. Handy had seized him again, and now his brother flung himself from his horse, and leaped toward him. There was a sharp scuffle, Ralph trying to hold his arm. " 'Dolph!" he cried passionately — "don't you know what father said to you — don't you know what you promised him? You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Ashamed of hell!" yelled 'Dolph. "What does he take me for? What'd he come for, if he wasn't looking for trouble?"

"Allan," cried Mr. Handy, "go on! Why don't you go on?"

The three were almost in a fight, but before Allan the road was clear. He hesitated a moment. Then he started his horse.

He had not said a word, and he did not say one now, but rode slowly away. All the time behind him he heard his cousin cursing like a trooper as he tried to get free. Allan did not turn his head. "Go on, you coward!" yelled 'Dolph. "That's like a Yankee — go on! But don't you think you'll get away from us — we'll be up there after you, don't you make any mistake! Ask when you get in town there, and you'll find out the news — you can get ready for a fight! You've got to fight, God damn you, you've got to fight, whether you want to or not!"

And that was the last Allan heard as he rounded the turn.

He sent his horse on at a gallop, and rode on, his heart beating fast. "Ask when you get in town there, and

you'll find out the news!" What had Randolph meant, and what was it that had so excited him? Allan found himself thinking about that more than about all the rest.

He came to the main street of Woodville. The court-house bell was ringing, and he saw people hurrying in that direction, and put the spurs to his horse. It was just sunset — one would have expected to find the occupants of Woodville's aristocratic villas upon their verandas; but the houses seemed empty — the doors standing wide open. He galloped on and came in sight of the court-house square. Here there was a military encampment — the place was white with tents, and a battery of artillery was in front of them, and the "stars and bars" waving above. Directly before the building was an immense crowd — here was where all the town had come. Some one was making a speech — as Allan approached he could catch snatches of the voice between the strokes of the bell and the frantic roaring of the crowd.

A man dashed out from a store, bareheaded; he passed near Allan, who jerked up his horse and cried, "What's the matter?"

"It's Sumter!" the man answered. "The Yankees are going to reënforce it! They've got word about it at Charleston!"

CHAPTER II

ALLAN went back to New Orleans that night, pacing the deck of the steamer and chewing the cud of bitter reflection. What a blow in the face his visit had gotten him!

Allan knew little of the value of money — having always had more than he needed — and it was not so much the loss of his property. Nor was it his disappointment at the failure of his plans; the misery of the negroes of Valley Hall seemed a trivial matter in comparison with the significance of what he had experienced—the light which it threw upon the temper of the people. It had exceeded anything that he had dreamed; and as for the North — what would its awakening be!

The news which he had heard at Woodville proved to be no mere rumor. It developed that the Washington government had sent word to Charleston that it intended to provision the fort — "peaceably," as it said, that is by an unarmed vessel. In New Orleans there was wild excitement, a regiment having just been ordered to assemble and hold itself in readiness. Allan had intended to return North by steamer, but this news changed his plans, and decided him to travel by land, and pass through Charleston.

He left New Orleans the same morning, by the steamer for Mobile. The trip was the same one he had taken with his father eleven years before; it took a day and a night — first through Lake Pontchartrain, and then along the coast of the Gulf, or rather the narrow passage inside the reefs, beyond which one could see the surf, snow-white, through endless pine trees. On the other side the land was so cut up with bayous that no one saw little sail-boats apparently skimming through green meadows.

At dawn they came into Mobile Bay, where, at the

entrance, were two recently taken forts, with the flag of the new Confederacy above them. In Mobile also there were troops in all the squares, and the din of preparation in the air. Here the news was that a reply had been sent to Washington, to the effect that the proposed attempt would be resisted. War vessels which had long been fitting out in New York were now on the point of sailing for Charleston.

The steamer which went up the river to Montgomery was called the *Southern Republic,* a significant name; it had borne it for a long time, a fact which was more significant still. Allan heard it said that the Irishman who was the captain of the *Southern Republic* boasted that he had built it of the proceeds of a lucky stroke in the African trade. It looked like a big three-storied house, and upon its deck was a "steam calliope," which played "Dixie" at every landing. The banks of the chocolate-colored Alabama were so high that nothing of the country could be seen; but there was always a crowd at the tops of the long stairways to listen to the music and cheer.

The trip took two days — Allan landed in Montgomery early in the morning, the tenth of April. He bought a paper and ran through it eagerly.

Events were marching. United States vessels were reported off the bar at Charleston, and Fort Sumter was exchanging signals with them. Four regiments had been telegraphed for from the country — and President Davis had called upon the State of Alabama for three thousand men.

At midnight Charleston had been roused by the firing of signal guns, calling out the reserves; all night long the streets of the city had echoed with the rolling of drums and the galloping of cavalry — there were said to be seven thousand men and one hundred and forty cannon now surrounding the fort. The Charleston *Mercury* of the previous day was quoted, to the effect that the announcement from "Lincoln's government" was to be taken as a declaration of war. "The gauge is thrown down," ran the article, "and the God of battles must decide the issue between the hostile hirelings of Abolition hate and Northern tyranny,

and the people of South Carolina defending their freedom and their homes!''

It was furthermore reported that President Davis and his cabinet were now in continuous session, discussing the final and irrevocable step of war. Allan started, realizing that it was here, where he stood, that this was being done; he gazed about him again, the hot and dusty little city becoming suddenly a place of romance. The streets of Montgomery were filled as they never had been in their history before, and tingling with excitement — one drew it in with the very air he breathed. Allan went to the hotel, which he found so crowded that he could scarcely get inside the door. Here were the headquarters of all the politicians and office-seekers of seven States, to say nothing of contractors, speculators, gamblers, sightseers, and military men. Already, before breakfast, they were up and doing; in the dining room the uproar was such that one scarcely heard a company of soldiers that passed outside, in spite of their screaming fife and rattling drum.

After breakfast Allan strolled up to the Capitol: a white marble building in the usual Græco-American style, standing upon an elevation and towering high above all the city. Here, also, were military encampments and the blare of military music; even that early, people were thronging to the chamber where the Congress met.

Allan entered also and waited for a view of the assembly. These were the men who had done this deed; and it seemed hard to believe that they could look like other men. He watched them, listening meanwhile to a venerable clergyman who prayed confusion upon their enemies, after the ancient fashion of the British hymn:—

> ''Confound their politics,
> Frustrate their knavish tricks;
> On Thee our hopes we fix,
> God save us all!''

They were big, broad-shouldered men, these legislators, dressing for the most part in extreme Southern fashion,

with wide hats and large, flowing ties and conspicuous collars. Allan noticed that they all seemed to chew tobacco. Their presiding officer was a Mr. Howell Cobb of Georgia, a stout-faced, benevolent-looking old gentleman, with a full gray beard. Mr. Cobb was one of the big men of the south—he had been Buchanan's Secretary of the Treasury, and owned a million dollars' worth of niggers.

The business of the session proved to be routine, and after a while Allan strolled out again and fell to wandering aimlessly. He was racked with the uncertainty of the hour. He came to the fountain which stood in the centre of the avenue leading to the Capitol, and where there was a crowd gathered about a man who was auctioning off a negro—a poor, half-starved-looking old man, with all his belongings tied up in a bandanna handkerchief and fastened to a stick. "Only seven hundred dollars," the man, a dissipated-looking Irishman, was crying; and then he raised his voice to attract the passers-by; "only seven hundred dollars for this nigger! As foine, able-bodied a field-hand, gintlemen—"

Allan had stopped for a moment, watching; and the man, chancing to catch his eye, beckoned to him invitingly. "Will you look at this bargain, sir?" he inquired. The loungers turned to stare at Allan, and he wheeled and strode away, his cheeks hot.

He went on down the street, his head bent upon the ground: until suddenly, as he chanced to look up, he observed just ahead of him a gentleman whose figure seemed to him strangely familiar. The gentleman was small and slightly built, and walked feebly, but with stiff, military carriage; Allan increased his pace—yes, surely he was not mistaken, it was Mr. Davis!

Allan felt his heart leaping. All his waiting, his fevered anxiety—and there walked the man, the man upon whose shoulders the thing rested, by whose nod it was to be decided. And as he was waiting, so were thirty millions of others—hoping and dreading, and all looking to him. Happiness or misery, life or death for how many of them—

all depending upon him. It came over Allan like a vision —his thoughts sped out into the far spaces of it: into the yawning caverns of the future, where, in the brooding darkness, the unknown fates sat hiding.—And then, in an instant, it was all gone, and again his eyes were fixed upon this little gentleman in front of him. Perhaps even now he was going to decide—perhaps he had decided already. The hand which swung there at his side—perhaps it had already started the machine—had fired the train that was to plunge a continent into war.

—So on, until they came to the corner, where stood a large brick building with a Confederate flag above it—the "State Department." The president ascended the two or three steps—and as he did so happened to glance down the street. He noticed Allan, and his eyes halted.

The young man raised his hat. "How do you do, Mr. Davis?" he said.

Mr. Davis returned his bow, studying him closely. "Your face is familiar," he began—

"My name is Montague," Allan said. "I am Captain Montague's son."

"Harry Montague's son!" cried the other. "Why—sure enough!" And he came down a step, and held out his hand. "How long it has been since I have seen you!" he exclaimed.

"Eleven years ago," Allan replied; "in Washington."

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, "I remember. And then your father's death. Where are you living, Allan?"

"I live in Boston still," was the reply.

The other looked surprised. "In Boston!" he exclaimed. "You have come home now, I suppose?" he added.

"No," Allan answered. "I still live in Boston."

He was watching closely, and thought he saw a shadow cross Mr. Davis's face. Had he heard the story, and just recollected it? "The South has need of all her sons, Allan," he said gravely. He was half turned, and seemed upon the point of saying a word of parting. A sudden impulse seized Allan; his hand had been upon the railing of the steps, and he leaned forward, stretching it out

imploringly. "God grant you wisdom, Mr. Davis," he whispered.

The other paused, startled by the words. He looked into Allan's eyes, and his soul seemed to come suddenly into his face. He was very thin from sickness—his features were haggard, and furrowed by care. "My boy," he said, his voice low and trembling, "if He does not, it is not because I have not asked Him."

And then—Allan scarcely knew how—he was gone, and the door of the building had shut.

The young man turned away, quivering. How that look had shot through him!

There had been times of late years when he had hated Jefferson Davis—hated him with a bitter hatred. But for him this everlasting horror could never have been—it was of his making more than any other living person's —his vehemence, his eloquence, his ability, had carried it through. And had it always been his people that he thought of? Had it never, in any lurking impulse, been himself? Allan knew not—no one ever knew; for there is no judge of a man in heaven or earth but his own soul. Allan shuddered as he walked on, thinking that if ever it had been ambition—how the memory of it would some day scorch Mr. Davis!

He had led the movement for so long—and now it had gotten beyond his control. It was known that he was dragging back, that he was trying to restrain the radicals of Charleston city. Was that, possibly, why he was so pale and haggard—why the cheek-bones stood out in his face so that it looked almost like a skull? There rang still in Allan's ears a frightful and savage sentence which he had read in that morning's paper—a sentence which a member of the Alabama legislature was said to have spoken to Mr. Davis, "They will be back in the old Union in ten days, sir,—the people of this State,—*unless you sprinkle blood in their faces!*"

And he was deciding! Allan walked on, in a kind of dream. He came to the fountain again, where the auc-

tioneer's voice still rang out, harsh and insistent: "Only eight hundred and twenty dollars! Why, gentlemen, eight hundred and twenty dollars for a nigger like this!" Allan hurried by.

They were driving him into war! Yes, that was it! There had been times when Allan, too, had wanted war, but he did not want it now. Could you look into the faces of these people about you and wish to destroy them? They had given him cause enough for hatred, no doubt; but still they were pitiful men and women. He thought of Ethel again, and her cry of anguish started up in him. How many like her had seen their husbands march away! How many would never see them return again!

A strange and wild idea took possession of him as he walked. Why had he not spoken to Mr. Davis—why had he not pleaded with him—poured out his soul to him? Surely he could not have offended him—his heart was too full. Had he not a right to speak—did it not concern him as much as any man? He might have said something to influence him—he might have shaken him, he might have turned the scale! Mr. Davis was a man, like other men; he was formal and severe—but he had a heart; he might have been startled yet further out of that shell he kept around him. Who could say but that in his secret soul he was hungry for some one who would speak a human word?

So Allan went on lost in the imagining of such a scene: until suddenly he stopped, his heart giving a leap—why might not he do it now? It might not yet be too late! Was it that he was afraid? Could he let any thought of himself influence him at such a time? Mr. Davis might call him a fool, and send him about his business,—but what would that matter? What was *he* at such an hour?

He faced about, and walked swiftly. He was only a square or two from the building; he reached it before his wild impulse had weakened. He pushed open the door and went in, his hands trembling, his cheeks burning.

He stood in a long, whitewashed hall. There were

rows of doors, with the names of officials written on paper and tacked upon them. "Where is Mr. Davis's room?" he asked of a clerk who passed him.

"Upstairs," was the reply, and Allan ascended. Here were more doors, and he went along scanning them. Upon one of them was written: "THE PRESIDENT."

Allan's heart gave a throb. Then he knocked. "Come in," said a voice, and he entered.

There was a large desk by the window, with a chair in front of it; but the chair was empty. In the centre of the room stood a young man, a stranger to him.

"Where is Mr. Davis?" he asked.

"He is engaged," was the reply. "The cabinet is in session."

Allan started. "When will he be disengaged?" he inquired.

"I do not know," said the other. "The session will probably last all night. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"No," said Allan, in a dazed way, "no—" and turned, and went out again. He was too late!

All the rest of the day he waited, lounging about the hotel and the capitol grounds, listening for news, and getting only mad rumors. It was incredible, what these people seemed to believe—he heard two men discussing Lincoln, and one said that he had once been married to a negress, and the other that he was drunk all day. (The latter statement was frequent in the Southern newspapers, then and later.)

That night he left for Charleston. A very little contact with reality had dispelled his dream of swaying the destinies of the nation, and he was inclined to think that he had been a fool.

Ordinarily, one took two days for the trip—to Atlanta the first day, and to Charleston the second. But now the pressure was greater, and the trains ran day and night, and straight through. There were several companies of soldiers on the one that Allan took, and they made the

trip lively. At every station, even in the small hours of the morning, there were people to cheer, and they turned out on the platforms and roared and shouted in reply. Each one of these volunteer organizations had its own music and generally each struck up independently, so that the banging and blaring and confusion were indescribable. In these first companies was all the wild blood of the South,—both the officers and the enlisted men were young gentlemen of wealth and fashion out for a lark. It was said that in some companies you could not count the millionaires on all your fingers. There was no Southerner too good to be a private at such a time as this,—though of course they were privates in their own way. They had their body-servants and belongings with them; when the companies halted in a city, they often stopped at the hotel; and when they went into camp, they brought cases of champagne and boxes of truffles and pâtés. Now, all night, while the cars thumped along, they played cards, and told stories, and sang songs, and chewed tobacco and smoked it, and drank endless bottles of whiskey—"forty-rod," or "sixty-rod," as they called it, according to their estimate of its deadliness.

The next morning, the eleventh of April, they were in Atlanta; and here was more news and more excitement. Events had been moving the day before—the papers reported that everything in Charleston had been put in preparation for an attack upon the fort. The South Carolina convention had adjourned—and nearly all its members had enlisted as volunteers. The city was wild with excitement—on the previous night there had been more processions and serenades, and the speeches were quoted as usual. "I thank you, gentlemen," one of the orators had exclaimed, "that you have at last annihilated this accursed union, reeking with corruption, and insolent with excess of tyranny!"

The train went on. The volunteers were disposed to sleep now, and there was less uproar through the afternoon. Allan sat and gazed out the window at the endless succession of half-cultivated fields and half-burned forests,

of dreary stations with unpainted wooden shanties and grog-shops in the background, and a ragged, uncouth population assembled—the children barefoot, and the men often likewise, but all cheering and excited. They were cheering for Slavery! It seemed very strange.

Towards evening, the train arrived at Augusta. Here there was a veritable *Mardi Gras* celebration—the soldiers turned out of the cars, dancing and singing, parading up and down the platform, with their arms about each other's necks. The news had come that General Beauregard had sent to demand the surrender of Fort Sumter. A bombardment was expected every hour; and all Charleston was gone out to watch it. Allan sat in the car, very still, the uproar sounding far away; his head was swimming, Mr. Davis and his cabinet had decided!

The engine whistled, and the passengers piled aboard, and off they went amid deafening din. There was no sleeping that night—no one could even sit still. Long after midnight everyone kept watch, and at station after station crowded upon the platform, or leaned out of the windows, shouting for the news. There had been some delay—the fight had not come off as expected, and the city had gone to bed again. Could it be that the fort was going to surrender? Or might it not be that the report was untrue after all?

Between stops the warriors sang through their repertoire of songs. These companies were from New Orleans, and their favorite was the *"Marseillaise."* They had versions newly made for the emergency—there was a separate one for every crowd he met, as it seemed to Allan. They had also new words for all the familiar patriotic airs, for "Dixie" and the "Star Spangled Banner" and for countless other melodies from "The Minstrel's Lament" to "Salley in our Alley;" and all night they roared them out to the popping of champagne-corks.

So on, until at last through the open windows of the car a fresh, cool breeze began to blow. It smelt of the ocean, and meant Charleston; a hush seemed to fall

upon the crowd—they sat listening, breathless with excitement. Their impatience grew every instant—the train had never seemed to creep along so slowly, its stops had never been so exasperating. There came at last a halt of several minutes, and two or three at a time the passengers got up and went outside. Allan joined them, glad to have a chance to move about and stretch his arms.

The train stood upon the low marshy ground just outside of the city; the bay lay to their left, and one could hear the dull boom of the surf beyond it. The breeze was, however, the only messenger; it was still too dark for one to see. But the first pale flush of morning was even now spreading in the East, and men strained their eyes, striving to make out the outline of the shore and of the distant fort, which stood in mid-channel. Any minute it might come into view, and then they would know what had happened in the night-time! Men clambered up on the tops of the cars in their eagerness to be the first to learn; and Allan stood trembling, half with nervousness, and half with the cold of the damp misty morning.

"*Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light!*" How strange was the resemblance of the moment to the one which the poet had made immortal! All his life Allan had heard the words of that song, and never thought much what they meant; but now their emotion seized him, how poignantly, how vividly! The flag, the flag! He had been like a traveller in the midst of a desert; a sight of it would be to him like a gleam of verdure, a promise of water. So he stood with the words of the song racing through his mind —

And then suddenly the crowd whirled about, startled into silence, transfixed. Across the harbor there had shone out a sudden far-off gleam of fire — instantaneous, like a flash of heat-lightning close to the horizon. At the same moment a pale spark of light was seen to shoot up into the sky. It went up in a curving track, trembling, scintillating; slowly and more slowly it moved — then seemed to stand still — hovering, hesitating, shaking

like a star. And then it fell, faster and faster—and suddenly, like a meteor, disappeared. A moment later there came across the waters a dull and heavy boom, — and from the throats of the startled crowd burst a roar that seemed to lift the very roofs off the cars. It was a shot!

CHAPTER III

THE moment was one that Allan never forgot. The edges of the misty bay seemed to leap out in flashes of dull red light; but of sounds there were no more heard, because of the frantic uproar in the train. The passengers were like mad people; they danced, they sang, they yelled, they tossed their hats about, they waved their arms in the air, they fell upon each other's necks and laughed and wept. When the train started again, they swarmed upon the top of it, they clung to the steps, they sat outside holding to the window-frames, they ran alongside of it, clasping each other's hands, capering about like maniacs; the din they made seemed fairly to lift it, to bear it along upon wings. Faster and faster it sped into the city, a living mass of noise; and then inside some one struck up the "*Marseillaise,*" and a few joined, and then all, and they sang it, verse by verse, in wild exultation, with passion such as surely it had never roused in men since the day when there marched into Paris those "six hundred Marseillaise who knew how to die:" —

> "To arms! to arms! ye brave!
> The avenging sword unsheathe!
> March on! March on!
> All hearts resolved
> On Victory or Death!"

Little by little, as they grew hoarse, and the train slackened its speed in the streets of the city, other sounds began to grow audible, the ringing of bells and the blowing of whistles, and over and above it all, dominating and outsounding everything, the thunder of an incessant cannonade. The reports came close upon each

other; the air quivered with the shock of them, sharp and quick, driving the blood in leaps. The men about Allan went wilder with every instant of it: until all at once the train began to slow up at the depot, and they poured out of it, climbing out of windows, most of them, in their haste. Upon the deserted platform they fell into line; there were a few hasty commands from their officers, and then away they went, double quick, cheering like mad.

It was now light enough to see plainly. The little city was wide awake, lights burning in all the windows, and people thronging into the streets. They were all running one way; by the time that Allan neared the sea-front he was in the midst of a river of humanity, which poured out upon East Bay Battery, — men, women, and children climbing over the railings, running over the grass, and singing, shouting, staring with wild eyes. The whole length of the drive was already lined with people, watching the display.

It was a dull misty morning, but one could now make out the solitary fort in the midst of the bay, and the dim shore-line upon each side, whence came the swift bursts of flame and the thick puffs of lurid smoke. Some fifty guns were thundering forth from a circle of batteries; the shells from the mortars could be seen bursting in the air about the little fort, crowning it with flame-riven vapor. Above it, the twinkling bombs sped here and there across the sky, cutting tangled curves, and waking the pale gray dawn to a strange pyrotechnical show. Faster and faster, as the music of the cannon thundered, it beat up the blood of the thronging thousands, and one could see their cheeks aflame with passion. Allan felt their battle-rage as a presence — he had no need to look about him at the men, with their hands clenched and their teeth set and all the furies in their faces. Gleaming through the rifts in the smoke-clouds, out there amid the crash of shot and shell —was the flag! And for how much insult and outrage it stood to them! How long it had waved there, menacing and defiant! How they had hated it, and writhed at the sight of it—and now it was coming down!

With Allan too, it was the end of a long impatience. The change came so suddenly that he scarcely realized it; it was the tapping of the flask and the coming of the precipitate—it was there, where an instant before had been no sign of it. Secession had brought forth its child—Slavery its grandchild! With Slavery you might parley, with Secession you might hesitate—but with this—ah God! He stood there with the wild din of the battle in his ears, and all his soul leaped up in one blaze of hatred. No, never—you could never dally with this, you could make no terms with this! You flung yourself upon it, you grappled with it, you twisted your fingers in the neck of it! Down with it—down with it! Down, down! There was nothing for you to do in the world, there was nothing for you to think about, until you had crushed that infamy; until you had stamped your heel upon it, until you had driven it into the earth, so that never might it dare to rear its head again! And ah, what a relief it was—what a joy—to have brushed aside all the cobwebs, to see the issue plain!

There would come an instant's lull—then a burst of thundering shocks in swift succession; and the crowd would roar, surging forward, the gusts of the battle-tempest seizing them and whirling them on. Then suddenly Allan noticed that through it all the fort was not replying. The flag floated on—but the flag was not enough. What was the matter?

"They haven't fired a shot," said a man at his side, answering his inquiry.

"Why not?" he cried.

"I don't know," was the reply; "I guess they're scared and hiding."

It could not be that, Allen knew. But he moved here and there, burning with impatience—what could it mean? The country had gone on, submitting, submitting—could it be that it was going to submit to this? Was he to stand there and see the flag fall and the fort torn to pieces,—and learn, perhaps, that the wretched politicians at Washington had forbidden Major Anderson to reply?

The truth of the matter was that Major Anderson and his men were then quietly breakfasting upon salt pork and water: having not too much powder, and hence no need of haste. It was broad daylight before finally they fired their first gun. The crowd gave a roar of delight—now there would be a real battle!

The bombardment redoubled—the wide spaces of the harbor echoed with it, the buildings of the city shook with it. Before long the whole of the scene was hidden in smoke; it was a raw day, with showers now and then, but through it all the wealth and fashion of Charleston thronged the water front, thrilling with joy. Enthusiasm made the crowd one—old or young, rich or poor, it was all the same, they laughed and sang together. Some one would start a cheer, and it would run like a breaking wave along a beach; now and then a company of soldiers would march down the driveway, or a favorite officer gallop past, and the din would drown out the bombardment for a moment. Here and there a party would strike up a song, and the whole mass of people would take it up; there was a couplet which seemed to give them endless delight—some one was chanting it every minute:—

> "With mortar, Paixhan, and petard,
> We tender Old Abe our Beau-regard!"

Now and then as the breeze would make rifts in the smoke, Fort Sumter or the batteries would come into view. Allan went back into the city to get a pair of field-glasses; with these he could see the fort, torn here and there with shot—could see the shells bursting about it, and brick and stone flying now and then as a round shot buried itself in the walls. None of the garrison was in sight—they were firing only the lower tier of guns. Upon the half-dozen surrounding batteries, however, he could see the gunners plainly; they would leap upon the breastworks after each shot, watching to see the effect of it, cheering and waving their caps. The fire of Sumter appeared to do them no particular harm, so far as Allan could see. Upon the island near Fort Moultrie was a vil-

lage and a summer hotel, the latter crowded with guests, ladies and gentlemen who had gone down to watch this holiday warfare, and to see the gallant sons of South Carolina expel the "hirelings of the North."

All day long the cannonade went on, ceasing only with the darkness. No harm had been done, it transpired—the Southern loss consisted of one old mule! The night fell cold and rainy, which put an end to any street demonstrations; but in the hotels and bar-rooms there was carousing until dawn. All night the guns of Moultrie kept up a slow bombardment, a promise for the morrow, and a warning to the fleet outside, which was prevented by the gale from making even an attempt to reënforce the fort.

Promptly at dawn the next morning the fight began again. The day was fine, and the crowd upon the Battery, and the wharves and the house-tops of Charleston, was greater than ever. The besiegers now began firing red-hot shot; and in the course of the morning the barracks of the fort took fire. Soon the blaze could be seen, and the sky grew black with the smoke. The guns of Sumter slackened,—for a time ceased altogether. The crowd cheered madly, and the surrounding batteries thundered as never before. Allan, who had spent a sleepless night, stood biting his lip in vexation. The fort was to fall, then! The long vigil of its garrison, the long vigil of the country, were to be all for nothing! It was more humiliation—would there never come a time when the man who loved his country might hold up his head?

Charleston cheered when Fort Sumter opened fire again, admiring the pluck of the garrison. Major Anderson was not personally unpopular in the city; it was known that he was a Kentuckian and a state's rights man, and that his heart was not in the fight—he was only doing his duty. Allan burned with indignation, hearing that; but in truth the garrison was doing its best—it was outnumbered a hundred to one, and in the midst of smoke and flame, the magazine in peril, the defenders of the fort

were obliged to crawl about on the ground with wet cloths over their faces.

Shortly after noon their flagstaff was carried away, and they nailed their flag to the fragment that was left. Not long afterward, however, their firing ceased altogether; and after some delay the besieging cannon also fell silent. A white flag had been raised upon the fort.

There were complications and some delay. It transpired that an officious aide of General Beauregard had rowed over, waving his handkerchief, and offering terms which he had had no authority to offer. Finally, however, it was decided to grant them—the garrison was to salute its flag and march out with the honors of war. The news was placarded about Charleston, and that night the city gave itself up to an orgy of rejoicing: the streets thronged, and every house blazing with lights, bonfires, torchlight, processions, military paradings everywhere, bands of music sounding, and generals and senators making speeches from doorsteps and the balconies of hotels. In the restaurants and saloons, clubs and taverns, everywhere one went there was deafening confusion, wine flowing, toasts, cheers, speeches, and songs. It was Saturday night; and on the morrow the fort was to be evacuated—there would be services of thanksgiving in all the churches, and in the Roman Catholic church a "Te deum" in honor of the glorious victory. In the midst of it all Allan made his way to the depot, and took a train for the North.

He was going home—to see about it. The rage of it burnt him like fire in his blood; the country had waited so long, had borne so much—oh, surely it would not bear this! All the taunts and the mocking speeches he had heard, rang in his ears, following him, goading him. How long he had endured them—how much of gall he had swallowed! And now was he only to meet with more disappointment—to find that he had still no country? He was sick with the impatience and anxiety of it.

Almost endless seemed the journey. The rivers were swollen with the spring floods and the trains delayed

beyond endurance. The telegraph had sent on the news, however, and at every station, through all the day and the night, there were crowds and cheers and speeches. No one talked of anything but Sumter; the fact that the day was Sunday seemed only to have increased the throngs and the noise.

Allan spent that night in Wilmington, North Carolina. The quay where the ferry-boat landed was piled high with cannon-balls, and there was a military camp near by. All through the evening the scenes of Charleston were repeated; and when he got up in the morning he was surprised to find that the uproar was worse than ever. He judged that something new must have happened, and he dressed in haste and ran out to the street. Then a thunderbolt struck him, in the shape of a newspaper announcement with flaring headlines:—

A PROCLAMATION

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

"Whereas the laws of the United States have been for some time past and are now opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed, in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshals by law: now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combination and to cause the laws to be duly executed."

It was to be war then—war! The papers were full of it—and here on the streets was a hoarse, surging mob of men, armed all of them, some even with pikes, their eyes wild, their faces convulsed, screaming, yelling to split the ear. The Abolition hordes were coming! And any one who would climb upon a step and make a speech might have a dense throng around him in an instant—cheering,

swearing, roaring for "Jeff Davis" and the new Confederacy. Allan was the more surprised, because North Carolina had not yet seceded, and was one of the States whose "latent Union sentiment" had been an endless topic at the North.

But at every station it was the same—at every place where the train even crossed a road there was a crowd, and the blaring of the band at one depot was hardly out of one's ears, before that of the next was heard. At one stop there was a little church with a grove beside it, and a regiment tented beneath the trees; at another a troop of cavalry picketed in the main street of a town, so that one saw down a long lane of horses, lithe and eager, prancing in the midst of the wild confusion. At a third place they were raising a "secession pole," draped with bunting—a ceremony which the train honored by waiting until it was over. At still a fourth—a little backwoods station—Allan saw an extraordinary sight. A company of volunteers was gathered there, clad in gray homespun shirts and "butternut" trousers, and armed for the most part with "squirrel guns"; and they were all singing like mad—the roar of it seemed enough to raise the frail roof of the depot shed. Standing upon an overturned barrel an old gentleman was leading them—a man with white hair and long white bristling mustaches; he had a sword in one hand for a baton, and he swung it six feet at a beat. His face was dripping with perspiration, purple, hot, and distorted with passion—a more demoniac-looking creature Allan was certain he had never dreamed of in his life. The crowd sang one song after him, and then he roared for another, and another; as the train rolled out of the depot they were in the midst of a strange composition altogether new to Allan's ears:—

"Want a weapon? Gather a brick,—
Club or cudgel, or stone or stick;
Anything with a blade or butt,
Anything that can cleave or cut!
Anything heavy, or hard, or keen;
Any sort of a slaying-machine!"

On Monday evening he came to Weldon, where he learned that his way to Washington through Richmond was blocked by the floods. He would be obliged to wait until morning and go by way of Norfolk. In Weldon was a bulletin-board with a crowd about it, watching for the latest bit of news. The governor of Kentucky had just telegraphed to the President refusing to comply with his demand for troops; it was said that the governors of Virginia and North Carolina were on the point of doing likewise. In Richmond, the Virginia convention was then in session, and the day had been one of stormy debate, and of wild excitement in the city; the convention had adjourned until the following day, leaving the question still undecided. It was declared, none the less, that troops were already moving upon Washington, which a member of the cabinet in Montgomery had declared would fall by the first of May.

Still more eagerly Allan looked for the news from the North. It was meagre, but what came was of a startling sort. Senator Douglas had formally announced his intention to support Lincoln; and in New York, Philadelphia, Trenton, and other Northern cities, immense crowds had paraded, compelling suspected persons to display Union flags, and wrecking the offices of pro-Southern journals. One read it twice before he could believe the news—that the office of the New York *Herald,* the mob-newspaper, had been mobbed.

The scenes which Allan witnessed in Virginia were like those in North Carolina; he travelled again in a train that was full of soldiers, and arriving at evening in the decayed and sleepy little city of Norfolk, he found it more ablaze with excitement than any other place he had seen so far. Companies had been pouring into Norfolk from all over the State; for just across the river was the Gosport Navy-yard, one of the largest in the country, and lying there were about a dozen vessels of war, including eight frigates,—one of them a huge steam-frigate, the *Merrimac.* Here also were some two thousand cannon, an

immense granite dry-dock, and military stores to the value of nine or ten millions of dollars—all without a garrison to protect it! It was known that the government at Washington was alarmed about it, and that work was being rushed upon the *Merrimac* to get her out in safety.

But most of the officers in the yard were Southerners, and hence there had been many delays. The very air of Norfolk seemed sultry with passion, as before a thunderclap. On the night of Allan's arrival two vessels were taken out by the secessionists, and sunk in the channel to block it.

Allan found to his dismay that the steamer for Baltimore had been seized, and that his way was blocked. With the swiftness with which events were moving, the loss of a day or two now might mean that he would never reach the North at all. Already he had heard wild rumors that Washington had been seized; it had long been whispered that "Ben McCullough," the leader of a company of rangers of Mexican War fame, was assembling five thousand troopers in Virginia for that purpose. The young man knew hardly which way to turn,—merely to inquire about a method of escape was to render one's self an object of suspicion in Norfolk.

There were bulletin-boards in this city also, and cheering crowds about them. He read the despatch which the governor of Missouri had sent to "Old Abe," expressing himself with praiseworthy frankness—"Your requisition [for troops] in my judgment is illegal, unconstitutional and revolutionary in its object, inhuman and diabolical." On the other hand it was stated that the militia of Massachusetts were that day mustering in Boston, and that one regiment would start for Washington on the morrow. These and other items from the North gave glimpses of a state of affairs in which Allan, sick with long waiting, scarcely dared to believe.

In the morning there came a report that President Davis had issued a proclamation offering to commission privateers; also, on that day, the convention in Richmond ordained the secession of the State—and though the

step was supposed to be secret, it leaked out and was whispered in Norfolk. A fearful rumor was that for many, there and elsewhere throughout Virginia. Hers had been the chief part in the making of this Union, and hers the last agonized attempt to save it; and now came the word that all hope was gone—and that her soil was to be made the battle-ground of two empires. How many families it rent in half!—there were officers in the military and naval service who had spent their lives in guarding the stars and stripes, and each man had now to choose, and either to make war upon the flag, or else to follow it and make war upon his home. Not all of them were young, and could say as did one Virginia captain, set to watch the bridge which led into Washington: "If any rebels come to-night, boys, we'll blow them to hell; but to-morrow be careful, for I shall be a rebel myself!" In Washington was that Colonel Lee whom Allan had seen at Harper's Ferry on the fatal night of John Brown's insurrection; to him, the most trusted officer of the army, General Scott, also a Virginian, now offered the command of it —and he went away to his home across the river to wrestle with the dreadful problem. That day, also, in a little house in Norfolk, there sat two captains of the navy who had given between them a century to the service. They were Virginians both, and they labored with each other, pleading, each of them, with tears in his eyes—through the night, and until the break of day, but all in vain. One of them, the grandfather of the writer of these pages, went South to ruin and to death; and the other came North—his name was David Farragut.

Before that day was gone, Allan's impatience had reached its climax; he found a boatman to ferry him over to Portsmouth, and thence he made his way to the navy-yard. He judged it likely that at a critical time such as this there would be constant communication between the yard and Washington. In the midst of the confusion of the place and the din of preparation, he found an officer to listen to his plea. He had letters in his

pocket by which he could prove his story; and so, after a great deal of trouble, he obtained permission to travel on a despatch-boat which was to leave that night. It bore a young engineer of the navy, whose errand it was—though Allan knew nothing of it—to carry to Washington the startling tidings that the commandant of the yard had refused to obey the orders sent him, that the *Merrimac* should put to sea. Three days later the vessel, with all the others, and nearly everything else in the place, was in flames.

It was the afternoon of the eighteenth of that momentous month of April that Allan found himself at last in Washington. It lacked but a few hours of a week from the time when he had seen the first shell burst over Sumter; and in all that time he had had no news from home, save the few facts which the Southern papers chose to give him. When he stepped out upon the dock he felt, in his joy, as if he could have clasped the whole city in his arms. He went on, half running, his eyes and ears upon the alert.

Everything in Washington was a-quiver with feverish excitement. Flags were fluttering from all the buildings, public and private—how suddenly beautiful the flag had come to be! Patrols of the district militia were marching through the streets—officers were galloping here and there—the people one passed were walking more swiftly than usual, talking more excitedly.

Allan had not believed the tales he had heard, and he had hopes that his fears for the capital would vanish when he reached it; but he found now that Washington was a very whirlpool of rumors, shaken every hour with a new alarm. Virginia was moving on Harper's Ferry, and McCullough's raiders were to strike that night. Ex-Governor Wise was leaving Richmond with troops—uprisings were occurring in Maryland—mobs were sacking Baltimore—bridges were burning, telegraph wires were down. Everywhere one turned he heard a fresh story; and always one terrible chorus, "No troops yet from the

North!" It had been three days since the call, and still they did not come! Allan went into Willard's Hotel, which was packed; he could see that nearly all the people there were Southerners, and they talked to each other apart, and in whispers. It was said that General Scott was dreading the outbreak of a conspiracy that night, and had turned the Capitol building into an arsenal for the defence of the President and his cabinet.

The young man bought newspapers, and then for the first time the wonderful light burst in upon him in its fulness. He went down the street, reading these papers, darting from column to column, his cheeks flushed, his hands trembling, — in the end he was laughing, singing to himself, shaking the tears out of his eyes. The country was up! There was never anything like it—it could hardly be grasped, it could hardly be believed. There were public meetings in every city, flags from every house, a universal holiday throughout sixteen States. Companies were offering from every town, banks lending funds, business houses and public councils subscribing for the support of soldiers. Accounts of such things filled columns of each day's paper, and also there were speeches and sermons, letters and poems and editorials. The fervor of the country was like a forest-fire — it had seized upon everything, swept everything away. There was no longer a disloyal voice, scarcely a voice of hesitation; Douglas was out for the war, Buchanan was out for the war — even the mayor of New York, who had wanted to secede himself, had issued an address blazing with patriotic ardor. There were no longer any parties, no longer any classes; clergymen and college professors were enlisting by the side of day-laborers and clerks. They were coming, the student from his desk and the workman from his bench, "leaving all things to save the Republic." The very newspapers in which one read these reports were changed — the meanest reporter or correspondent was suddenly become a seer of visions, a man with a duty and a faith, speaking invocations and prophecies. The whole face of the land seemed altered — Allen stared at it, unable to realize

that it was the same country he had left two weeks before. All the selfishness in it was gone, all the cowardice in it, the dullness, the blindness, the baseness — the very thugs and blacklegs of the Bowery were organizing a regiment, and being presented with Bibles!

Allan recognized in it all the counterpart of his own experience as he stood upon the Battery in Charleston. The shot that had so shaken him — it had shaken the country from Maine to Kansas, had roused it like a sleeping lion; it had sprung up, gigantic, terrible in its fury. The nation was coming forth like a young giant — girding its armor about it, calling for the combat; and fear and doubt fled before it, victory and salvation came in its train. Well might men, North as well as South, stand dismayed; it was more than any dreamer in his wildest hour had dreamed. It was something superhuman, beyond thought; something colossal, cosmic, seizing the mind like the sweep of the planets, the upheavals of the ages and the crashing of the skies. Was it any word spoken upon earth that had lifted these twenty millions of men in one swift surge of wrath and resolution? Allan's soul took fire as he read of it, it lifted him out of himself, it lent him wings; his step grew light, and there was singing within him, like the singing of the storm-wind on the mountains. Ah, how wonderful it was — how beyond all words it was! How little he had understood his country: so patient, so long-suffering and slow to anger! And he so blind and poor, so full of doubts and hatreds, so little wise! He did penance upon his knees before his country, he pledged his vows anew. Let it nevermore be his way —let it be her way! The voice of his grandfather spoke to him again — those lessons which as a child he had not understood, how terribly he understood them now! That his country was humanity — that its hope was the hope of man, and its purpose the purpose of God! The songs that the old man had sung came back to him, the prayers he had whispered, the consecrations of which he had never spoken without a trembling at the lips; the statesmen who had toiled for her, the soldiers who had died for her,

the agonies, the heroisms that had been poured into her lap — the memories of them rushed over Allan, shaking his soul. He saw it now — that faith which had been the old man's religion, in America, in freedom, in democracy —in the people! In the people, that moved towards righteousness; so slowly, and yet so irresistibly, with a movement like the movement of time!

—And now they were coming! From the cities and the farms, from the mountains and the prairies, from the East and the West they were coming, to redeem the heritage of their fathers, to save the land of their love. To do the work which all men had said was impossible — and yet which must be done! Allan, laughing aloud in his excitement, read the news of one State after another — it was like a sight of the floods in the springtime, turbulent, uproarious, all-compelling!

And Massachusetts, glorious old Massachusetts, was leading them all! They had asked her for two regiments — she was sending five. The banks of Boston had offered the money, and the same night that the call had come the troops began to gather. They were pouring into Boston from every county in the State, and their towns were voting them money, and flags, and clothing, and whatever else they could think of. They were quartered in Faneuil Hall — the "Cradle of Liberty" — where Hancock and Otis watched over their slumber!

Allan looked for the Fifth Regiment—it was in the Fifth that he meant to enlist himself, with his cousin and his friends. He saw no mention of it; but the Sixth had left the afternoon before, and was due in Washington the next morning; the Eighth had left the same evening, and the rest were close behind. On the morrow would start the New York " Seventh," the " dandy " regiment of that city; the journalists of the metropolis had lost their sense of humor in this crisis, and one of them told of a fond mother who had taken her young militiaman into a store, and, after purchasing him a new uniform and rifle, with all accessories, had flung her arms about him,

weeping, and said, while the spectators cheered, "Go my son; I have done for you all that I can do!"

Allan sent a telegram home, inquiring about the regiment; and then he started up the street again, gazing about him. He was on Pennsylvania Avenue; galloping along it he saw a group of officers, and some artillerymen with a small field-gun. They were going toward the Capitol, and he watched them go by in a cloud of dust, and then set out to follow. Before long, however, he halted, seeing some one on the other side of the avenue. Surely he could not be mistaken—that long, lanky figure, striding swiftly, staring straight ahead! He darted across, calling out; and the man turned—yes, he was right—it was Edward Lovejoy!

Lovejoy, turning, rushed toward him, and seized his hand in a paralyzing grip. "You got my message?" he cried.

"Message!" exclaimed the other. "No, I got no message."

"I wired you ten days ago," said Lovejoy, "telling you there'd be war, and to come."

"I didn't get it," Allan answered. "But I'm here!"

CHAPTER IV

There was a hurried explanation, and Allan told of where he had been and what he had seen. "You have come in the nick of time," said Lovejoy. "I have been out for the last two hours hunting for men to help save the city to-night!"

Allan stared at him. "What do you mean?" he cried.

"We expect an attack," said the other.

"By whom?"

"By every one you see around here! Haven't you seen them scowling at you, whispering in the corners? And all day we've been promised troops—and they don't come, they don't come! Montague, it's horrible—we've just had positive word that the Virginians are marching on Harper's Ferry, and that all the arms there, and the machine-shops and rifle works, are to be burned. It's the same thing everywhere—there doesn't seem to be any end to it!"

Allan was gazing at him with a look of dismay. "Come on," Lovejoy said hurriedly. "There's no time to be lost about it. Do you know any one that's here in Washington?"

"Not that I can think of," said the other.

"Well, keep a lookout; you can't tell whom you may meet. We need every true man in the city to help us."

"Who's managing this?" Allan asked.

"Private citizens," said the other—"Cash Clay for one, and Jim Lane, if you know who he is."

"The Kansas leader, you mean?"

"Yes. But talk lower; it mustn't be known about."

The name of Lane was familiar to Allan as that of one of the more violent of the free-state leaders in the old Kansas quarrel—a companion of John Brown. Cassius Clay was a wild Kentuckian, an Abolitionist who had

had various adventures as editor of an antislavery paper, fighting duels about it in his native State. "Wait a moment till I look in here," said Lovejoy, dashing into a café.

"What are you going to do?" the other asked, as he reappeared, and they went on.

"We are getting some volunteers to patrol the streets for the night," said Lovejoy, "and to guard the White House. People don't realize the truth of it—this city's just like a magazine, and only a spark is needed. If the capital of the country were to go, and all the archives and the public buildings—don't you see that it would ruin us? What more would Europe want for a pretext to recognize the rebels? And then—hello, there! Wait a moment!"

And the man dashed across the street, hailing some one who was passing. There was a few minutes of whispered conversation, and then Lovejoy came back. "An office-seeker," he said, with a laugh. "He's got an office he wasn't looking for."

They went on. "Maybe you're an office-seeker yourself," said Allan, in reply. "How else did you happen to be here?"

"I'm a war-seeker," said the other; "that's all I am. I've been here two weeks expecting it."

"You seem to have foreseen everything," Allan remarked.

"No," was the reply; "I foresaw war, as you know, years ago—but I never thought of its coming as it has. It's made me feel a little foolish. You see, we're not the aggressors, so we are ten times as strong."

Lovejoy went on in silence for a few moments—then he added: "It seems that somebody's been managing things for us—the Lord, it may be. Surely it wasn't that president we've got!"

"You don't think much of the President?" Allan asked.

"Think much of him!" cried the other. "Why, good God, Montague, I never heard of anything like it—it makes a man's heart go down into his shoes to think of it!"

"What's the matter with him?"

"What *isn't* the matter with him! We needed a statesman, we needed a man to command—as we never needed one in our history before and never will need one again. And we've got a simpleton of a backwoods lawyer—don't ask me about it! He doesn't know anything about anything or anybody; he has no tact, no sense—why, some of the stories that people tell of the things he's said and done fairly make your hair stand on end! I'm no cad—it doesn't make any difference to me if the man hasn't ever been into society, and wears black kid gloves at the opera and horrifies the swells of New York. There are men here who'd stand by him if he went to the opera in his shirt-sleeves. But the man can't please anybody—every one's given him up, so far as I can find out. He is incompetence spelt in letters a foot high—they say it takes him a week to make up his mind about a country post-office, and then he changes it over night."

Lovejoy strode on, his brows knit. "And yet," he continued, suddenly, "the man means well—he's kind-hearted, you can see that by just looking at him. I stood in front of him while he read his Inaugural, and I don't think I ever saw anything so pathetic. The poor man was so nervous he could hardly hold the manuscript; and his spectacles seemed to get moist with his agitation—he couldn't see through them, and his hands shook so he couldn't manage to wipe them, and his voice kept breaking—I thought he was going all to pieces. It made you want to cry, he seemed so pitiful. You see he's had no experience in office, and he isn't equal to it. He hardly knows where to turn."

The speaker became silent. "All that is fearfully discouraging," said Allan, in a low voice.

"No!" the other cried, slapping his thigh. "No! it needn't be discouraging—not with the temper of the country as it is. It will sweep everything before it, it will find out the way, depend upon it—it will find some man to take charge in the end. It simply means that we men who are to do the fighting have got to get in and fight so

much the harder, Montague. And above all, that we've got to do it quickly! The troops have been called for three months—before God I tell you I think we've got to have the war won by then, or else not win it at all!''

''Why is that?'' the other asked.

''The country'll be bankrupt, that's why! Go about in these hotels in Washington and use your eyes—last week they were jammed with office-seekers, but already there's a bigger horde coming down—of contractors! They've come like buzzards—there are droves of them on every train, and they're simply going to eat the *bowels* out of the country.''

The speaker shut his jaw with a snap. He strode on, his hands clenched. ''Do you know anything about Cameron?'' he demanded, suddenly.

''The Secretary of War, you mean? Nothing much.''

''Cameron's a Pennsylvania politician whom Lincoln's managers bribed with a cabinet position to get his delegates at Chicago. Cameron's one of those gentlemen in politics who are honest, and have 'heelers' to do the dirty work. I suppose there's been more rottenness in Pennsylvania politics under his rule than there has been anywhere else in the country outside of New York. And now he's got charge of the pocket-book of the nation, and all the boys are out celebrating. Money will have to be spent hand over fist, you know—the things must be had, and no time to haggle or ask questions. And of course no one will ever know about it,—except that you and I who are to do the work will have shoddy blankets, and shoes that fall apart, and guns that won't shoot, and powder that won't burn. For every dollar that buys anything there'll be two stolen besides.''

''But, Lovejoy,'' cried Allan, wildly, ''how can you hope to put down this thing in three months?''

''It seems impossible I know,'' was the response. ''The Montgomery government, you'd think, must prove a hard nut to crack; but you've only to hit it once, and you'll find out that it's only an eggshell!''

''What do you mean by that?'' Allan demanded.

"I mean Slavery, that's what I mean!" cried Lovejoy. "Do you mean to tell me that a nation can fight that has four million of black people—half as many as there are white—to be held down by force?"

"You expect the slaves to rise?"

"I don't know what I expect them to do—I expect them to rise or to run away—I expect them to do whatever I should do if I were there in their places. I only know that just as sure as an army marches into Virginia, and another down the Mississippi, you'll see a universal smash-up and cave-in that will make the South think the Judgment-day has struck it!"

Allan stood lost in wonder, saying nothing. Before he spoke again his companion had espied another man that he knew, and darted away in chase. "It's the same mistake he made with John Brown," Allan found himself thinking, and was on the point of beginning an argument, when the other returned. But their attention was suddenly drawn away by the sound of distant cheering, that seemed to grow louder as they listened. Everything upon the street stood suddenly still; and then a moment later came the faint strains of military music, and Lovejoy gave a yell. "It's the troops!" he cried. "They've come!"

The two started down the avenue, most of the crowd following. Every moment the music came nearer, a prolonged and incessant shouting accompanying it. Suddenly the people on the avenue broke out into cheers—the head of a column had swept into sight—it was coming on, in a cloud of dust. It was just about sunset, and the street was thronged; the crowd grew denser every moment, and one could read the sentiments of each person, surprised out of their concealment by this unexpected apparition. Some cheered and sang—others kept silence.

They were five companies of Pennsylvania troops. They had come on without waiting for arms—there were arms enough in Washington. They were spread out in open formation to disguise the paucity of their numbers, and they came with banners waving and music sounding, and volley after volley of cheers along their way. The

two friends turned and went back to the Capitol with them, ready to dance for joy.

They enrolled themselves for the night in Lane's "Frontier Guards," which were then assembling upon the Capitol grounds. There were strange sights to see here—the doors and windows of the building were boarded up and barricaded, a breastwork of cement barrels was piled along the front of the portico, and cannon and sentries were guarding every approach. The temporary volunteers were receiving their arms— a motley assemblage of perhaps half a hundred men, "down-East" Yankees and Kansas frontiersmen, would-be post-masters, surveyors, collectors and Indian agents—politicians and farmers, clergymen, travelling salesmen, and sightseers. There was "Jim" Lane himself, talking always as if he were on the stump, brandishing a shiny new sword—a wild personage clad in a calfskin vest and sealskin coat. He had been a lifelong and vociferous politician, and was soon to be a general of armies; and by him the weird command was marched to the White House, and into the "East Room," one of the halls of state of the presidential mansion. Here were gorgeous plush upholstery and hangings, frescoed ceilings, velvet carpets, and glowing chandeliers; and here the volunteers stacked their muskets, and unslung their knapsacks and cartridge-boxes, and spread themselves for the night. It was a thing never to be forgotten, to have seen this motley assemblage of men, old and young, rich and poor, big and little, clad in every kind of costume to be found on the continent, lined up and in desperate seriousness taking their first lessons in squad-drill. Later on you might have seen them stretched out in the corners, sound asleep, or with their feet on the sofas, reading newspapers, or squatted in groups on the carpet, swapping yarns and playing cards.

No uprising occurred to disturb them or to test their resolution. They had one unexpected experience in the course of the evening, however,—a startling one for Allan. He noticed a group gathered in the doorway, and several

moving to join it; then suddenly Lovejoy nudged him and whispered, "Look there!"

Allan turned and stared. In the great doorway he saw an enormous figure of a man, reaching nearly to the top of it, his impossible height accentuated by his leanness and by the tall "stove-pipe" hat that was set upon his head. He was dressed all in black, in a suit that was new and shiny, and that did not fit him, so that he looked ill at ease, like an undertaker's assistant, or a farm-hand on his way to a prayer meeting. Out of the sleeves of it there projected an enormous pair of hands, which he seemed not to know where to put. He wore a loose collar, and a carelessly knotted tie, the ends of which stuck out over his coat; and from out his collar there rose a lean and scrawny yellow neck, surmounted by the most peculiar head Allan had ever seen in his life. It had broad, outstanding ears, and on top of it was a shock of wild, rebellious hair—below it a rough, bristly stubble of beard. The face seemed to be all nose and mouth; standing in the shadows of the doorway as the man was, Allan could scarcely see the little twinkling eyes at all. He could see enough, however, to connect the face in his memory with pictures he had seen; and he started up in wonder, and caught Lovejoy's arm, whispering beneath his breath, "It's the President!"

"It's the President," Lovejoy responded.

Most of the men in the room, seeing him, rose up; and he looked about a moment, a smile lighting up his odd features as he noted the strange incongruities. "Be careful of my furniture, boys," he said, suddenly. "It's only mine for a while, you know, and I have to pass it along in good condition."

"We'll take care of it, Mr. President," said some one.

"Maybe," went on the other, laughing, "the rebels are coming to capture it. I don't care how much you spoil it then."

"They'll never get it!" cried several voices. "Never —don't you worry!" The men were beginning to crowd

round the President, whose huge figure towered head and shoulders above them—to say nothing of the enormous cylinder of a hat. Standing just in front of him was a little drummer boy, in the uniform of the regular army; and suddenly Mr. Lincoln put his hand on his shoulder and began to chuckle gleefully, demanding: "Any of you people ever heard" (Mr. Lincoln pronounced it "heerd") "the story of the Peterby boys and the mule?"

"No," said several voices.

"You fellows have come from so many parts of the world," said the speaker. "I didn't know but what there might be somebody from Sangamon County, out my way. If there was, he'd have surely heerd of the Peterby boys and the mule."

"Tell it," said some one.

"That's what I'm going to do," was the reply; and when the crowd had stopped laughing and applauding, the President went on—as he spoke laughter taking more and more possession of his face, until it was wrinkled up and drawn out of shape beyond description.

"There were six of the Peterby boys in the Sangamon bottom," he began, "and the biggest of them was about twenty, and the youngest of them about eleven, and there never had been any one of them known to do any work. Naturally, they were not good neighbors; and they lived next to an old fellow named Harper,—Captain Harper, we used to call him, though I never knew why,—who was the crossest old reprobate a man ever laid eyes on, and was always quarreling with the Peterby boys. They used to rob his corn-field, and he'd watch for them moonlight nights with a shot-gun,—they never let on to him, but many and many a time they've had to pick some of Captain Harper's bird-shot out of each other's backs with their jack-knives! Well, it seems that Captain Harper had a mule that was a fearful mule, and would kick a wagon into match-wood whenever he got excited. He hitched it in the town one day while he went into the store to do his trading, and while he was gone the Peterby boys got a

bunch of fire-crackers and set it under the mule." (At this point the narrator fell to laughing so hard that he had to stop for a moment.) "They just had them underneath, and everything ready, and Nick Peterby about to touch a match to them—when all of a sudden here comes old Harper strolling out of the store. Of course they got up and lit out for dear life, expecting to be chased; but instead, the old cuss stood in the door without even swearing, so they turned around and stared at him. 'Go ahead, consarn ye!' says he—'blow him to hell, if you like—I don't care what you do to him!' At that naturally they stared all the harder. 'What do you mean?' cries one of them. 'Mean!' yells Harper, 'I mean you can put a barrel of firecrackers under him if you want to. I've jest sold the wagon to your dad!' "

And then, while the crowd roared, the President bent over and doubled up with laughter, shaking as if in a fit. When finally he turned and went away, they could hear the sounds of his mirth all the way down the hall, and up the stairway.

CHAPTER V

"You know," said Lovejoy, when the two had gone apart after this incident and sat down to stare at each other—"you know there's something great about a man who can come out of the backwoods into the White House and do as that man does. It may be it's nothing but blindness, but it's blindness that's epic in its proportion—it's blindness that amounts to genius! Is it really that he is so obtuse that he doesn't know the effect he produces? Or doesn't he care, or is it a pose, or what? I declare I can't fathom him—he's too much for me."

"The crowd seemed to like it," said Allan; "but does he do like that all the time?"

"*That!*" cried the other. "That isn't a circumstance. I suppose so far as stories go, and smutty stories in particular, the senators and congressmen when they get together socially tell them about as much as any other men. But this man tells them all the time—he doesn't care who it is, a diplomat or a duke or a bishop; and he doesn't care where it is, at some formality, some reception. And he sends them away, you know with their heads reeling—and he doesn't seem to have the slightest idea of it all! They say, though, that sometimes he uses them to get rid of the office seekers—that he positively scares them out of the place!"

After midnight the poker-playing and story-telling ceased, and the "Frontier Guards" wrapped themselves in slumber on the floor of their palatial quarters. Toward morning Allan received an answer to his dispatch, informing him that the Fifth had not yet been called; this decided him to continue on to Boston, as he had originally intended. He wished to bid farewell to his home before the fighting came on, and the news in the papers was that the Massa-

chusetts Sixth had left Philadelphia the night before and would surely reach Washington that morning—as also probably the Eighth. That meant, Allan judged, that there was no longer need of fear for the capital; and so, soon after dawn, while the company was still fast asleep, he said good-by to his friend and took the train for the North.

The rumors concerning Harper's Ferry had proven true, and one more calamity had fallen upon the startled nation. The cars were crowded with fugitives, mostly women and children, the families of diplomats and correspondents and other residents of Washington, who were taking flight from the scene of the impending conflict. Everywhere one saw frightened faces, and heard whispered rumors of fresh disasters. Allan kept an anxious lookout, for he expected every minute to pass the train bringing South the troops upon which so much depended. It did not appear, however, and he began to feel alarmed once more, and to wish that he had waited another day.

In a couple of hours they were in Baltimore. The trains from Washington in those days came into Camden Station, and thence each car was drawn separately through Pratt Street by horses, to the President Street Station, about a mile and a half away, where they were again made into a train for Philadelphia. There was some delay upon reaching the city, and Allen left the cars and started to walk.

All that he had read had led him to expect that he would find disorder in Baltimore. But he was not prepared for what he found—the depot and the street for a block around were thronged with excited people, and when he got clear of them and went on he found men running up the street and calling to each other, as if something alarming were then just transpiring. He saw several pointing up Pratt Street, and hearing distant shouting from that direction, started to run himself. Turning the corner he saw a throng in the distance. "It's the soldiers coming!" shouted a man, in answer to his inquiry.

From all the side streets people were hurrying up, and

every moment the throng about Allan grew denser and the uproar greater. They were in a "tough" part of the city, near the water-front, and most of the people were of the rowdy sort. Allan noticed that many of them carried sticks, and a few of them more dangerous weapons. He ran on, his heart thumping fast.

The black mass of people up Pratt Street was coming his way; they were shouting, jeering — the noise was like the roaring of a sea, and it grew each moment louder, harsher, more ominous. At first Allan could only see the crowd, but, coming nearer, he made out that in their midst was one of the railroad cars; they were running before it and beside it, shaking their fists at it, throwing stones at it, cursing and yelling. The young man halted, waiting, thunderstruck; surely no one could have been such a fool as to try to send troops through this city shut up in cars! Why in Heaven's name not let them march through? Had there not been warnings enough — secession-meetings and speeches, threats in the newspapers, predictions from the South? The "plug-ugly" of Baltimore, a ferocious rowdy, bred out of Slavery for political purposes, was known by reputation all over the country; and to send the soldiers through the haunts of such a creature, shut up in cars like sheep!

Allan's indignation was all the greater, for these, he knew, must be the Massachusetts troops. The mob knew it also — he caught snatches of their cries here and there. They were close enough now for him to see them plainly; they came on at a run, for the horses of the car were trotting — a throng of howling ruffians, old and young, some of them in their shirt-sleeves, some of them drunk, all with paving-stones or clubs in their hands. The windows of the car were closed, and the curtains drawn, and the inmates gave no sign. The crowd beat upon it, and now and then they would try to stop the horses. The windows of all the houses along the way were open, and from them people yelled imprecations. "Bean-eaters," they called these unfortunate Bostonians, also "mamma's darlings," "kid-gloved soldier-boys," "counter-jumpers," and innumerable

other descriptive epithets not to be transcribed. Allan stepped into a doorway while the storm swept by, trailing out behind for a block or two. He thought of following, but instead went on, knowing that there would be other cars to come. The result of the criminal folly of those in charge would of course be that the regiment would be split up into two or three dozen sections, instead of marching as a unit.

He was not mistaken; soon he heard the roar of the mob again, and saw another car sweep round the corner far down the street. It came on as before, only this time the crowd seemed even denser and more violent. It went by, and again and again the same thing happened, while every instant the excitement grew fiercer. The young man, staring about him, could not but conclude that this outbreak had been premeditated, for the rowdies were pouring in from every direction, sometimes whole gangs of them flying down the side streets together, and each man of them with a weapon ready to hand. Guns and pistols were becoming frequent also — and Allan noticed too that for some reason several loads of paving-stones had been dumped on Pratt Street, of which the mob was not failing to take advantage. He was in the very centre of the whirlpool, and never had he seen such rage upon the faces of men as he saw here, never had he heard such furious imprecations. Every time a car came by the yelling would swell into a deafening roar; the rush of the crowd was like a charge of cavalry, sweeping everything before it, and there would be no way for him to escape save by running into a side street or an open doorway. Several times he heard shots fired; and once as the car was directly opposite him a man dashed out and with terrific force hurled a cobble-stone clean through the side of it. At the same time others were trying to drag the driver from his place. Allan sprang out and followed, feeling sure that the climax was coming here — that the troops would be compelled to come out.

Before long, however, he halted and turned back, for up the street he heard men yelling and saw that they were trying to tear up the track. For lack of better tools they

had taken an anchor off a schooner which lay in the basin, and whose bowsprit projected out over the sidewalk. When he reached the place, they had dug a hole with a pickaxe and had gotten one prong of the anchor under the track, and were ripping it up. At the same time down a side street came a drunken Irishman, roaring and singing, driving a mule and a cart full of gravel; this he upset on the track, to the delight of the howling mob that surrounded him. The press was now so great that it was not easy to move on the street — those who had escorted the first cars to the depot had no doubt returned by this time. A little way farther down, a creek which runs through Baltimore — Jones's Falls — crossed the street, and here they were breaking up the planks of the bridge to bar the way. Standing upon an empty barrel was a black-whiskered desperado with a bowie-knife in his hand, making a speech, principally of oaths. "Don't let another one of them get by!" was the burden of his remarks. "Kill the damned nigger-thieves! Send them to hell where they came from!"

The next car came into sight, and the crowds surged on to meet it; every pane of glass in it was shattered already, and one of the horses which hauled it had been shot in the leg and could hardly move; the car had been derailed somehow, and was bumping along on the rough cobble-stones. Leaping at the windows of it were men with knives and revolvers, and as it came near Allan there were several shots. A moment or two later there came a blaze of light from the windows of one side, and the mob fell back, screaming with rage. Two men lay rolling on the ground, and a third was dragging himself away from off the track in front. A fellow rushed by Allan, cursing like a fiend, with the blood pouring from the sleeve of his coat, and from a gash in his forehead.

The car thumped on to where the gravel lay upon the track, with two loaded grocery wagons upset beyond it. The doors opened and the men rushed out and began to remove the obstructions. They had not proceeded very far, however, before a man ran up to them from out of

the crowd ; he seemed to be expostulating with the officer in command, and Allan heard some one near him say that it was the mayor of the city. In a few moments the excited colloquy, which Allan did not venture near enough to hear, ended with the horses being taken to the other end of the car, the soldiers reëntering it, and the driver whipping up and returning in the direction from which they had come. At this sign of the victory the crowd surged forward again, roaring with delight.

Allan followed, blazing with indignation. They were going to give up, then ! They were going to give up and leave the capital of the nation to its fate, because there was no man there with resolution enough to put himself at the head of the regiment and march it through that villainous horde — blow it to pieces with a volley, if there were no other way ! He was almost beside himself — he longed to seize some weapon himself and strike down the nearest of the ruffians. Would there never be an end to the humiliation, would the nation never find its manhood ?

Borne along in the torrent of people he went back with the car to the President Street Station — and there suddenly he saw a sight that made his blood leap. The rest of the regiment was leaving the train and forming upon the street.

He could not see them, after they had stepped from the car platforms, for the crowd which surged about them. He could see their flags, however, — there was the Massachusetts State flag, and there was a regimental flag with their number on it, — yes, it was the long-expected Sixth ! There were four companies left to make the march, some two hundred men in all ; much to Allan's relief every man he saw come out had a musket in his hand. Above all the uproar he heard the sharp, determined commands of the officers, and a few moments later the crowd surged backwards, and the flags began their advance.

A howl went up from the mob ; a man pushed past Allan, a butcher, by his costume, a huge brute with the voice of a stentor, and a secession flag nailed upon a pole in his hands. The crowd massed themselves behind him, and

rushed upon the troops, hissing, jeering, throwing stones, and yelling for "Jeff. Davis." Allan lost sight of the man, but he could follow the flag; he saw it strike at the flag of the regiment and knock it down; then, running up the steps of a house, he was just in time to see an officer leap out with drawn sword, and slamming the hilt of it into the ruffian's face, knock him backwards, head over heels. The officer then seized the flag, and ripping it from the pole, stuffed it into his pocket and went on.

At the head of the column now marched the gentleman Allan had been told was the mayor; he was exhorting and imploring, and with half a dozen policemen was constantly beating back the throng from in front of the advancing troops. His position was a perilous one, for brickbats and paving-stones were flying, and occasionally there came a shot; Allan saw a man upon the roof of one of the houses hurl down a heavy plank upon the column, knocking one of the militiamen senseless. A few moments afterwards he saw another man standing in an upstairs window, with a gun in his hand; he raised it and took aim, and Allan gave a cry of warning. One of the soldiers had seen it already, however — there was a flash and a report, and the man tottered and pitched headlong to the street.

Fully ten thousand yelling demons were now swarming about the little company, and the din was indescribable. Every now and then shots would be fired, sometimes half a dozen in succession. A fellow near Allan was struck, and being without arms himself and unable to do anything, the young man turned into a side street until the troops had passed. When the rear of the column was by, he tried to fall in behind it and follow again, but it was at least two blocks distant before he could get into Pratt Street, so dense was the throng. The frenzy of the mob was demoniac — there were women among them, too, ragged creatures with streaming hair and wild eyes, screaming for vengeance upon the "nigger-thieves." Firing was still going on quite steadily, and among the crowd Allan saw several wounded men being carried into houses. He saw also three dead militiamen, one with a bullet hole in

his breast. The mob had stripped him of his weapons, and they had beaten him in the head and face with cudgels and paving-stones until he was scarcely to be known for a human being. Drunken ruffians were still dancing about the body, and Allan turned away, shuddering and sick. Only once before had he ever seen anything like this — at Harper's Ferry, after the John Brown raid. Now, as then, the monster Slavery was sating its lust for blood. The thing cried out to heaven — how much oftener would the monster Slavery be allowed to sate its lust for blood?

He was consumed by anxiety, for there was every reason to think that the little command would be torn to pieces before the dreadful march was over. Before long the crowd before him came to a halt, and from the deafening roar in front he became convinced that the column had been blocked and a massacre begun. There was no way for him to get forward, and so he passed an agonized quarter of an hour before he finally learned the cause of the stoppage — that the mob had succeeded in blocking itself instead of the troops, at the bridge; the latter had skipped across upon the rafters, a process which naturally took the thousands who followed it a much longer time. By the time that Allan got to the bridge the pressure had ceased, and he heard it said that the "nigger-thieves" were on the cars and out of the city. He drew a breath of relief, having no means of knowing the true state of the case — that the tracks had been torn up in front, and that the train was surrounded with a greater crowd than ever.

Of what happened there he heard nothing until the next day. Before he reached the station the tide had set the other way, and he heard the word passed that there were more soldiers at the Philadelphia Depot — some who had never left the cars. Going back once more he found about a thousand Pennsylvania troops, unarmed, with the mob surrounding them; already the latter had driven out the unfortunate musicians of the Sixth Massachusetts, who had been left behind, and who were now flying for their lives

through the city. The unarmed men in the cars were in a desperate plight, for they could not go forward, and there was no engine to be had to take them back. Quite a crowd of Union men had gathered about to defend them, however, and Allan, snatching up a stick, plunged into the mêlée and joined these. They had held the crowd at bay for ten or fifteen minutes, but it seemed then as if they must be swept out of the way. Before the worst of the mob learned of the situation, however, a number of the city police fortunately arrived, and these, brandishing their clubs and revolvers, kept up the fight until finally a locomotive came and the train started off, amid a din of jeers and curses, and a shower of stones. Allan succeeded in getting into one of the cars — it was going his way, and he judged it not a time to stand upon ceremony. Most of the unfortunate fellows on the train were as white as paper with fright, and as for Allan, his forehead was cut, and his clothing was half torn off him.

It had been his first taste of fighting — he had come to the grapple with Slavery at last, and he was like a tiger. He paced up and down the aisles of the car, his blood running in his veins like fire; he wrung his hands in his fury — ah God, to come back and wipe out that city! To march down that street — to sweep it with cannon, if need be — to whirl that hellish rabble out into the waters of the bay! And it would be done — it would be done, he knew! They would tell that story in Massachusetts, and the blood of her murdered sons would not call out in vain! There would come regiments — there would come armies — they would clear a pathway for the nation, never fear!

The train went so slowly! Every minute that outrage was not avenged was a minute of torture to him. At Havre-de-Grace the train was overtaken by the express upon which Allan was supposed to be a passenger, and he was glad to change to this. All the way to Philadelphia he rode upon the platform, watching — watching for the Massachusetts Eighth that was but a few hours behind, and that would go on and do the work! One

regiment, warned and determined, could do it, he knew, with a single volley.

But there came no sign of troops, and when he reached Philadelphia he learned that the telegraph wires were cut, and that the bridges outside of Baltimore were said to have been fired. The accounts of the "massacre" that prevailed in Philadelphia told of hundreds of the Sixth having been killed, a statement which Allan could not be sure was untrue. He boarded the train again, and went on with sinking heart, foreseeing that the panic which prevailed would cause more delay, and still more peril to Washington.

They passed the train with the regiments on board at last, and toward the close of the afternoon they arrived in Jersey City; there they found a crowd, wild with excitement and crazy for the news. The telegraph wires being cut, the only resources of the newspaper reporters was this express, which had left Baltimore after the riot. Allan had wired his cousin to let him know of any sudden orders the regiment might receive, and his first thought upon stepping off the ferry-boat was of the hotel to which he had directed the message to be sent. He took a cab and drove there, and was surprised when the clerk, upon his inquiring, handed him a yellow envelope. He tore it open, and while the crowd in the corridors stared at him, with his torn and blood-stained clothing, he read the startling news that Jack's company had been ordered to join the Eighth Regiment, which he had just passed, and would arrive in time to take the train with the New York Seventh.

"What time does the Seventh march?" Allan demanded of the clerk.

"They may have started now," the man answered. "They were to leave this afternoon."

He was going back to Baltimore!

CHAPTER V

Allan was sure that the regiment had not passed him anywhere, but still he was anxious, and sprang into a cab and drove in haste to the Armory, on Lafayette Place. As soon as he came near he saw that he was in time. The crowd about it was so dense that the cab was stopped a hundred yards away, and he was forced to leave it and push through on foot.

There was a mob besieging the Armory gates, friends and relatives of the militiamen, begging to be admitted, and Allan had difficulty in getting by. He learned, however, that the "Cambridge Tigers" had arrived, and when he declared that his errand was to enlist, the doorkeepers consented to let him pass.

The main hall of the Armory was a scene of confusion indescribable; there was packing of knapsacks, rolling of blankets, loading of guns; men flying in every direction, muskets stacked here and there; piles of baggage, banners, drums, musical instruments, camp-kettles, upon the floor; and above all a babel of voices, shouts and laughter, and cries of command. Allan saw the flag of the Massachusetts company in one corner, and made his way toward it. There was Jack, flushed with excitement, talking eagerly; and suddenly catching sight of his cousin he made a dash for him, crying out with delight, "Well, old man!"

And then, all at once, he noticed Allan's condition, and stared. "What in the world has been happening to you?" he cried.

"I have been through Baltimore," Allan answered.

And Jack gave a yell. "He's been through Baltimore!" A crowd surrounded them in an instant — the cry went through the place, "A man from Baltimore!" and every instant the press about them grew greater.

The militiamen shouted a dozen questions at once, which Allan answered as fast as he could. He could not say how many had been killed and wounded, but he told what he had seen, and they listened to him with tense faces and burning cheeks. All day they had talked and thought of nothing but this news, and to a man they were ablaze with indignation. Ah, if only they had been there — how different it would have been!

But there was little time just then for questions — the crowd melted away as soon as it had gathered, leaving only Jack and a few of his friends. The regiment had been on the point of departure for a couple of hours; and now you could hear the orderlies calling the rolls in the company rooms, the last preliminary to the start. A whirlwind of preparation had seized the place — to Allan it was like the living presence of the fervor of which he had been reading, and his heart leaped within him. It was what he had been waiting so long for, what he had prayed so long for! How glorious it was to be in the midst of this throng of young men, the flower of the city's life — to hear their eager cries, to see the grim resolution on their faces! And they were only a few among many — all over the land the same thing was going on.

"I'm glad you've come, old fellow!" said Jack, again and again. "You are going with us, are you not?"

"I will if I can," the other answered. "Is there room for me?"

"Yes, yes," said Jack; "glad to get you. The regulations call for seventy in a company, and we've not sixty. We've had no time to recruit."

"All right, then," Allan answered.

"Perhaps you'd best attend to enlisting now," said the other. "You could get a musket here in the Armory — for you must have one, you know, you can't go through Baltimore without arms. And perhaps you can get some sort of a uniform instead of that torn coat — come and see Houghton about it."

Houghton was the captain of the company. "He got us this chance," Jack went on, as they started across the

hall. "You've no idea what a wild time there is in Boston, Allan — with all the men and the companies that want to go, and the men that want to raise more companies! Our colonel's a slow-poke, and we thought we were left; but then we learned that the Eighth had gone one company short, and Houghton went to beg for the place. There were half a dozen ahead of him, but he was a classmate of the governor's in college, and so he got it. Just think — we only got the notice about four o'clock this morning!"

"What time did you start?" Allan asked.

"We got off about nine," said Jack. "But, Lord, what a flying around — and half a dozen of the fellows got left! I tell you, things are moving up there! We heard just before we left that our regiment had been called, and starts to-morrow. They were to get the Third off for Fortress Monroe to-day, and the Fourth has gone already. That makes five regiments out of Boston in five days — and there are new companies drilling already in every town in the State!"

The formalities of Allan's enlistment were brief and to the point. There was no uniform for him, but they were able to give him what would serve for the time, — one of those long gray coats which Governor Andrew had gotten himself into hot water by buying three months before. Also they gave him a musket — the touch of it sent a thrill through him. How his fingers had itched for a musket that morning! It made him feel like another man to have it.

The two went back to their corner. "How is every one at home?" Allan inquired.

"Every one is well," said the young lieutenant. "Father says he's coming down to Washington to see us, if we don't get the rebels cleared out too soon. They are forming societies at home to raise subscriptions for hospital supplies and nurses, and father's coming as their representative — they want to know if the government thinks well of the plan. He's going to interview the President — and he says he'll take us along, if he can!"

"I've seen him once already," said Allan, and Jack listened with wondering interest while the other told of the experience of the "Frontier Guards."

The men of the company now came crowding around Allan to welcome him, hearing that he had become one of them. They were an unusual aggregation of soldiers, the "Cambridge Tigers"; there were a few mechanics and clerks among them, of course, but for the most part they represented the wealth and culture, the bankers and business-men and professors, of the college town. There were a score or so of the older Harvard men among them, and men from other colleges besides; also there were half a dozen or more of the undergraduates, heart-broken at having been torn away out of the very jaws of examinations. Besides these, Allan found to his amusement a number of old acquaintances, men who had joined upon the instant — had literally been taken up by the company on the run: there was, still in his uniform, the postman who in Allan's student days had brought him his mail; likewise the waiter who had served him at table, and the clerk who had sold him his collars and neckties in one of the haberdashery shops on Harvard Square — to say nothing of the black-eyed Italian youth who had kept the fruit-stand on the corner.

Allan's blithesome cousin looked very handsome in his brand-new uniform, with his silver-mounted sword at his side; he was altogether beside himself with eagerness and excitement, and he gave his commands with the air of a veteran of the Peninsula. There had been no time to ask questions — the companies and regiments had to be accepted with such officers as they had; and so Jack was to be a lieutenant, with a commission from Washington! Now and then his enthusiasm would bubble over, and he would cut capers and sing a snatch of a song —

> "Oh, will ye go to Flanders, my Mally, O?
> You shall see the bullets fly,
> And the soldiers how they die!"

— and then suddenly he would bring his heels together

with a thump and stand still, recollecting the proprieties of his position.

They soon heard the words of command, and the companies began to form and to file out. The Massachusetts men were to bring up the rear, and so they waited, watching the others donning their overcoats and slinging their knapsacks, and lowering the two howitzers of the regiment by the rear stairway. As the first of the troops appeared outside there came a roar from the crowd, rolling in like a mighty wave. The listeners gazed at each other, and their eyes danced.

The Armory emptied itself rapidly. Allan's overcoat was hot and heavy, and it flapped strangely about his ankles, and the load they put on his back made him feel as if each moment he must be pulled over backwards. But then suddenly he forgot all such things, as they started and passed through the gateway arch.

It was like coming all at once into sight and sound of a tempest-beaten ocean — the roar of this mighty throng smote into one's face like a blinding gale of wind. You caught one swift glance from the steps — as far as the eye could reach there were black masses of people, waving handkerchiefs and hats and flags, cheering and yelling like mad. Where the troops were forming on the street, the police had tried to hold the crowd back; but mothers and sisters and sweethearts had broken through in spite of all, and every other man had a pair of arms about his neck, and a sobbing face upon his shoulder. Most of the volunteers were white about the lips, but they pressed them together tightly, trying hard to do the thing properly, and without a fuss. Here and there officers were running about, commanding, exhorting — through a scene of confusion like this Allan and his company struggled all the way to the rear of the march. There were but few friends to see the Bostonians off, but the crowd did its best to play the part — men slapped them on the back as they passed and shouted encouragements, women waved handkerchiefs to them, and threw them flowers. The Seventh was the *corps d'élite* of New York, and even of

the country; its members came from the wealth and fashion of the metropolis, and their friends were here to see them go. Flowers and fruit and sandwiches, bonbons and boxes of candy, cigars and pipes were pressed into their hands — a fellow from the Bowery offered his bulldog, all he had, and there was a soldier who had a purse thrust upon him and afterwards found ten five-dollar gold pieces in it. — Then suddenly past the long line there struggled a group of policemen, driving back the throng; and far down the street they heard the strains of the band, and the quick commands of the officers. The men tore themselves free; there were last frantic partings, tears and sobbing — and the crowd scattered here and there, and line by line the regiment swung into column, slowly at first, then faster and faster, then in full swing. They were off!

And again the roar of the throng surged up. It fairly lifted them in its arms, and swept them on. Louder and louder it rose, continuous, heaven-ascending; it rolled on ahead, it turned and came back again, it ran like the thunder upon the mountain tops. They strained their eyes ahead — there seemed no end to the crowd; when they turned at Jones Street it was there, and when they swung into Broadway — ah God, what a sight was Broadway! Flags, flags, flags! There were flags upon the housetops, flags in the steeples, flags in the windows, flags in people's hands — like the leaves in the forest were the flags! There were streamers across the street, bunting in the windows — the mighty thoroughfare was a canyon whose walls were flags.

And the people! They packed the sidewalks to the gutters and beyond; they filled the doorways, they swarmed at every window in tiers upon tiers, they peered down from the roofs. At every side street they filled the block, standing upon boxes, upon ladders, upon wagons. They clung to cornices, to the tops of doorways, balconies, lamp-posts, awnings, fences — wherever a man could cling, there was a man. They fell in with the march, crowding between the ranks, laughing, shouting, singing; they

slapped the soldiers on the back as they passed, they surged in behind the procession, sweeping on with it like an avalanche. They showered presents upon it, they flung down all that they owned, all that they could lay their hands upon — money and pocket-books, combs, slippers, gloves. The eye ran on ahead, down a mighty river of human hands and faces, tossing and quivering, leaping like the waves of the sea; you looked nearer — it was swirling, seething, swaying before you. Faces started out of it, faces mad with excitement; voices screamed from it, hands reached out from it, handkerchiefs and flags danced and shimmered above it, blinding the eye that watched them, making the senses reel. Deafening, thunderous, paralyzing was the din of it. At the corners of the streets firemen had dragged up their engines and were jangling the bells — one saw them leaping back and forth, but one heard not a sound of them. In the church steeples also the bells were tolling, whistles and horns were blowing — one heard nothing at all save this roar from ten thousand human throats, beating in the ears, a living, leaping sound, dazzling, burning like a blast of fire. Men had never heard anything like it, men had never dreamed anything like it; the crash of the thunder was not like it, the howling of the tempest, the raging of the sea was not like it. They walked through it, they knew not how, transported, lifted away by it, staggering, and dazed. So much had they seen of the task to be done — but now for the first time they saw the power that was to do it! Now for the first time they saw the nation — understood what the nation was! Here was the heart of it throbbing; here was the voice of it calling, here was the power of it flung forth at last! A land of mighty rivers and towering hills, of teeming cities — a land of free men! Somewhere in the countless thousands people were singing of it: —

"Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring!"

In the darkest hour, when all men despaired for it, it had arisen, it had rent its bonds! It was striding forth in all its majesty, colossal, cloud-compelling! And now was the hour of victory, the hour of salvation! The mists were scattered, the sun had broken through; and the phantoms of the night that had frozen men with fear — how they fled from the glory of this dawn!

There was no man there so dull but felt his heart leaping, but was startled out of himself, shaken with emotions of which he had never dreamed. They were going to war! No holiday parade was this, — they were going to war! Within a few hours the regiment would be in the streets of Baltimore, with the furies raging about it, with death stalking through its ranks. And these men were young, and life was fair; they had pleasures and hopes and loves — it had been hard to come. But here, throbbing with the mighty pulse of the millions, how easy it suddenly seemed! Like a column of fire ascending was the passion of that hour, sweeping all things in its reach. With what fervor they rushed to lay their hearts upon her altar, to pledge their vows to her — their country! What consecrations shook them, what visions thrilled them! Out of the deeps, upheaved and shaking — trembling, burning with rapture, they saw her coming in the storm; through the misty portals of the spirit she broke, radiant, shimmering, terribly fair. All their lives she had haunted them — she had whispered to them in the twilight, she had sung to them in the morning — and now in full glory she came revealed. She sped above them on rushing pinions, she touched them with her robes of fire. She cried aloud in trumpet-tones; she stretched out her arms and the multitude quivered, she waved her sword and the lightnings flew. The ground rocked and thundered as she went, the sky bent and cracked above her, and down the tempest-trodden pathway she whirled them on to war!

— There was no end to it, no end to it! There was a mile, two miles, and no end — the houses reeled and

danced before their eyes, and they walked upon the air — they had lost all sense of walking. Their hands were numb, and strange tinglings shot down their arms. There was a fire within them, the pounding of a hammer in their brains. They talked aloud as they went on, some of them sobbed; strange gasps rose in them like bubbles of water, breaking in nervous laughter. They marched with heads thrown back, breathing hard — it was too much for men to bear, they were not made for this. It was as if a mighty hand had seized them; it shook them, careless of the consequences, like a musician breaking his instrument in his fervor. And yet they clung to it; for men have pined to die in the arms of that ecstasy, which comes so hardly. This is the curse that has been laid upon us, who can be happy only in the midst of pain.

At last they turned a corner. Here again was a mist of banners, a blur of faces, a whirlwind of cheers to sweep them on. The street was arched like a forest aisle with bunting, and far down it was a ferry-boat, and docks, sheds, wagons, black with humanity. Whistles were blowing in the harbor, bells were ringing — the end was here. And the men staggered on, the mob surging in, overwhelming them; the regiment was swallowed up, the ranks broken, the march lost. Each one fought his way through as he could, the crowd roaring about them, shouting, singing, catching them by the waists and rushing them along, lifting them upon their shoulders and carrying them. And when at last they were all on board and the crowd forced back and the ferry-boat had swung out into the river, the silence was a kind of pain.

Some of them, having been frightened, sat apart; Allan's forehead was clutched in his hands, and his face was hot. He sat very still, while the thing died away, leaving him weak. Then suddenly he heard a voice beside him, saying, "You have a lot of work to do, comrade, before the end."

He looked up, startled, a little dazed. "Who are you?" he asked.

"I am the sergeant of your company," said the man, quietly. (He spoke with a slight German accent.) "When you have had some experience, you know, you will not let yourself go like that—one needs all his strength for the fighting."

"What do you know about it?" asked Allan, in a low voice.

"I have been through a war," said the sergeant.

BOOK V

THE BATTLE

CHAPTER I

In Jersey City there were twenty thousand people to greet them ; the depot was packed solid, and a platoon of police had to clear the way with clubs. And when at last they had started, they found a throng all along the track, continuing even after they left the town. There was nowhere a car's length without a person, — and this was true all the way to Philadelphia. There were thousands of people at every stop, and enough refreshments offered them for a supper once an hour. The cheering seemed never to cease — even after midnight they could not have slept had they wanted to. At a station they passed at two o'clock in the morning they found a group of old ladies waiting for them with pails of ice-water ; and when they came into Philadelphia toward morning, there was a crowd there, and a banquet, disguised as a breakfast, prepared for them at all the hotels.

Here it transpired that their desire to march through Baltimore was not to be gratified. Bridges were down and the telegraph wires cut, and, moreover, the spineless administration had given way before the frantic demands of the authorities of the city, and had promised that no more troops should come through it! At that hour Baltimore was in the hands of a mob, which had sacked the gun shops and the liquor stores ; the streets were barricaded and guarded by artillery and cavalry, and companies of secessionists were hurrying in from the neighborhood. The wildest rumors as to the fate of Washington prevailed.

Here the Massachusetts company joined the regiment to which it was ordered, and came under the command of its officer, one Benjamin Butler destined to fame. General Butler had been a criminal lawyer not of the highest reputability, and a pro-slavery Democratic politician whose boast it was that he had voted fifty-seven times for

Jefferson Davis in the Charleston convention the year before. But he had disapproved of secession, and when the call came for four regiments from his State, as a general of militia he had been first to apply and get command of them. He was cross-eyed and coarse in appearance, but aggressive and determined, and with a kind of humor of his own. At present he was casting about him for some way of reaching Washington, deciding finally to take the railroad ferry-boat at Havre-de-Grace, and from there steam to Annapolis. The colonel of the Seventh preferring to sail directly from Philadelphia to Washington, the two regiments now parted, the Eighth Massachusetts leaving the city at eleven in the morning.

Rumor had it that the ferry-boat was in the hands of the secessionists, and so the regiment prepared for a fight, the general coming through the train and giving elaborate directions as to their action. The fight did not come off, but the directions were enough to frighten one man so that he leaped from the moving train and dashed into the woods, to the intense amusement of his comrades. Late in the afternoon they boarded the huge ferry-boat *Maryland*, and steamed down the Susquehanna. While they were making the trip, in New York all business was at a standstill, and a mob of half a million people were thronged in Union Square, listening to patriotic speeches from men of all parties.

They reached Annapolis at midnight, finding the town awake, with lights flashing here and there, and signal rockets in the sky. This checked the ardent general's determination to land, and he cast anchor. Before long an officer of the Naval Academy came on board to say that the governor of the State forbade the troops to land. It transpired that the commandant of the place was a loyal man, and was in immediate fear of an attack. The frigate *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides," now a school-ship, was moored in front of the town, and the militia of the country had been drilling in full sight of her daily. The naval officer furthermore declared that the railroad to Washington had been destroyed, and the cars removed,

and that large parties of the secessionists were gathered in the interior.

Time was precious, but the general hesitated; he fell to parleying with the mayor of Annapolis and the governor of the State, both of whom were on hand, and frantic at the idea of "Northern troops" invading the soil of Maryland. These gentlemen professed to be loyal, in spite of their belief in "states' rights"; the latter of them was just then keeping the wires hot with his messages to Washington, imploring the Secretary of State to offer a truce, "so that the effusion of blood might be prevented." He went on respectfully to offer his solution of the difficulty — that the British Ambassador, Lord Lyons, "be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties of our country."

The *Constitution* was stuck fast upon a mud-bank, and in the morning the ferry-boat passed the time trying to drag her off. In this it was finally successful, whereupon the general issued a stirring manifesto to the regiment. "This is a sufficient triumph of right," he declared, "a sufficient triumph for us," and went on to add that by this the blood of their friends shed by the Baltimore mob was "avenged." The rejoicing over the achievement was, however, somewhat damped by the discovery that the *Maryland* herself had run on a mud-bank, and that the regiment was therefore helpless.

Here it spent the day and the night; it had run short of water and provisions — there was only enough for "a biscuit and an inch of salt pork" per man. They were so crowded on board that there was scarcely room to move, and for beds they had nothing more attractive than coal-bags. Exposed as they were to a broiling sun, the young gentlemen of Cambridge began to see war as a serious matter.

The long wait passed, however, and in the morning there appeared up the bay the steamer bearing the Seventh, which had been out in the ocean and around Cape Charles. More time was now wasted trying to float the *Maryland;* but finally, in the afternoon, the Seventh was landed at the Naval Academy dock, and

then the Massachusetts men were transferred to the steamer and landed also. It was said that four regiments of the enemy were intrenched at Annapolis Junction, and it was believed by nearly all at the outset that not two-thirds of those who marched would ever reach Washington alive. At this time the North was in a frenzy, owing to news having come that the Seventh had been surrounded by the "plug-uglies" and cut to pieces; this was also widely published and believed in the South.

While the hours slipped by, and the officers wondered and waited for reënforcements, the capital was in deadly peril. On Tuesday the Massachusetts men, having determined to march by the railroad, seized the depot. In one of the sheds they found an old, rusty engine. "Can any one repair it?" asked the general. "I can," answered a private — "I made it!" In truth there was scarcely a trade which was not represented in that regiment — one of the officers of the Seventh has recorded his opinion that if the orders had been "Poets to the front!" "Painters present arms!" "Sculptors charge bayonets!" a baker's dozen out of every company would have responded.

The rails of the road, which had been dragged here and there and hidden, were hunted out and the track laid; provisions and stores were gotten together, and the Seventh having meanwhile concluded to join, the two regiments made ready, and on the morrow at daybreak set out to march. Four more steamers had arrived in the night, with reënforcements from the North.

It was a beautiful spring day, and the campaign bade fair to be a picnic excursion; of the much-talked-of enemies there was no sign, and the skirmishers who were sent out in front to look for them soon betook themselves to the more profitable task of looking for the hidden rails. Following them came two companies of the New Englanders, repairing the track, and then the little engine, pushing ahead of it two platform cars, with the howitzers of the Seventh, and pulling behind it two more cars, loaded with supplies and baggage.

Before long they came out into the bare and sandy "tobacco country," where the sun beat down upon them, and where they found the march not so pleasant. Repairing the track and building bridges as they went, they could only make one mile an hour, however, and there was plenty of time for the weary to rest. The men had been obliged to come without rations, and so there was foraging among the neighboring farmhouses, whose inhabitants had for the most part fled for their lives.

Night came on and found them only halfway to Annapolis Junction; there was a full moon, however, and so they kept on, repairing the track as before, the men who were not engaged in this work falling down at each halt and sleeping as they could, many of them three-fourths asleep even while they marched. Those who gave out were taken on the cars, but the rest stuck to it, and at daybreak on the following morning they were in sight of the Junction, which they approached in battle array, only to find it deserted. The road had not even been disturbed, and before long appeared a train from Washington, sent out to meet them. It lacked but a few hours of a week since Allan had left Washington, and in that time no troops but the Sixth Massachusetts had reached the city. When, therefore, the triumphant Seventh swung into Pennsylvania Avenue that afternoon, with music sounding and banners waving, there was a scene almost as stirring as the one of the Broadway march.

The Eighth remained behind to guard the junction, and to open the way for the army that was coming. That night they slept beneath the stars, and in the early evening when the men were lounging about the camp-fires, singing, Allan made the acquaintance of the German sergeant who had spoken to him on the way from Jersey City. He saw him sitting apart and puffing at a short pipe, and he went over and stood by him. "How do you do?" he said.

The sergeant looked up. "Oh, hello!" said he. "Sit down, won't you?"

He was a man of about thirty; short, but of powerful

build. He had light, wavy hair and clear blue eyes that he fixed on one when he spoke. Allan had noticed him now and then — he was very quiet in his ways, and no one in the company seemed to know him very well. His name was Schlemmer, Jack had said, and he lived in Boston.

"I want you to tell me about that war," Allan remarked. "Were you in the German army?"

"Yes," said the other; "but I ran away from it — it is not so that I have fought. I am a socialist, and I fight for freedom."

"Where?" Allan asked.

"In many places I have helped," said the other — "wherever there was fighting, in '48 and '49. I was in Poland, and then in Saxony. I was in the street-fighting in Dresden, when we tried to overthrow the monarchy. I was on the barricades — you have heard of all that, perhaps?"

"I have read of it," Allan said.

"I was wounded there," said the sergeant, "and I was nearly caught. I escaped; but there were many of us caught. There was Bakunin, the Russian, and him they sentenced to be shot. You have heard of Bakunin?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And there was Klingel and me, and Wagner — you have, perhaps, heard of Wagner — Richard Wagner?"

"No," said Allan.

"He is a musician," said Sergeant Schlemmer. "You will hear of him some day; they laugh at him now, but they will not always. He too is a socialist, but they have pardoned him since, I believe. He is a man of genius, and they had to pardon him; but me — they would not forgive me. I was in prison a month in Berlin, and then I got away again. I came to England."

"How long have you been in this country?" Allan asked.

"Eight years I have been here," said Sergeant Schlemmer. "When I was married, I came."

"Oh," said Allan; "then you have a family?"

"I have three children," the man replied.

"But how can you leave them to go to war? — What will they do?"

"They have a little," he said — "they will get along. Your people will help them, perhaps, and my comrades have promised."

"And you like this country well enough to fight for it?" Allan inquired.

"All the world is the socialist's country," the man answered. "When we fight for freedom, it does not matter to us where we fight."

"You have always lived in Boston?"

"Two years I have been in Boston," said the sergeant — "before that I was in Hartford. I teach music, you know — I play the piano."

"Oh!" said Allan, in surprise; and then he added, with a slight smile, "perhaps you would rather listen to the music now than talk to me."

"I do not teach *such* music," said the sergeant, immediately; and he added, "Herr Gott!"

The other laughed; he looked at the speaker, who sat with his shoulders drawn together and his feet against a tree. "There is no place in particular for me to go," he said, with a shrug — "and then, I have my pipe."

There was a silence; the speaker puffed on stolidly, whilst the enthusiastic militiamen continued to shout, "We'll meet you on Canaan's happy shore!" Pretty soon the German observed, "You do not smoke?"

"No," Allan answered.

"You must," said the other.

"Must? Why?"

"You are going campaigning," replied the German. "You must have something to do. You don't want to die of it."

Allan said nothing, but waited while the other puffed again. He was getting used to his intermittent style of conversation. "I have watched you," the man began again, finally. "You are nervous; you are full of excitements. You must always have something to do. You won't last."

Again Allan said nothing. "A soldier had to learn to wait," the other continued; "he has to wait months, and ask no questions. He mustn't care. That's why they have to drill them so much. They have to be wooden."

Allan laughed uncomfortably; then, his eye roaming through the camp, he replied: "I am afraid a good many of us won't fill your requirements. Perhaps they are too good to be made into soldiers."

"All men are too good to be made into soldiers," said the sergeant, in a low voice.

CHAPTER II

THE line from Annapolis was soon repaired, and it became a scene of busy activity, thousands of troops arriving every day. Before long there came the Fifth Massachusetts, and then the "Cambridge Tigers" joined it and went up to Washington. They marched past the White House, and Allan saw the tall, black-clad figure of the President once more, as he stood in the doorway to see them. The crowd of civilians had now fled the city, going North or South according to their tastes, and Washington was rapidly becoming a military encampment — the march of troops was heard all day long, the galloping of cavalry and the rumbling of cannon. Long trains of army-wagons began to arrive, and fortifications to arise on the hills about the city. The Patent Office was turned into a barracks; the rotunda and rooms of the Capitol were filled with troops — they bivouacked in the chambers of the Senate and the House, and the vaults of the terrace in front of the building were turned into storerooms and bakeries, from which before long there came sixteen thousand loaves of bread a day. By the first of May there were ten thousand troops in Washington, and as many more in Annapolis.

The "Frontier Guards" had been disbanded, and Lovejoy came to see Allan to bid him farewell before leaving for Kansas. They were raising a "John Brown regiment" in Kansas, and Lovejoy had been called to take command of one of its companies. Men were hearing a great deal about old "Ossawatomie Brown" in these days; when the country was ablaze with war his deed wore a different aspect from the one it had worn in peace. A poet had already seen his figure stalking over the ruins of Sumter; and there came a day when one of the new

Massachusetts regiments swept into Pennsylvania Avenue, singing a strange, wild marching-song to a tune called the "Hallelujah Chorus," an old camp-meeting melody that Allan had heard many, many years before. The song spread like wildfire in the camps at Washington, and all over the country the armies shook with it as they poured southward: —

"Old John Brown lies a-mouldering in his grave,
Old John Brown lies slumbering in his grave —
But John Brown's soul is marching with the brave,
His soul is marching on.

"He shall file in front when the lines of battle form,
He shall face to front when the squares of battle form —
Time with the column and charge with the storm,
Where men are marching on.

"Ah, foul tyrants, do you hear him when he comes?
Ah, black traitors, do you know him as he comes,
In thunder of the cannon, and roll of the drums,
As we go marching on?"

The Fifth Massachusetts was quartered in the Treasury Building, and Allan got grimly down to the work of being made into a soldier. Every man there was burning up with enthusiasm, but few of them were used to hard manual labor, and they found it a rough business. How they envied the gay young lieutenant, who had nothing to do but display his uniform and give orders and make out reports! Allan, for one, had not the first idea of the duties of a private, and the work kept him upon his feet from daybreak until night; there was squad-drill and company-drill, and regimental drill several times a week, in the wretched mud-streets of Washington. There was guard-mounting, and cleaning of arms and accoutrements, and cooking of rations; his new uniform was heavy and hot, his musket weighed — what it weighed he had no means of finding out, but it seemed a hundred pounds. His arms ached, his feet and limbs ached, and still they drove him on, until sometimes his body trembled, and his head

swam, and every nerve screamed its protest. The rest bore it, however, and he bore it also, setting his teeth grimly; it was the fault of the worthless life he had lived, he told himself — how he envied little Jimmy Hotchkiss, the classmate of long ago, who had been walking twenty miles a day since last November, and now went about his duties whistling like a bobolink! Sergeant Schlemmer was Allan's drill master, and, together with half a dozen other recruits, he put him through atrocious "stretching-out" exercises until his bones cracked. Sergeant Schlemmer was, alas, no longer a quiet and phlegmatic dreamer, but a Prussian martinet whom there was no pleasing, and whose manners were scarcely to be borne. It was well enough to be strict, but there was a limit to all things; and because a man happened to have been bred a gentleman was no reason for supposing that he could not obey orders without being yelled at. Allan recollected his quiet prediction that he (Allan) "would not last"; and he found that, as a matter of fact, he was not making as much progress in the manual as the black-eyed Italian youth who had sold oranges and bananas all his life. It was for the country, of course, and it had to be done. At times he found himself wondering if the country would ever appreciate sufficiently the miseries he had borne for her sake.

In Maryland the legislature was in session, strongly secession in its sympathies, but now held in awe by the manifestations of Union feeling about it; in Baltimore the tide was beginning to turn — the severing of the railroad and the consequent isolation of the city were ruining its business. The line through Annapolis was now in full operation, open to the public as well as to the government; and a few days after this Allan and Jack received a telegram from Professor Otis, saying that he was coming on to attend to his errand.

The following day, when off duty, they went to meet him at the depot, as excited and full of anticipations as two schoolboys. They dined at Willard's, where Allan

recollected with wonder that only a week or two ago he had considered the fare atrocious. How short a while had it taken to change his ideas as to that! Willard's was crowded with shoulder-strapped officers, who also found the government tables not to their taste.

Afterwards they made their way over to the White House. In the anteroom they found a crowd of people of all sorts; but apparently the introductions of these were from less weighty persons than Senator Sumner, with a letter from whom Professor Otis had come armed. They were soon shown into the gorgeously furnished reception room, where Allan had once spent the night.

In the dim light they saw the President standing here. His hands were clasped behind his back, and he gave one the feeling that he was painfully ill at ease; when he bowed it was in a queer, jerky fashion, as if there were but one joint in his body, and when he shook hands his arm went up and down after the manner of an automaton wound up. When the two young men had been introduced, he shook hands with them also, and asked them to be seated. The little gilt chair creaked with the weight of his enormous frame as he set them an example.

Professor Otis stated his errand, and in the meantime the two others devoured Mr. Lincoln with their eyes; the chance to meet him was something of which they had been dreaming for a week, and which had made them great men in the regiment.

The President had crossed one of his long legs over the other, and as his foot stuck out one could not help observing that he had on a pair of old, ragged slippers, without any heels — and also that he wore white yarn socks. "Several suggestions such as you make," he was saying, "have come to me already. I have referred them to the War Department. I can see no reason myself why the government should not avail itself of every assistance that may be forthcoming. But I will refer you to Secretary Cameron, and we will see what he says."

Then Mr. Lincoln tapped a bell at his side, and while

he was waiting for the response, dropped into general conversation. His manner of constraint seemed to wear off after a little time, and the two young men noticed that his smile was kindly. "Two of our deliverers?" he said, looking at their uniforms; and then, suddenly, fixing his glance upon Allan, he added, "Have I not seen you somewhere before?"

"Hardly where you would remember me," Allan answered in surprise.

"Ah, but I never forget faces!" said the President. "I have seen you, I know."

"I was here with Lane's volunteers," Allan replied.

"Oh, yes!" said the other. "I recollect noticing you." — And then, as his secretary entered, he remarked, "Please write a note to Secretary Cameron, introducing Professor Otis, and asking him to consider what he has to say."

The secretary went out, after handing the President a despatch. The President excused himself for a moment while he read it, and they saw a frown gathering on his face. "Dear me, dear me!" he exclaimed. "More trouble!"

He looked up again, gazing ahead of him into space for some time, tapping the hand with the paper nervously upon the arm of his chair. "Here I am," he began suddenly, half as if speaking to himself, — "here I am trying to save the government which the people have intrusted to me; and here are men actively engaged in trying to destroy it, making war upon it day and night; and one of my officers succeeds in detecting some of their conspiracies, and arrests them, and every single time it happens some judge or other steps forward with a writ of *habeas corpus* and sets them free! If I object, they tell me that I have no right to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus* — that only Congress can do it — and that if I do it I am violating the Constitution and the liberties of the people! Now what in the world am I to do in such a case as that?"

The President seemed to be asking their advice, and there was a moment's awkward pause. Jack, who had

completed nearly two years in the law school, now found himself for the first time in his life regretting that he had not studied some, so that his mind need not have been a blank in such a crisis. Professor Otis, whose department was mathematics, was on the point of attempting to smooth over the difficulty, when suddenly the President began to laugh gleefully. "I heard such a funny story to-day," he said. "Wilson sent it to me — do you know Henry Wilson, Professor Otis?"

(He was referring to the colleague of Senator Sumner — the "Natick Cobbler," as he was known to the country.) "I have met him," said the professor.

"Well, he sent me this story by a friend," went on the President. "It seems they've been arguing this constitutional question up there in your State, and the senator said he thought this story would be of more use to me than any opinion he had to offer. He declares he sent the friend to Washington especially to bring it, but of course that's only one of his jokes. — It seems that there was a skipper of a sailing-vessel, an Italian" — the President called it Eye-talian — "who had been hired to take a certain image of the Holy Virgin to Rome, to be blessed by the pope and then brought back again to put a stop to some pestilence or other. This image was especially sacred, and priests were on board to guard it, and the skipper had been frightened half to death with the warnings of what would happen if he did not deliver it safely. Well, time went on, and sure enough, what did he do but run the vessel on the rocks. When they got off, they found a hole in her side, at the water line. A storm was raging, and the water began to rush in, and the sailors rushed to the pumps; but the ship continued to fill, in spite of all they could do. All the time, of course, the priests were praying before the image of the Virgin, imploring her to save them. The harder they prayed, however, the worse the storm grew, and the faster the water rushed in, and the lower the ship sank. They made all sorts of vows, and the captain made all sorts of vows, but it did no good — the ship went on settling and settling.

And at last, when it seemed that they might go down any minute, the captain suddenly jumped up and began to swear. He yelled for the mate, and he yelled for the sailors — 'Yo ho, there!' says he, 'take the Holy Virgin below and stuff her head in the hole!'"

— And with that Mr. Lincoln exploded suddenly into a burst of laughter; he was completely doubled up with it — he wrapped his long arms about his knees and drew them up till they touched his face. The three laughed in chorus, of course, — half because they wanted to, and half because they thought they ought to. "The Constitution is my Holy Virgin!" said Mr. Lincoln, when he could get his breath.

And then suddenly, when in the act of saying something more, he came to a dead halt. The laugh vanished from his face in a flash, and an expression of solemnity replaced it with a swiftness that was comical. A door at the other end of the room had opened all at once, and two gentlemen were coming in. The President rose, and putting his hands behind his back, stood as before, with his feet braced apart, waiting, submissively, for whatever might be coming.

Of the two persons who had come in, apparently by a private entrance, one was small and slightly built, stooping as he walked; he was quick and alert in manner, and his head projected forward inquiringly, an effect which was accentuated by the fact that it was a very large head, and with a very prominent nose. Allan had seen him in Washington eleven years ago, and knew him at once, though his hair had turned white in the meantime. It was Secretary Seward.

The other gentleman was very grave and stately in his presence. He was bald, and had a slight fringe of white whiskers under his chin. He was faultlessly dressed, and one had only to look at him to see that he was a man of high breeding — his manner was that of an English nobleman. Allan had seen him somewhere, he was sure, but he could not place him until he heard the Secretary

introduce him. Then he recollected — it was Mr. Adams, the new minister to England, a grandson of John Adams, and son of John Quincy Adams. He bowed reservedly when introduced, and was taken by surprise when the President put out his hand; he corrected himself so quickly, however, that only a close observer could have detected his surprise, and the President repeated his queer pumping motion once more, and gave two or three more of his queer jerky bows. He expressed his great pleasure at meeting Mr. Adams, and then suddenly his private secretary came in with the note for Professor Otis.

The three, who had risen, started to take their departure; but the President stopped them with a wave of his hand. "Don't go, don't go," he said, cordially. "Sit down — we are all friends here. Mr. Adams, Professor Otis, of Harvard College."

"I have already the pleasure of knowing Professor Otis," said Mr. Adams.

"And Mr. Jack Otis — one of our defenders. And Mr. Montague."

Mr. Adams bowed again, and the party sat down once more. The President slid down in his chair until his collar rested on the back of it, and crossed his enormous legs, so that the worn slippers and the white yarn socks were again the most conspicuous objects in view. Before long, however, perhaps after catching a glimpse of the Secretary of State, who sat very stiff and solemn, he began anxiously getting erect again, inch by inch, so that no one might notice it — in the meantime not taking his eyes off Mr. Adams, who had begun a little speech.

The new minister was on the point of sailing for England, it seemed, and had come to Washington to receive his instructions. He was very much gratified indeed at the mark of confidence which was implied by his nomination at such a very critical hour, and to such a post of danger as the Court of St. James. He trusted that this confidence in him would not prove to have been misplaced. — All these were, of course, the inevitable things to say, and Mr. Adams was saying them very gravely indeed, and

apparently expecting to say on to the end; but the President interrupted him at this point.

"Oh, that's all right," he said, easily, — "make yourself comfortable on that score, Mr. Adams. We have no doubt at all that your services will be most satisfactory."

There was a moment's halt. "Ahem!" said the minister. "I have wished to thank you — "

The President stopped him again. "You know," he said, with a sudden burst of confidence, "your appointment isn't my doings, anyway — it's the Governor's." The speaker waved his hand toward Mr. Seward. "It was the Governor's choice, you understand, so it's him you have to thank."

A lifetime of social training, together with the inherited attributes of his two ancestral diplomats, was not enough to enable the stately gentleman from Boston to conceal entirely his discomfiture at this remark. It was only for an instant, however, that he was at a loss; then once more in his cold and impassive manner he began to speak. "Naturally, Mr. President," he said, "in so grave a crisis you will wish to consult with me —"

"Yes, certainly," said Mr. Lincoln, and he gave a slight bow, smiling pleasantly. "You know, though," he added, "the Governor is going to run that part of our business, Mr. Adams. All that there is to tell you he'll attend to, I imagine."

Again there was a silence, this time permanent, so far as Mr. Adams was concerned. The President sat gazing in front of him, rocking his foot up and down. Then all at once he started. "Oh, by the way, Governor," he said, turning to Mr. Seward, — "I've decided that Chicago appointment!"

"Yes?" said Mr. Seward.

"Yes, *sir!* I gave it to Harris, after all!"

Again there was a pause. "Funny," continued the speaker, again in his abstract way, gazing into space, "I never had an office give me so much trouble as that one. I think there have been a dozen delegations on here. There were two fellows who wanted it, you understand,

and the way they set about it was for each to send me charges involving the honesty of the other. And of course I told each about the charges, and demanded that they clear them up, but instead of that — back they came with more charges, each against the other! 'That won't do, gentlemen,' I said — 'it isn't a question of the other man; it's a question of *your* man. I want you to disprove *these* charges.' They'd go all the way to Chicago, and come back with fresh stories. Of course they wore me out — as I suppose they expected to. I had to appoint the least bad of them."

The President had slid back in his chair again, and was laughing good-humoredly. He was getting to be at his ease again. "You know," he began, all at once, "it made me think of the story of Daniel Webster and the schoolmaster. Did any of you gentlemen ever hear of Daniel Webster and the schoolmaster?"

Nobody had, apparently.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "when Daniel was in school, he was a very careless boy — some called him a dirty boy. His teacher had many times reproved him for not washing his hands. He had coaxed and scolded him, but it didn't do any good — Daniel would come to school with his hands dirty. Out of all patience with him, one day at last he called Daniel to his desk and made him hold up his hands in the presence of the whole school; then he solemnly warned him that if ever he came to school again with his hands in that condition, he would give him a licking he'd never forget.

"Well, Daniel promised better behavior, and for two or three days there was an improvement — his hands looked as if they were washed daily. But the reformation was not permanent, and in a few days his hands were as dirty as ever. The teacher's sharp eyes detected them, and as soon as school had opened for the day, with a stern voice he said, 'Daniel, come here!' The guilty culprit knew what was coming, and his hands began to tingle in anticipation. He stealthily brought the palm of his right hand into contact with his tongue, and, as he walked slowly

toward the master's desk, he rubbed his hand upon his pantaloons, in the effort to remove some of the dirt. 'Hold out your hand, sir!' said the master, and Daniel extended it, palm up. 'Do you call that a clean hand?' demanded the teacher. 'Not very, sir!' modestly replied the offender. 'I should think *not very!*' said the master. 'If you can show me a dirtier hand in this schoolroom, I will let you off.' And then, quick as a flash, Daniel thrust out his other hand, which hadn't undergone the cleansing process. 'There it is, sir!' said he."

Never in his life did Allan forget the various heroic attempts which the auditors made to laugh over that story; and when at last the three had taken their departure and come outside of the building, they stood and looked at each other, and Jack Otis gasped, "*Jehoshaphat!*"

CHAPTER III

EVENTS moved on apace. The States of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas seceded and joined the Confederacy; and on the 4th of May the Washington government issued a call for eighty-two thousand more men. By this time the voluntary contributions of the North had amounted to some forty millions of dollars, nearly half of what it was estimated would be the cost of the putting down of the rebellion.

At the South, also, the fervor burned high. Private citizens were raising companies and regiments, and equipping them at their own expense — there were so many offers the government could not accept one quarter of them, though it was raising an army of a hundred thousand. The Congress had met at Montgomery, and passed a formal declaration of war: also, in answer to Lincoln's proclamation of a blockade of the Southern ports, it authorized President Davis to commission privateers, and it prohibited the payment of all debts due to Northerners, and sequestered property belonging to them.

In the West a desperate struggle was going on for the possession of Kentucky and Missouri. Kentucky was wavering, and her legislature had passed an act declaring "neutrality," and forbidding either of the contending parties to enter her limits — a prohibition which each respected, for fear of driving the State into the arms of the other. In Missouri the masses were for the most part loyal, but the governor was an active secessionist, and he assembled the State militia, which was in sympathy with him, planning to seize the United States arsenal at St. Louis, and command the city and the State. The commander of the arsenal was too quick for him, however. This officer, a Captain Lyon, a very little hornet of a man, got together secretly the loyal men of the city — Germans,

for the most part — and after making a tour of the encampment of the militia disguised as a woman, he suddenly descended upon it with six thousand men and took its occupants prisoners. There was some fighting, and a riot in the streets, but the gallant little captain landed most of his prisoners in the arsenal, and was made a brigadier for his exploit.

The troops continued to pour into Washington, and the country was calling for action, murmuring with discontent at the slowness of the authorities. Six weeks and more had passed since the outbreak of hostilities, and still the "sacred soil" of Virginia had remained untouched by a Northern foot. Sixteen thousand of the Confederates were at Manassas Junction, a place about thirty miles from Washington, where the railroad from that city to Richmond was joined by another from the Shenandoah; and in the town of Alexandria, just across the river from the capital, their flag was kept floating from a hotel in full view of the White House. Not, however, until it was discovered that the enemy was on the point of seizing Arlington heights to fortify them and command the city did the authorities move; on the night of the 23d of May, just after the men of the Fifth Massachusetts had gotten asleep in their uncomfortably crowded quarters, they were turned out and ordered to prepare to march. Amid intense excitement they set out, leaving a good part of their baggage behind them, and in the bright moonlight crossed the Aqueduct Bridge at Georgetown. It was the first act of war, and a breathless crowd watched them march, all in dead silence. It had been hoped to capture the enemy's forces in Alexandria, but these all got off by the railroad, and there was only some scattered shooting here and there.

Other troops had crossed by the "Long Bridge," and a regiment of New York "Zouaves" was transferred to Alexandria by boat. This organization, which had been recruited mainly from the firemen of the metropolis, was under the command of a handsome young officer, Colonel Ellsworth, who had been conspicuous in Washington. After he had posted his men he chanced to notice the rebel

flag which still floated from the hotel, and he mounted to the cupola and took it down. As he descended the steps, the proprietor of the place sprang out and emptied the contents of a double-barrelled shot-gun into the young officer's heart.

This act of frenzied hatred sent a thrill of horror through the nation. Ellsworth had been a friend of Lincoln, and it is said that when the news came to him he burst into tears. The country was not used to war, and it seemed too dreadful to be believed that a young life had thus been swept out of existence. Columns of poetry were printed in the newspapers, glorifying him as the martyred hero of the nation. And on the other hand the South with equal fervor celebrated the hotel proprietor, who had been shot dead by one of Ellsworth's men. He died nobly, it was held, defending his home from invasion and his country's flag from insult.

Fortifications were laid out, and the regiments went into camp, each separately. That of the Fifth was called "Camp Andrew," in honor of the governor of its State. Here began again the long routine of drill and guard-mounting, and of toil in the trenches in the blazing sun, varied only by sudden alarms, and by daily rumors of the enemy's approach. A great many of the regiments were in a state of utter confusion, for most of the officers were politicians who did not know enough about military matters to make out a requisition for stores; many of them also, instead of learning, were lounging about the hotels and bar-rooms of the capital, and galloping on horseback through the streets, displaying their gorgeous uniforms. There were ugly stories that some of them were selling government rations, and were in league with sutlers to defraud their men. Under such circumstances it was not surprising that the rank and file were ill-behaved—that the camps were dirty, and that crowds of drunken soldiers swarmed in Washington, fighting in the streets, and begging from the passers-by. Decent men witnessed such things as this, and burned with indignation; but no efforts seemed to

count for anything in the saturnalia of incompetence that reigned.

At this time the government had made no regulations concerning uniforms, and each company was costumed according to its taste. Endless was the variety to be seen in the camps — there were some companies made up wholly of foreigners, and most of these had chosen uniforms from their native lands. In the regiment next to Allan's was one in the full regalia of the Bavarian regulars, and every night there was fighting between them and a near-by Irish regiment, "Mike" Corcoran's Sixty-ninth New York — whose colonel was still under court-martial for having refused to parade in honor of the Prince of Wales!

In addition to the confusion of uniform, the equipments of the regiments were hopelessly diverse. Scarcely a battery had two guns of the same caliber, and there were a score of different kinds of tents, and no one seemed to know how to put up any of them. The arms that were issued were of various patterns — many having come from abroad, many being old and worthless; also, there was no cavalry, and consequently no information concerning the enemy in front — there was not even a map to be had of the country, and riding-horses were so scarce in Washington that staff-officers went campaigning in buggies.

Yet the nation had made a mighty effort to raise this army, and the newspapers were wild to have something done with it. Every editor and correspondent had turned strategist, and was planning the campaign — the soldiers planned it in the camps, and the cabinet planned it in Washington. General Scott was in favor of a close blockade and a slow advance of the mighty army that would be ready in the fall; but this did not suit the country, which made fun of his scheme under the title of "Scott's Anaconda," and insisted upon instant action. When the news came that the Confederate government had shifted its capital to Richmond, this, which seemed a direct challenge, set every one blazing with indignation, and made the papers more impatient than ever. The

New York *Times* reiterated its opinion that President Lincoln ought to be immediately deposed.

The first battle of the war — a "battle" they called it — came at "Big Bethel," just back of Fortress Monroe, where General Butler had been sent to take command. The result of it was only to increase the clamor — the general sent out three regiments to seize by night a rebel battery, and in the darkness they went astray and fired upon each other, and then were driven back from the battery with the loss of a score or more killed. This seemed like a calamity to the people. So much blood poured out for nothing! they said. So much effort and expense, and only humiliation after humiliation! The gallant Massachusetts lawyer fell under a cloud — for a moment the country even forgot its gratitude to him for the master-stroke of humor of the war.

This was the invention of the "contraband." From the beginning the military commanders had had to face the possibility of servile insurrection and the ever present fact of servile elopement. The slaves came pouring into Fortress Monroe by the hundreds, and they all declared that their masters had used them in constructing military works. It was not long before one Confederate officer sent to General Butler a flag of truce demanding the return of one of his servants, under the Fugitive Slave Act: to which the wary lawyer-general made response that he understood Virginia was now a foreign country, and that he did not see how the act could apply. A few days later the North was startled by the tidings that the general had declared that slaves, being "property," and property of military service, were "contraband-of-war!" The phrase settled the question on the instant, for it caught the humor of the country; the negro who got into the Union lines after that was a "contraband," and he was never sent back.

In the western part of Virginia, meantime, there had been events of importance, and at last a victory. In all the mountainous portions of the Confederacy the hold of Slavery had been slight, and there had developed more or

less opposition to secession. In the Northern portions — that is, in Eastern Tennessee and Western Virginia — the Union feeling had proven almost overwhelming; and in the latter, meetings had been held and a convention called at Wheeling, which now declared for the withdrawal of that portion of the State from the Confederacy. To sustain this movement troops were advanced from Ohio, and by a night attack by several regiments upon a place called Philippi, the only Confederate force in West Virginia was routed, — a victory which set the country quite beside itself with rejoicing.

That was the way to do it, said the newspapers; and the prodding of the Washington government went on. Most of the volunteers had enlisted for only three months; their time was passing, and they were discontented and indignant — if they were not soon led out against the enemy they would return home, and the army would collapse. The month of May passed, and the month of June, in the sweltering heat of a Virginia encampment, and still there was no advance. "FORWARD TO RICHMOND!" "FORWARD TO RICHMOND!" thundered the New York *Tribune*, in enormous letters upon its editorial page. Day after day it printed this under the title of "THE NATION'S WAR-CRY."

The *Tribune* was a high authority; but there were those who declared the nation's war-cry to be different from this. General Beauregard, the conqueror of Sumter, had been sent to take command at Manassas, and he now issued a proclamation, addressed to people of Virginia. Beauregard was a fiery little Creole gentleman from New Orleans, and he set to work to "fire the Southern heart," as Yancey had once phrased it. "A reckless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil" — so ran his *pronunciamiento*. — "Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints, has thrown his Abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing other acts of violence and outrage too shocking and revolting to humanity to

be enumerated. All rules of civilized warfare are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, if not on their banners, that their war-cry is 'Beauty and Booty.' All that is dear to man — your honor and that of your wives and daughters — are involved in this momentous conflict!"

The Fifth Massachusetts had been drilling ever since the previous January, and so the men regarded themselves as veterans. They took it ill that they should be held back and kept waiting by the raw volunteers who were pouring into camp day after day. So often they had been shaken by the rumors of an advance, and so often been disappointed, that they had given up in despair, and abandoned themselves to swearing at the government. But the delays could not last forever — business was bad and the taxes were appalling. Six weeks more had passed, and many of the early volunteers had only a few more days to remain; the rumor of the forward movement then came daily and almost hourly. At last, on the 13th of July, the order was read for the Fifth to pack personal baggage and send it to Alexandria. The camp leaped into life once more.

The three who tented with Allan had not much to send back — they expected to take everything with them, it appeared: a miscellaneous assortment of clothing, toilet articles, slippers, brushes and combs, a harmonica, a spy-glass, a jar of preserves, half a box of cigars, and so on. Allan concluded after meditation to follow the example of Sergeant Schlemmer, whose outfit consisted of a change of underclothing, a toothbrush, and a tin plate and spoon. The sergeant had by this time become the oracle of half the regiment, being the only man in it who had ever had any experience of war. High officials used to repair to him to have knotty points in the regulations ravelled out; and in the evenings he was generally the centre of a group of open-eyed militiamen, to whom he taught the fine points of campaigning. It was due to Sergeant Schlemmer that theirs was the only company in the regiment whose men were not limping about with blis-

tered feet, owing to the fearful shoes which the quartermaster had given out; the sergeant had taught them to plaster the inside of their socks with soft soap, and be happy. Now he was sitting in his doorway, puffing at his pipe and giving them his advice as to marching, — that they should fill their canteens at every stream, that they should not straggle, nor waste their breath singing, nor "cut up" in the early part of the day.

"You think we will have to march so far, then?" some one asked him, anxiously.

"You never know where you are going to march," he answered. "You may march all night to find the enemy, and all day fighting him, and all the next night running away from him."

"Get food" — that was the sergeant's further advice — "you'll find there's nothing else counts — food and tobacco. You won't march far before you'll see men throwing away their haversacks — cut them open and take the food. Don't take anything else. When you need shoes and uniforms, you can draw them from the quartermaster. But food — "

"You can draw rations, too," suggested some one.

"You can," said Schlemmer, "until the commissary's wagons begin to break down, and the enemy takes to shooting his mules. Then I tell you there'll come a time when if you see a dead man in the way, the first thing you think of is if there's anything on him to eat."

There were two more days of delay; but they were really going to move this time — the thing was in the air. Staff-officers were galloping hither and thither, and all the regiments were astir. The visitors were coming out to the camps in swarms to say good-by, and the men writing reams of letters home. Then finally one afternoon when they lined up for parade, they got their orders — three days' rations, light marching order, and a start at sunrise on the morrow. The regiment broke into a cheer, and they heard it taken up by others in the distance.

It was an army the like of which had never been seen

before on this continent — it was full forty thousand strong. One could see it all from the top of the hill, — for miles around the country was white with patches of tents, while at night there were thousands of camp-fires, shining like red eyes in the darkness. And at last it was going forth to battle — it was going to drive rebellion out of the land! There were solemn hours in the camps that night, and many of the regiments held prayer-meetings.

In the morning, when the reveillé sounded, they tumbled out. It was still dark, but men were laughing and singing, and the morning was cool and damp, and every one's heart thumped with excitement and expectation; men swallowed their breakfast in huge gulps. The Fifth — the "steady Fifth," as they called it — was to lead one of the columns of march; and several of the companies had been ordered ahead on skirmish duty. That was breathless work — stealing along through the bushes, where any moment one might come into view of the enemy's outposts. What hunting that one had ever dreamed of was quite equal to this hunting of men?

Soon the column was in full swing down the road. It was in vain that the sergeant had warned them to waste no strength in "cutting up" and in singing. They sang until they were hoarse — such delightful songs they had! "The whiskey-bottle lies empty on the shelf" was one of their masterpieces of humor; also they renewed their never-dying resolution concerning "Jeff. Davis" and the sour-apple tree. There was a company of the regiment from Charlestown, and they had a patriotic chorus on the subject of Bunker Hill. Now and then some luckless staff-officer would ride by them, all bright and shiny and new; and how mercilessly they would guy him, what endless ingenuity in their invention of expletives! At last the wretch would spur his horse and gallop on in desperation — though sometimes, alas, he did not dare to, having perhaps never been on a horse in his life until two or three weeks before!

But then the sun rose, and the singing died, and men began to turn red and mop their faces. When the column halted, they no longer played pranks upon each other, but sat down in silence by the roadside. Then it was that things began to be thrown away — the waste would have been shameful, had it not been for a battery of artillery just in the rear. These artillerymen strode jauntily, having no burdens to carry, and they gathered up everything in sight, and laughed and called for more. Pretty soon their caissons looked like the wagons of a travelling pedler — knapsacks and articles of clothing dangling in rows. The man who marched next to Allan swore softly, now and then, hearing from one of the guns of this battery the strains of the harmonica he had carried and had hidden away in a thicket at the last halt.

The army was moving in four columns, upon separate roads, centering at Fairfax Court House; at the hills one could look back and see his own column stretching far into the distance, like a huge snake — gliding with a slow, writhing motion over the hillocks and down into the hollows. The effect of it was indescribably curious — red and blue and yellow and gray and black it was — looking as if the contents of a paint-box had been emptied upon it. Nowhere was there any uniformity, save in one place where a few companies of the regulars had been placed together. These latter marched in good order; but some of the regiments were mere mobs, having been enlisted only a few days, and having come to Washington but a few hours before — and now going out to battle!

Still farther in the rear was the train of white-topped wagons, making one think of the pioneers and the prairies. Among them were also buggies and coaches, filled with civilians who had come out to witness the spectacle — senators and congressmen, diplomats, newspaper men, all eager to be in at the death of rebellion.

It was a marvellously uncomfortable thing — this army; a thing newly born, and green, very much aware of itself, palpitating, thin-skinned, sensitive. Every man there was a-tremble with excitement, burning up with the con-

sciousness that humanity with all its fears was hanging breathless on his fate. It was an army liable to sudden shocks, to strange panics and terrifying alarms; a most dangerous army to stray pigs and cows that ran into it in the thicket. Its skirmishers did not know how to handle their muskets very well, and sometimes in pushing through the underbrush they left the hammers of their guns uncovered and shot each other. There were popping reports in front all through the day, and now and then a volley; whenever this happened, the heads of the columns always halted, and officers galloped madly here and there, shouting orders. There would be an attempt to deploy in line of battle, but almost no one knew the necessary evolutions, and the result would generally be that the regiments got huddled together like sheep in a pen. At such times any man who felt a talent within him did what he could to clear up the confusion.

It was a very democratic army; no one paid any particular attention to orders, but every one had his own ideas about the strategy of this campaign, and swore at the commanders and the administration. The person who was responsible for it all was one McDowell, a well-meaning and patriotic gentleman, a general in the regular army; but he had never been on a campaign, and at present he was sick, and had, as it happened, almost no staff to help him. To make matters worse, the Secretary of War was present, somewhere, making suggestions out of the infinitude of his ignorance.

All the spies were on the other side, apparently, and no one in this advancing host had any idea of where the enemy was, or how much there was of him. There were only vague reports of enormous hosts, of fortifications at Manassas, and of new regiments coming every hour from Richmond; of General Johnston's army somewhere in the Shenandoah that was hurrying up by railroad. Wide-eyed negroes had been bringing into the camps accounts of an all-destroying squadron known as the "Black Horse Cavalry"; and every time an equestrian appeared on the horizon, this terrifying name was heard.

But the enemy did not appear, and they bivouacked for the night. Scarcely had they gotten asleep before there were shots and cries, and the drums beat the long roll, and they tumbled out and seized their muskets. Spies, or scouts, or the advance guard of an approaching foe — no one could be certain; but one prisoner was led in, a countryman, excessively frightened, and so the camp settled down once more.

They were up again at dawn, marching cautiously, with skirmishers far ahead, and others cutting trees to clear the road. They were in the enemy's country now — they saw scouting parties in the distance, and there were occasional shots from the hilltops. The houses they passed were all deserted — evidently General Beauregard's proclamation had been taken seriously by the farmers about here. In the afternoon the regiment came to Sangster's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad — just in time to see a train disappearing with the last of the "rebels," jeering derisively. They slept that night in a field of new-mown hay, without stopping to build any sort of a shelter.

The main portions of the army were then a little to the right, at Fairfax Court House. A few miles ahead was a village called Centreville, and beyond this a little valley where ran a stream known as Bull Run. On the other side of Bull Run, as one followed the main turnpike, he came to Manassas Junction, a village of a dozen or two houses, where the camp of the enemy was known to be.

In the morning the expected order to advance did not come. The men were keyed up to a high pitch — they were wild with impatience, and spent their time wandering about, listening, speculating. Where was the rest of the army? And what was the matter with it? How much longer would they be kept waiting here? So the morning passed, and dinner-time came — and then suddenly — hark! Men sprang to their feet, their blood bounding. It was a gun!

One, and another, and another! A cannonade! It was two or three miles in front of them, sharp and clear,

quick and incessant. They stared at each other; it was fighting — the battle had begun!

— On and on it went, and they listened with clenched hands and tense faces. Ha, but that was a roll! How they were giving it to them! Now and again there would come a lull, and they could hear the spattering fire of musketry, sometimes volleys of it at once. It was a real battle this time — the whole army must be engaged!

And they — what were they doing here? Was there nobody in charge, nobody to see about this? Had they been forgotten entirely? Dense gray clouds of smoke began to rise in the distance, and spread out in a wan haze; and the guns thundered on, faster and faster. Men gathered in little groups, discussing it in whispers.

It was the first time they had ever heard guns in real earnest. It was a wicked kind of a sound, harsh and sinister, like the snarling of some angry beast; it set the blood to racing, it got upon men's nerves. Some of them wandered hither and thither, like caged animals; others tried to laugh their nervousness away. Allan noticed that his cousin Jack was white about the lips, and stood in silence, fumbling at his sword. Allan himself was excited to the point of pain — it was as if a thousand needles were pricking him in his fingers and arms. He had come out to see this thing through, he told himself, and he was ready to face it; but to stand here helpless, and just listen! And then suddenly he chanced to notice Sergeant Schlemmer, sitting with his back to a tree stump, his head comfortably propped and his eyes closed. The sergeant had his pipe in his mouth, as ever; and he would draw it out and half open his eyes, and take in the scene, and then close them again and go on — puff, puff!

A full half hour they heard the firing, when suddenly there were shouts near by, in the next field, where the First Massachusetts was posted. A courier upon a foam-covered horse was seen to dash out of the woods, bringing them orders; and they were forming — they were going to the fight! "Our turn next!" the men thought, and bit their lips together, fingering their cartridge-belts and

trying their bayonets, and looking furtively now and then at their neighbors, to see if by chance any one else there were as uneasy as they.

— So, for another hour or two, and then little by little the firing died away. The musketry ceased altogether, and the cannon-shots almost so. What could *that* mean?

They discussed it excitedly. Some one must have been beaten, after that terrible conflict; but they saw no signs of a rout — and if the enemy were retreating, surely, they, the Fifth, would at least get a chance to pursue. They argued this, pro and con, until a straggler came into the camp and brought them the story — that there had been just a "reconnoissance" at one of the fords of the little stream!

And then, while they gazed at each other, feeling so hopelessly like fools, Allan glanced at Sergeant Schlemmer. The sergeant was still puffing at his pipe.

CHAPTER IV

THE men slept on their arms. But the morrow came, and the next day, and still they did not move. So they began to growl and grumble again, and set to work making themselves shelters out of poles and boughs. If their commander was going to keep them there indefinitely, he might at least have told them, so that they could keep out of the rain, they said.

The truth was that their commander was working like mad, trying to get his supply wagons up and his army in hand for the coming battle; he had certainly stimulus enough to haste, for the time of some regiment expired every day, and he was liable to lose ten thousand men, the third of his army, within the week. One Pennsylvania regiment had already started back to Washington — "to the sound of the enemy's cannon," as he phrased it in his report. The time of the Fifth was up also, but if there was any man in the Fifth who wanted to go, he had kept the fact a close secret. Pennsylvania men might do that way, but not Massachusetts men.

Saturday evening, the twentieth day of July, the orders came at last. Cooked rations were distributed, and the regiment was ordered to march at half-past one the following morning. Everybody felt that this time it meant business — that the death grapple with secession was coming.

The men discussed it, sitting in groups, some of them busily cleaning their rifles. Others, who happened to be of a meditative turn of mind, went apart, feeling solemn. They were students, and business-men, and clerks, these volunteers — as for fighting, some of them had never been in so much as a fist fight in their lives. A battle was a thing about which they knew through books, a thing that had always seemed as far away and impossible as the

Arabian Nights. And now there was going to be one — here! to-morrow! And they to be in it! How strange it was to think about! Bits of incidents they had read would float into their minds — things bloody and terrible — and now suddenly become *real!* One looked at his companions, wondering. Did they *know* what they were going to do — did they realize what it was going to be like? Could it possibly be that they did, and that they did not mind it any more than they seemed to? What uncomfortable people they had suddenly become! And how overwhelmingly you felt your own inferiority — quaking and upset as you were!

Your thoughts fled home; and, dear God, how suddenly homesick you grew! Sick — *sick* — until you could not bear it, and ran off, so that the fellows might not hear you sobbing! And then you brought yourself back, by the scruff of the neck, so to speak, to face the music. You thought yourself of a deal of importance, but you were really quite a nonentity — just one private — you would figure just one in the total! There was that last "reconnoissance," for instance — eight or ten killed, so it ran. It did not at all matter which!

You imagined yourself in the battle. You were there, with the bullets whizzing about you — just what would you do? Such a very ticklish feeling came over you; so strangely aware you became all at once — of your *stomach!* Your stomach was such a soft and mushy thing; surely, if a man had been intended to go into a place where bullets were flying, he ought to have had some kind of a hard coating over his stomach! Now and then in a sudden flash you would realize one of those bullets, and would cave in, as if some one had poked a spear-point at you. Was there any part of you at all that you could imagine being struck by a bullet? Anywhere in the head or body — no, assuredly not there! The arms or the legs might not be so bad, near the edge; but how would it feel to be hit in one of your bones?

Eight or ten killed! You might perhaps take the chance; but then, even eight or ten would not be enough

— there would surely be more than that killed in a real battle! Imagine it as being decided in advance — how would it seem if the regiment were to be stood up in line, watching the grisly phantom, Death, coming toward them and touching one on the shoulder here and there! Would the men all stand in perfect quiet and indifference, the way they did now? The mere fact that it was not to happen until to-morrow seemed to make it of no consequence at all to them.

Death! *Death!* The devil of a thing it was to think about! Of course, you knew that everybody had to die; but then you had never included yourself. But now you did; and how strange it suddenly made things seem — how ghostly and phantasmal! These men who were moving about in the firelight —to-morrow they might all be gone! They would be here of course, but you would not know about them, and was not that the same thing to you? You were to be added in that total.

And when you were dead, where would you be? There were some men here who believed that they would wake up again, after it was all over; at least they sang hymns to that effect, and tried to make believe that they believed it. An extraordinary sort of idea was that — but still it might be true, anything might be true, in this world. And how curious it was to think of! What a joke it would be if it were true — what a queer sort of a sell it would make life into! All your agonies and uncomfortableness for nothing! Your horror lest a bullet should get you in the stomach — and all the while you could get along just as well without a stomach as with it!

But no! There was not any more speculating about that. When you were dead, you were dead. Yet what a strange dream-creature that made you out! You were so much excited about yourself, you took so much interest in yourself — and all the time you were like the flame of a candle, that a puff of breeze might blow out! You were gone in the snapping of a finger — like that! Cold, icy thoughts were those — you grew suddenly frightened, and crept into the circle of the fire-light, where there were

human voices, living and warm. You put your arms about some one, in a sudden access of friendliness. How kind and tender we ought to be to our fellow-victims of this strange malady of life! And the poor rebels, too — they were in the same fix! Curious that we had nothing better to do in the world than to go shooting at them, and they at us!

— After a while you dozed off to sleep. But scarcely had you closed your eyes, as it seemed, before somebody touched you, and you heard a muttered word or two, and sat up with a start, and rubbed your eyes. The camp was flooded with moonlight, and men were hurrying here and there, rolling up their blankets, toasting a bit of pork before the fire, or warming some coffee in a tin cup, and stuffing "hard-tack" down their throats. Far off a horse neighed, and everything seemed strange and wild.

The word was given, and the regiment fell into line. In columns of fours it swung out into the road, and the night march began. How men's hearts thumped with excitement, how they wondered what was going forward! Ahead and behind, the road was crowded with men — the whole army was astir, one could hear its tramp and the murmur of its thousands of voices. But not a drum, not a trumpet-call — scarcely a cry. Was it to be a night attack?

Nobody could say. It soon became apparent, however, that if that were the plan, there was going to be a failure. The march was a thing to make any nervous man crazy. They would go half a mile, stumbling on each other's heels, and then they would stand still for half an hour. Then another half a mile — and perhaps a halt of an hour! They fidgeted about with impatience; they stood up, and sat down, by turns. They swore, and abused the administration. What sort of an army was this, anyhow, that could not even march? Wasn't there any road ahead there?

They passed through the village of Centreville, and into the Warrenton pike. And there the press was greater than

ever — the way was hopelessly blocked. The precious hours fled by, and no one did anything. The staff-officers had lost their heads, and kept galloping back and forth on the road, just for spite, it seemed. They ordered the men out of their way, and the men ordered them to hell for their pains.

So it went on, — until at last the regiment came to a little road, a mere bridle-path, that turned off to the right into the forest. They went into this. What could *that* mean — away off to the northwest, directly away from the enemy! They went on and on, for hours, stumbling over the ruts, and coming to a halt again, then being ordered on and stumbling some more. The sky began to redden behind them, and the sun rose, and still they plodded on in this forest road. It was dry, and their marching stirred up the dust, until they could scarcely see for it; it rose in clouds above the tree-tops. It got into their eyes and their mouths and their hair — when their throats became dry and they swallowed they found their teeth full of grit. Very soon, of course, they emptied their canteens; and then there was no more water to be had — their throats began to burn and crack, their tongues hung out and they panted like dogs. Some of them, at the halts, lay down and drank the deadly brown-and-yellow water of the forest pools.

An hour or two after sunrise they began to hear artillery far away on their left. They listened wonderingly — they were marching straight away from it! Presumably they were engaged in some sort of a flank movement; but then, the road ought to begin to turn, and instead it went straight on and on! And they ought to make haste — but the column seemed to halt more often than ever. They were walled up in a dense pine forest and they could not see a thing — there was nothing to do but trust to their commanders and plod on, the while the sounds of battle raged louder and faster.

Finally they heard shouts behind them, and a staff of officers galloped by. One of them, a fine, imposing-looking man, they recognized as McDowell; he had left his

sick-bed — perhaps he had gone to hurry things up in front there !

The march grew faster ; but also the sun rose and it grew hotter. Men gasped and choked, and some began to fall out. They still heard a battle raging, but they no longer cared about it — what did people bring them out on a mad errand like this for if they wanted them to fight ? They could not fight until to-morrow now, — they were nearly dead. But then on top of it came the command, " Double quick ! " and they started at a trot, their equipments jangling and shaking about them — you would have thought it was cavalry coming. One gazed at the heels of the line in front of him, until his head reeled — he had to do that, while running, to keep from stumbling in the ruts and hillocks of the road. Some staggered to one side and fell down, unable to move.

The rest went on, for hours. The battle had broken out directly to their left. The ground shook with the cannonade, and the musketry fire was incessant. A breeze sprang up, and they began to get the scent of the powder smoke. God, would that road never come to an end ! It was now afternoon — they had been marching nearly twelve hours.

The music of the battle took hold of them, however, in spite of their exhaustion, and the pace grew quicker. The road was beginning to turn now, and was evidently going to lead them somewhere. Then suddenly they began to see the end of the woods — there was open ground in front, and they broke into a run. Before them was a slope and a deep hollow, into which they darted, gasping, " Water ! "

It was that little stream, " Bull Run," of which they had heard. They lay down and drank from it like thirsty dogs, they bathed their arms and heads in it — it was hard to make them get up and make room for others. But there was no time to waste — the battle was raging. Staff-officers galloped up, shouting orders.

Beyond the stream there was a slope, and at the top a little brick church ; they toiled towards it, and as they

came out on the level ground they could see the dull gray cloud of smoke, beneath which the fight raged, some two or three miles away. The road turned sharply here, and went towards it. Other regiments were in sight upon it, just ahead, and they followed at a run, forgetting everything in their excitement.

It was a real battle, there was no mistake; it was a victory, too — the fighting was a mile or two ahead, and yet it had once been where they were! Here and there over the fields they could see the débris of the conflict — dead men and horses, broken-down artillery caissons; and the ground was tramped up where the army had moved. They were driving them back — they were giving it to them! The regiment surged on with a cheer.

But some of the things you saw here were far from glorious. Wounded men were coming down the road, some of them with their heads bound up, some of them ashen-gray and staggering. And then suddenly — underneath a tree — God, what a sight was that! The hospital corps had taken its stand here, and raised its flag; men were lying stretched out in rows — and right in the roadside was one upon his back, with a surgeon bending over him. The man's face was upturned, white as a sheet, and savagely distorted. He was clutching his sword in one hand, and the cords stood out upon the hand. The surgeon had sliced away the man's trousers, and he was mechanically sawing away at his leg. You heard the saw rasp at the bone — *ugh!* Jack was marching at his cousin's side, and Allan felt him clutch him suddenly by the arm. He shot a swift glance at Jack — the young lieutenant was white, and his hands shook.

The ground over which they were advancing was for the most part waste farm land, full of stumps and broken up with thickets and patches of woods. One could not see the fighting — it was on ahead, upon still higher land; but the din of it rose louder and louder, and here and there they saw stray signs of it — a terrified horse galloping away, some men retreating, an orderly riding a foam-flecked steed. Upon a little knoll stood a group of men,

one with a red-and-white signal flag, which he was waving frantically ; the enemy seemed to have sight of this flag, for now and then came a shell, bursting near it with a rain of fire and a hovering ring of smoke. The flag waved on, heeding nothing. Sometimes one saw in the open fields little fountains of dirt leap up, as if something had hit there ; and several times cannon-balls came rolling over the ground — balls nearly spent and suggestive of tenpins. One came across the road and the men dodged out of the way of it, skipping and laughing ; one fellow made bold to catch it, short-stop fashion, and it tumbled him right into the ditch, head over heels, and went on with speed apparently undiminished. The man lay grunting, but nobody stopped to help him. It was his own fault.

There came orders, sharp and stirring. "By head of column, take wheeling distance. First company forward. Guide left. Quick — *March!*" They saw that the regiment in front was deploying ; they watched it spreading out, in a long double line, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length. Somewhere in front a bugle sounded, and the line started, sweeping forward, wavering here and there and breaking at obstructions, but closing up again and moving on. It was a pretty sight — the men cheered, and the flags fluttered in front, and behind ran the officers, waving their swords and shouting.

Then came the turn of the Fifth. Down the column ran the order : "To the left into line of battle. By the rear of column, left into line, wheel. Double-quick — *March!*" — and they swung off at a run. How handsomely they executed the manœuvre — without an instant's delay or confusion — like machinery ! Discipline was something, after all, and their bosoms swelled with pride. Then, cheering like mad, they went on. There was a wooded hollow in front of them, in which ran a little "branch," a tributary of Bull Run ; they crossed it, leaping over on the stones, or splashing through the water — and then up the far slope at a dash ! The battle was just ahead there — and how the thunder music of it throbbed

in them, how madly their hearts beat with it! Here were dead men scattered over the ground, and shells came crashing through the trees, splitting the ear with their din — but who cared for things like that? Over another field they sped — ahead of them were bodies of troops moving, reserves waiting, officers galloping. Then suddenly they burst through a thicket, and out upon the Warrenton pike, the same road they had left in the early hours of the morning, over on the other side of Bull Run.

They were halted here, and ordered to lie down. Before them was another sudden rise in the land, and upon the plateau at the top — the battle! Still they could see nothing, but they heard the shouts and cries of the combatants, the rattle of the musketry far and near, and the roar of the big guns in the distance. The air here was hazy with the smoke, and choking to the breath; one heard strange whirring noises above his head, as if bees were flying past his ear. Whenever there came a volley, leaves and twigs and bits of branches would fall from the trees and come sifting down upon one's head like snow flakes. Lying so and resting, one had a chance to look about him, and to get the fever out of his blood, and to realize what an unpleasant sort of a place he was in. The men hugged the ground closer, and hugged their muskets and stared with wild eyes, breathing hard and fast. Down the slope there came suddenly a young fellow, a mere stripling of a lad, walking like one who was drunk. There was blood on him, and as he went he pulled up his shirt and looked at himself. There was a little red hole in his side, from which the blood trickled; and he felt of it, and poked his finger into it, to see where it went to. Evidently its location did not suit him, for the men heard him cursing like all the fiends, as he went by them.

Somewhere now one heard the voice of Sergeant Schlemmer, rising above all the uproar, in a kind of sing-song chant: "Take it easy now, boys, take it easy! Don't get rattled — when you go up to fire, see what you're firing at. Take your time, and aim low. Don't be in a hurry — shooting lots of times don't count for anything — you can't

scare them with the noise, you have to hit them with the bullets! Steady, now — *steady!*" And then suddenly down the line they saw the men rising up, and heard the word passed. They sprang to their feet, and, biting their lips together, started slowly, in grim silence, up the slope.

Allan rose up also, but he did not go on with them. During the halt he had had time to look about him, and to notice his cousin, whose post was just behind the line. When the order came, Jack had risen halfway upon his knees and there stayed. All the youth and beauty was gone out of Jack's face — he was sick-looking, and old, white as a sheet, and his features drawn. Allan sprang to him.

Jack tried to speak, but his lips trembled so that he could not. "I — I —" he began; but his eyes told the story — they were the eyes of a hunted animal. Allan wrapped his arm about him. "Steady, old man," he said, in a low voice. "Brace up, now!" He darted a quick glance about him. No one had seen them, — the regiment had gone on and was halfway up the ascent.

Jack tried to speak again, but his cousin pressed him tightly to him, and muttered, "Come on!" Then as the other still hesitated, he hissed the words, louder and more imperative, "*Come on!*" Then Jack started, and they marched together, step by step, up the hill.

At the top the thicket ended, and here at the edge was the firing line; other troops were giving place to the Fifth, and falling back to re-form — battle-smitten men, some of them wounded and bloody, all of them powder-stained and wild. Allan had time for just one glance; across the level plateau, on the edge of another woods, was the enemy's line, dimly seen through the haze, with men running about, groups gathered where the guns were, and battle-flags waving above. Points of fire shot out from the line, and the bullets hummed through the air, hitting the dust in front, or burying themselves in the trees in the rear. The regiment was in the act of kneeling. — "Ready!" shouted a voice. "Aim!"

— And then suddenly from somewhere opposite there

burst out a cloud of smoke and flame, and Allan heard at his side a crushing, spatting sound, and felt his cousin whom he still grasped with one arm, half torn out of it. Things smote him in the face, cutting him, tearing him, blinding him; and over his hands there rushed a flood of something hot and horrible. In a spasm of fright he shook his head free and wiped clear his eyes — staring. Jack — great God, where was Jack! Here was his body, and above it a neck-bone sticking up, and a jaw dangling in front of it; and out of the middle, gushing up as from a fountain — pumping, pumping — a jet of crimson blood!

Allan reeled, and staggered backwards with a scream, and the body lunged forward, a stream of blood gushing forth and slopping over his feet. The sky seemed to grow black before his eyes; the trees danced and swayed, and he clutched his hands over his face. Shudder after shudder passed through his frame — and then, suddenly, with a choking cry, he turned and fled away.

He dashed down the slope again, blind, frenzied, his hands stretched out before him. The battle thundered in his ears, and universal destruction crashed in his soul; he rushed through the woods like a spirit damned, fleeing from the memory of that ghastly sight — that pumping jet of blood. His senses reeled, he was dazed, stunned; when he stumbled and fell he lay upon the ground, sobbing, choking. Ah God, it was too monstrous — it could not be true! He seemed to see the red fountain before him still, to feel it gushing over his hands and feet. Blood! blood — he was a mass of it! His face was plastered with blood and brains, he could comb it by handfuls out of his hair. There was blood in his eyes, in his nostrils, in his mouth! He reeked with it, he was slimy and loathsome with it — the scent of it, steaming hot, made him suddenly ill, convulsed his stomach so that it seemed to leap up. He began to vomit, sobbing frantically all the while.

He got up again, and went staggering on. Grief mingled with his horror — he wrung his hands and cried aloud — "Jack, Jack!" Ah, how pitiful it was — he saw that

face of pain and fear, white and haggard, down there at the foot of the hill. Jack had not wanted to come — had he foreseen what was going to happen to him? So beautiful he was — so tender-hearted and kind! And now — now he was gone! He was dead! And again Allan saw that hellish sight — that bright red neck-bone sticking up, and the pumping jet of blood! Again the shuddering seized him, and he buried his face, and wept aloud.

He was standing still; and suddenly he lifted his head, and flung up his arms, his hands clenched, his whole soul one blaze of rage. He screamed aloud with it, in frenzy; he cursed — he knew not what he cursed: the world where such things were done — the God that had allowed it — the thing itself, that was hideous, demoniac, black as hell. He cursed the thing called life — a fearful hatred of it seized him, a black revolt of it surged up in him. He flung out his hands before his face, to drive back the fury from his presence; he started to run once more, blindly, through the forest.

How far he went he had no idea, nor how long a time passed, nor what was going on about him. His hands were on the white-hot iron of things — he was wandering through the caverns where the furies hide. The sounds of the battle were still in his ears, but turned to sounds of his soul; the palaces of joy and hope within him were toppling, crashing, down into abysmal depths. He lay on the ground in a kind of trance — he sat up again only when a strange sound broke suddenly in upon his consciousness.

That was a kind of snort, close in his ear. He stared and saw, standing not far from him, a big black horse.

The horse looked strange and wild, and it fell in with Allan's nightmare. It might have been one of the creatures of his dreams — the world of fact and the dream-world were blended in his reeling consciousness, and the sight of all the demons of hell dancing about the woods would not have startled him much. This horse seemed, somehow, part of his horror, seemed also to have been

smitten by the thunder; there was a pleading, agonized look in its eyes; it understood all, it seemed to say — that it was dumb was only one wrong the more. Allan gazed at it more closely; what was the matter? He could not make out — but then his eye was caught by a long, red object which trailed on the ground behind the creature. He rose up to look — and suddenly the horse turned, and he saw a great, gaping hole in its side. Something had ripped it under the belly, and its entrails were starting out. That long red thing was a piece of them, and when the horse walked he trod upon it and pulled it out further yet. Allan gave a cry, and the horse a frightened leap, the entrails bulging out still more. The horse whinnied; perhaps it hurt.

The man turned away, and stared round him. The woods here seemed to have been shattered by a tempest; branches strewed the ground, and some of the trunks were riven as if the lightning had struck them. And the tempest was still raging, it seemed; shot and shell plunged through the place, crashing through the trees, ricochetting from one to another; shells burst here and there, with explosions that made the ears ring.

Then Allan noticed that there were men in these woods also. Some lay dead upon the earth; some darted here and there, seeking shelter. They seemed all to be quite wild with fright — they ran blindly, their eyes starting out of their heads. They bounded about like demon creatures, it seemed to Allan — one went close by him, his hands uplifted and his mouth and eyes wide open with terror. He was clad in the uniform of the New York Fire Zouaves, the regiment of the martyred Ellsworth; he had his musket still in his hand — he did not seem to have sense enough to drop it. He was panting hoarsely as he ran — and then suddenly, espying a great oak tree, he turned towards that, and took shelter behind it, leaning against it, breathing hard. All at once, as in a lightning flash, something smote the tree; there was a deafening crash, and the man was hurled forward and flung upon the earth.

Allan stared; the man never moved. He did not know what to make of it — what was the matter with the fellow? He went up to the tree, fascinated. A cannon-ball was buried in it, a cannon-ball as big as his two fists, and it was half a finger deep in the wood. But the man! The man had been on the other side of the tree, and the ball had not gone through at all. Allan went over to him — he was dead as a stone. He was a big, burly man, with a black beard. The wild look was still upon his face.

Allan went on, dazed. Everything in these woods seemed panic fear — and suddenly fear seized him. Why should he stay in the midst of this inferno — he would get away from it! He was too confused to know which way to go, but he began to run again, aimlessly, crazily.

The woods thinned away, and he staggered up a slope, thick with bushes. The crash and rattle of the conflict seemed to burst on his ears louder than ever here — he turned and ran along the ridge, through more thickets and bushes. Then there was a corn-field, a pitiful, straggling corn-field, such as grows in Virginia. It seemed to have been hit by a hailstorm — its stalks were rent and pierced with holes. Something was cutting more holes in them also — there was a constant sound about one — zip, zip — like the tearing of paper. Also there was a buzzing, as of a swarm of bees — it was the bullets again, Allan knew, and once more he broke into a run. He sped through the corn-field, and then through a little garden-patch, and so, in his blind haste, brought up against a fence of palings. He stared around; right before his eyes there stood a little farm-house.

It was a poor, forlorn-looking place, unpainted, with two or three tumble-down outhouses around it. There were holes in the house here and there; and as Allan looked he saw bits of chips fly off from it. A second or two later the top of its brick chimney suddenly flew into pieces, a fragment of it flying all the way to his feet. More bricks crashed down upon the roof, and Allan heard a shrill scream from inside.

It was a woman's voice, her cries rising, one after

another, louder and louder. Allan listened a moment, and then ran toward the house; he pushed open the door, and stared in.

It was the home of a "poor white." In one corner was a pallet, and on it lay, or rather sat, an old woman. She was in a gown, and evidently bed-ridden; she was wrinkled and ugly, and her gray hair was loose about her shoulders. It was she who made the noise — her hands were flung up into the air, and she was shrieking hysterically. A shot tore through the wall of the house, smashing to atoms a jug which stood upon the table at one side; and the old woman buried her head in the pillows of the bed, wallowing and tossing about, convulsed and frenzied with terror. Suddenly she started up again and raised her arms; an instant later she seemed to leap straight up into the air, her face transfixed. She gave a little gulp, and swayed, and then tumbled head first upon the floor, where she lay, kicking feebly. Allan, staring, saw a little spurt of blood running out of her side, and trickling along her gown.

Then an inside door of the room was flung open and a young girl dashed in. She saw the old woman, and cried out in fright, rushing to her, flinging herself upon her and clasping her arms about her, weeping frantically. At the same time a man plunged down the stairway from the upper floor of the house — a man with wild, wide-open eyes of fright. He darted one glance at the scene in the room, and then bounded towards the door; he did not seem to notice Allan, but dashed out. As he emerged he drew his hat over his eyes and crouched, bending to one side like a man in a storm of rain. Allan saw him leap the fence and disappear, and then he turned to look into the room again, where the young girl was still wailing, screaming, in louder and louder tones, "Mother! Mother!"

Then suddenly Allan noticed a curious sight. Near the fireplace of the little room were two kittens, — tiny kittens, not over six weeks old, one of them gray, and the other mottled, black and white. And they were playing

together; one would lie on its back and pat the other with its paws, and then the other would bite it, and they would roll over and over. Everything else seemed to fade into nothingness, and Allan found himself watching the kittens. They were so happy and so busy! They were such pretty little kittens!

CHAPTER V

The bullets continued to spat against the house; one side of it was almost as full of holes as a pepper-box. This Allan noticed wonderingly, and in a dazed way recollected that he had been trying to get away from them. He turned to run once more; but at the same instant a man dashed past him into the room, and he stopped to watch him.

The man wore a uniform, and had a musket in his hand; his face was grimed and sooty, and there were flecks of blood on it; his breathing was a kind of snarl, like an angry beast's. The man ran to the window and crouched there — he thrust out his musket, took aim, and fired.

Two more men entered the room, then half a dozen, trampling and crowding. They seemed to be a party of demons — the very sight of their faces filled one with fear. They were so intent upon their task that they appeared not to see Allan at all; when they spoke to each other it was in quick, gruff monosyllables. They posted themselves here and there, at the windows, in the doorways — one or two bounded upstairs, and still another thrust his musket through a hole in the side of the house. The place began to blaze with musketry, and a blue haze filled the room; through it all Allan stared on and on — he had all at once come to realize that these men wore the uniform of the "Cambridge Tigers"!

Half a dozen more flashed past the doorway, running low — flung themselves down on the ground just behind the garden fence, and began to fire from there. Still others of them were out in the corn-field. A cannon-ball crashed through the chimney, and through the roof of the house, scattering splinters about the room; then a moment later one of the men at the windows gave a grunt and

tottered backwards. He began to roll about on the floor, pressing his hands upon his abdomen. No one looked at him, save Allan.

Three more soldiers darted through the doorway. One of them was a short, stocky man, with a bush of yellow hair, smeared with blood. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and one sleeve was torn off and bound round his arm, which was also bloody. He carried a musket in one hand, and his face was wild and ferocious. He fired once out of the window, and then turned to shout to the men. "Give it to them, boys!" he roared, — "give them hell, there!" Allan recognized the voice, though he had not recognized the face. This man was Sergeant Schlemmer.

The sergeant ran to the doorway again; he was calling to some one in the rear. "Come up here! come up here!" he yelled. His voice rang like a bugle-blast, above all the din; and he waved his musket, pointing. "Post yourselves by that hedge, there!" he cried. "They're trying to get up their guns — shoot at the gunners — pick them off now, and be lively!" There was a cheer or two, and then a volley of shots. Allan wondered somewhat; Sergeant Schlemmer seemed suddenly to be in command of the company.

And then, turning into the room again, his eye fell on Allan. "Why aren't you fighting?" he yelled.

"Fighting?" Allan echoed, feebly.

"Fighting!" roared the sergeant. And he rushed towards him, his voice thundering in his ear. "What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you?" he cried.

He picked up the musket which had been dropped by the wounded man — who was still wallowing. "Here!" he said; "take this, and go to the window, and shoot!"

Allan took it mechanically, and went to the window. He put the gun to his shoulder and fired, — or tried to. It did not go off. He raised the hammer and fired again; again it did not go off. He repeated the process half a dozen times — he was so dazed he did not know what was

the matter with it. Finally it dawned upon him that he had to load the gun first. He saw the man next to him taking a cartridge out of his belt; he put his hand to the place — yes, he had cartridges also. He pulled one out and stuffed it into the gun. It would not go in. He poked and pushed — what was the matter with it? Then he saw a man biting off the end of one. Ah, yes, sure enough! Allan did likewise.

The cartridge went in then, and he raised the gun and blazed away. Now he knew what to do — he had the run of it, and blindly, in a frenzy, he began tearing off the cartridges with his teeth, stuffing them into the gun and firing them. He did this five or six times, before suddenly he felt himself seized by the collar of his coat and jerked backward with a force that half choked him. "What's the matter with you, you fool?" yelled a voice in his ear.

It was Sergeant Schlemmer again; and his breath was like a blast of fire. "Matter!" Allan gasped.

"Jackass!" screamed the sergeant. "Where's your head? You're firing up into the sky!"

The other echoed the words again, and the man began to shake him, as a terrier shakes a rat. "I know what's the matter with you!" he thundered. "I saw you run away once, you hound — you want to run away again, don't you? What are you standing there gawking at me for — where are your senses? Coward! Coward! Taugenichts!" — and then the furious sergeant exploded into a volley of curses, German curses and English curses, his breath hot in Allan's face.

And the words — they cut and stabbed into Allan like knives; they went into the deeps of him, where his manhood lay smothered. And it started up, with a bound and a furious cry. "You lie, you lie!" he screamed back. "I'm no coward! I'm as good a man as you!"

"And why don't you show it, then?" asked the sergeant. "Why don't you fight?"

"I will fight!" Allan panted, and he gripped his gun again. "Show me!"

And the sergeant pointed out of the window. "There's the enemy," he said. "Fight!"

Everything was suddenly grown clear as day before Allan's eyes; there at the other side of the clearing, close upon the edge of a thicket, was a thin, irregular line of men in uniform, some standing, some kneeling; clouds of smoke floated above them, and points of fire flashed in front of them. Some were running here and there — and across the plain in front dashed horses with cannon trailing behind, also men cheering. They were swinging the guns into position, and limbering up.

The fiends still tore at Allan's heartstrings; but he fought with them now, his soul rose up, towering and furious. It was an effort that was agony, the pain of it made him sick; but here in the midst of this nightmare was a truth, a duty, and he clung to it like mad. He had cried out at the horrors of this reeking field of slaughter — but see, over there were the men who had caused it! The men who had taken up arms against their country, who had come out to kill and destroy. Was it not they with their bullets and their shells that had murdered Jack — that were trying now to murder others? Let them be put down — then there would be an end of it.

He steadied himself, peering through the rifts in the smoke: there — that group about the cannon! He took aim and fired, and then tore off another cartridge, and reloaded, still keeping his eyes upon the spot. So at last he got down to work, grimly, savagely. Black hatred boiled up in his soul — ah, to get his hands upon them over there, the ruffians! To shoot them seemed too little to do. Here and there he saw their battle-flags waving — one a South Carolina flag, and lightning flashes of rage blazed forth in him at the sight.

He was suffocating with the heat of his labor; he dropped his musket and tore off his coat. The sweat was pouring in streams down his face, which was smeared with blood and grime. He wiped his hands upon his trousers — they were so slimy that they interfered with him; then he seized the musket again and went on. The musket

was hot, and the barrel burned to the touch ; also his eyes burned, they seemed to be leaping out of his head. His ears rang, and now and then he had to grip his hands tightly to steady his brain ; he was panting for breath, choking with the fumes of powder. But out there through the billowing smoke he still got glimpses of the enemy's line, that thundered and crackled, and he hung on to the work ; either he would go down or they would, he swore it by the God that had made him. He muttered aloud in his fury, he cursed them like a regiment of fiends — sometimes he yelled aloud, though he did not know it.

And then suddenly, outside, he heard cheers, and he saw a line of men sweeping across the corn-field. What was the matter? Had the enemy given way? He darted a swift glance about him — into the room dashed Sergeant Schlemmer. "Charge!" he shouted. "Charge!"

The men leaped up, dashing out of the door, climbing out of the windows. "Line up!" the sergeant was yelling, running here and there. "Steady! Steady! Give it to them now, boys — give them the bayonet! Forward!"

And away they went, sweeping down the field like a hurricane. Where they had come from Allan did not know, nor what had started them ; but the line ran as far as he could see — and God, how they went! He hardly knew that he was running — he was lifted upon wings, he was borne in the arms of a tempest ; he shouted till his voice broke, and waved his gun in the air — he was like a devil in his rage. Blind, drunken fury seethed in him, a mad hideous lust of slaughter that swept him utterly out of himself. His eyes were gloating on the line ahead, that came nearer and nearer ; he hungered for it like a ravenous beast.

Bullets hummed in his ears — what were bullets? A man beside him gave a grunt and doubled up and went down, rolling over and over. But the line went on — what was a man? Next to Allan was an Irishman, a giant of a creature, red-headed and wild-eyed, roaring like a wild animal ; he and Allan ran neck and neck, panting

to be first. They burst through the smoke — there they were, the enemy ! Right ahead loomed one of their guns ; and suddenly from out its mouth there burst a volcano of fire — with a crash like the splitting of the skies. The Irishman beside Allan seemed to vanish — he flew into pieces, and the blast of the discharge smote into Allan's face, blew him backwards, seemed to shatter his eardrums. There was a roaring in his head, and blood gushed from his nostrils — but he shook himself, he flung himself free from the dizziness ; with a roar like an angry bull, staggering, half-blinded, he plunged into the fight.

The lines had come together. Rifles cracked, swords and bayonets gleamed in the sunlight ; there were heard the sounds of the contact, swift, sharp, savage : the thud of muskets coming together, of steel clashing upon steel, and cries, groans, and yells of fury. Men were stabbing, slashing, shooting. Furious faces gleamed out at Allan, flashes of fire blazed into his face. Before him was a member of his company, leaping at one who was pulling a pistol ; Allan raised his musket and fired, the man went down and out of sight. The other sped on, Allan at his heels. An officer rushed past them, slashing here and there with his sword ; the man plunged at him and smote him through with the bayonet, so that Allan heard the thud of the barrel as it thumped into his stomach ; he doubled up without a sound. At the same instant some one leaped upon the assailant with clubbed musket that crashed upon his skull. Allan flung himself upon this man, and the wild beast in him screamed out with delight as he pounded him down. The man's head split open, but that was not enough for Allan — it was all that he could do to keep from leaping upon him, to tear him to pieces. But he dashed on, raising his musket again. A pistol flashed in front of his face, and a man with sword upraised appeared to leap out of space at him. Things seemed to reel, and then suddenly there came a crash, and everything grew black. He flung up his hands and staggered about blindly, plunging on, striving to see, to find his thoughts ; then at last he fell down, senseless.

Bits of ideas and feelings were hovering before him; phantom thoughts which he could not grasp. There was a dull pain, but he could not be sure if it were he or some one else that was feeling it. Forms moved before him, strange and mysterious things, bodiless and nameless, but terrible, as in a nightmare. He wondered if he were dead, if these were not the experiences of a disembodied state. So, little by little, he drifted back into consciousness.

He opened his eyes feebly. The first thing he saw was the moon. Then he noticed that everything was still. How strange it seemed — he wondered if he had dreamed it. All that uproar — the thunder of the earth and sky! But then he stirred one hand, and it touched something alive. The thing gave a groan. No, he had not dreamed it.

But it was over. He lay for a long time, thinking about the matter. It did not occur to him to wonder which had won — he did not think of it that way. His thought was of the strangeness of everything being still.

Then he tried to move. He raised his head an inch or so. God, what a pain! And he sank back. His brain reeled — the moon seemed to dance and tremble. He put up his hands. There was a thick clot of blood on the side of his head. The blood was cold on the ground where he lay.

He tried again, after a while, and got up on his elbows. Yes, the battle was over. Forms lay about him — all still. A broken cannon was not far away, and beside it a horse, with legs stretched out long and stiff. Some ways off men were moving about; camp-fires were blazing here and there.

Little by little Allan experimented, and as his senses returned, he managed to get upon his knees. The man beside him moaned again; his chest was going up and down like a bellows.

Allan's head burned like fire, and the raging thirst devoured him. He suddenly recollected his canteen, and opened it, emptying it at a draught. It was like wine to him; he felt that he would be able to move. He wanted

to move because the stench of blood made him ill. He forgot that the blood was on him.

He crawled a few feet, in a zigzag path, between forms of men; one lay exactly across his way, and he stopped and looked at it. The time was just after sundown, and it would have been twilight but for the moon: between the two there was light enough for one to see plainly — and Allan gave a sudden start and a cry. The man lying there was in his shirt-sleeves, and one sleeve was torn off and bound round his arm. He had light yellow hair — it was Sergeant Schlemmer!

For a long time Allan stared without a motion. The form was still, but the face looked so quiet! The eyes were closed, as in slumber. Allan put out a trembling hand, inch by inch, and touched him on the shoulder; he did not move. Then the young man slid his hand up toward the face, and touched that. His hand leaped back with a start. The face was cold.

The sergeant was dead, then. Allan continued to gaze, fear stealing over him. He was gone away! How hard he had fought, and now he would never fight again! He had given his life — "for freedom"! With a sudden thrill Allan started up and gazed round him. Had he given it for nothing? For the first time now it occurred to him to ask the all-important question — what the issue of the battle had been.

Somebody must have won, or they would still be fighting. And these camp-fires about here — which side did they belong to? If he could know that, he would know everything; but how was he to know it? He could hear voices, now and then, in the distance — if he could get to them and find out! But they were so far away! It did not occur to him that he might fall into the hands of the enemy; whichever side had won, it was over, and what did anything else matter?

He got to his feet. The water had refreshed him, and he was able to walk. He went slowly, for every motion was an agony. He walked along the edge of the woods, supporting himself by the trees; it was hard to keep his

head — his faculties would start off, and he would have to bring them back.

He went down a little slope, stumbling upon a dead body now and then, and finally he came to a road. He waited here for a time, in the hope that some one or something might go by, giving him the information he wanted. Dead bodies lay here, and broken wagons, and other wreckage, but nothing moving. Allan was about to start on, when suddenly he heard a strange noise in the thicket, and stood still. This noise sounded like the gobbling of a turkey, more than anything, and he wondered what sort of an animal could be there. It was moving close by in the bushes — twigs cracked, and the branches rustled.

Then the perplexing sound came again, and out of the dark shadows there emerged the form of a man. He had apparently seen Allan; he came toward him, waving his hands before him in a frantic sort of way. The strange gobbling sound came again, and a sudden fear stole over Allan. He was not afraid of anything human just then; but this? — And an instant later the moon emerged from a cloud, and he gave a scream. This man — this thing — great God, it had no jaw, it had no mouth! Where its face should have been was a great, gaping, black hole! It was some demon-creature, some nightmare! And it came on at him, trying to talk!

He turned and fled, like one possessed. Once he glanced over his shoulder. The thing was following, waving its arms, calling!

Allan must have run for half a mile — he ran until he was utterly exhausted. Then he sank down and lay watching like a hunted animal down the road, to see if the thing would reappear.

It did not, and after a while he began to listen for something else. He fancied that he heard a stream, and he got up again, and started toward it. The sound of it drew him like a magnet, and when he had come to it he lay down by the ford, and drank and drank, and bathed his face and hands. The blood had begun to ooze out of

the cut upon his head, and he bound that up with a strip of his shirt. Then he got up and staggered on.

Across the ford and down the road — what strange sights were here! A vision of destruction burst upon him. The road was literally piled with baggage; in the ditches on each side there were mountains of it — rifles and blankets, knapsacks and cartridge-belts, harness, clothing, tents, chests of stores, forges — what was there, of all the endless paraphernalia of an army, that was not to be found flung wide along this fearful pathway? There were cannon tumbled here and there — there were scores of them — and caissons and artillery wagons, inextricably tangled. Before this Allan had seen signs of a battle of men; but here seemed to have been a battle of things. Did this always happen after a fight? he asked himself. When men got through fighting, did they leave their weapons where they had fought? It was here as if a tempest had smitten an army, and scattered it to the four winds of heaven!

He was dazed; he stumbled along, through it all, picking his way as best he could, striving to think what it meant. Gradually as he went on and on, and the signs of it did not cease, the truth forced itself upon him — that it meant a defeat, a terrible defeat, for one side or the other. One side or the other had fled in wild confusion! One nation or the other was ruined beyond all hope! But which? Which? He cried aloud in the agony of his sudden uncertainty. In God's name, how was he to find out?

He weighed the chances, as he had left the battle when he fell. Surely they had been winning — they had been winning all day, before Allan came! And then it must be the enemy which had fled down the road, abandoning everything. And where were they now? Where was the Union army? Had it followed them and passed on? If only it had been light enough, so that he could have examined the débris and made sure!

He staggered on, in torment, until he heard another stream; he crept down to the ford to drink again. Lying

there resting, he thought suddenly that he heard voices singing, and sat up and listened. They seemed to be coming down the road, and soon the sounds of horses trotting came with them ; here were people, he thought swiftly, and from them he would learn what he wanted ! Then the riders — there were several of them — rounded a turn, and their voices came to him clear and loud. They were singing with passionate fervor — a song that Allan had never heard before. He listened : —

"The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland, my Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland, my Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!"

They sang two verses more, and the glory of their singing seemed fairly to lift them out of their saddles. Their tones rang far in the stillness of the evening — they sang like men possessed. As they came into view and rode down into the stream, they were roaring out the last verse of the wild and furious chant : —

"I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland, my Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb —
Huzza! She spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes — she burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!"

And then ceasing, the singers burst into loud laughter and cheering. Allan, crouched where he was by the bank, remained staring, trembling. He knew the three voices, he knew the three figures, he knew their uniforms ! The riders were Randolph and his brother, and Ethel's husband, "Billy" Hinds.

They had halted at the ford to let their horses drink. Meantime they drank also — out of a bottle which 'Dolph pulled out and passed to them. 'Dolph was drunk; but whether he was drunk upon wine or battle was more than any one could tell. He laughed, he shouted — all the while he was still beating the time of the song with one hand, shaking his head to the "melody unheard"; his face was alive with the glow of it, his eyes shone — no wilder sight than he had Allan seen that day. One of his arms was bound up, and there was blood on it, but that did not seem to trouble him as he waved it in the air. He had begun the song again, half to himself, and he finished a verse with a whoop; then, as his brother and his cousin started again, he spurred his horse and leaped upon the bank, and there whirled about, raising his clenched fist. "Come back!" he roared. "Come again, God damn you, and we'll give you more of it!" Allan thought for an instant that 'Dolph was shouting to him; but then in a sudden flash of horror he realized that it was the *North* he was addressing! "Come just as often as you like!" 'Dolph yelled. "Raise another army — you'll find us here just as long as you want us!" And then the speaker rushed on, to pour out a torrent of profanity upon the heads of his imaginary auditors. The two behind him laughed hilariously — huzzaed and clapped their hands in glee — while 'Dolph ran the whole gamut of execration and mockery. He cursed them — the Yankee hounds — by the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, and the fire under the waters; he cursed their cowardly fathers and their cowardly grandfathers, their cowardly ancestors from the flood, and their cowardly posterity to the day of doom. It was a very symphony of profanity — and from it the shuddering listener on the ground learned at last what had been the issue of the battle, the issue of all his toil and agony, of his cousin's and the sergeant's death. That it was the Northern army that had been routed! The Northern army that was gone back to Washington in wild, panic flight!

And when he was breathless, 'Dolph turned and the three rode on upon their way. They began singing again — and Allan heard their voices dying far away in the distance :

"War to the hilt!
Theirs be the guilt,
Who fetter the freeman
To ransom the slave!"

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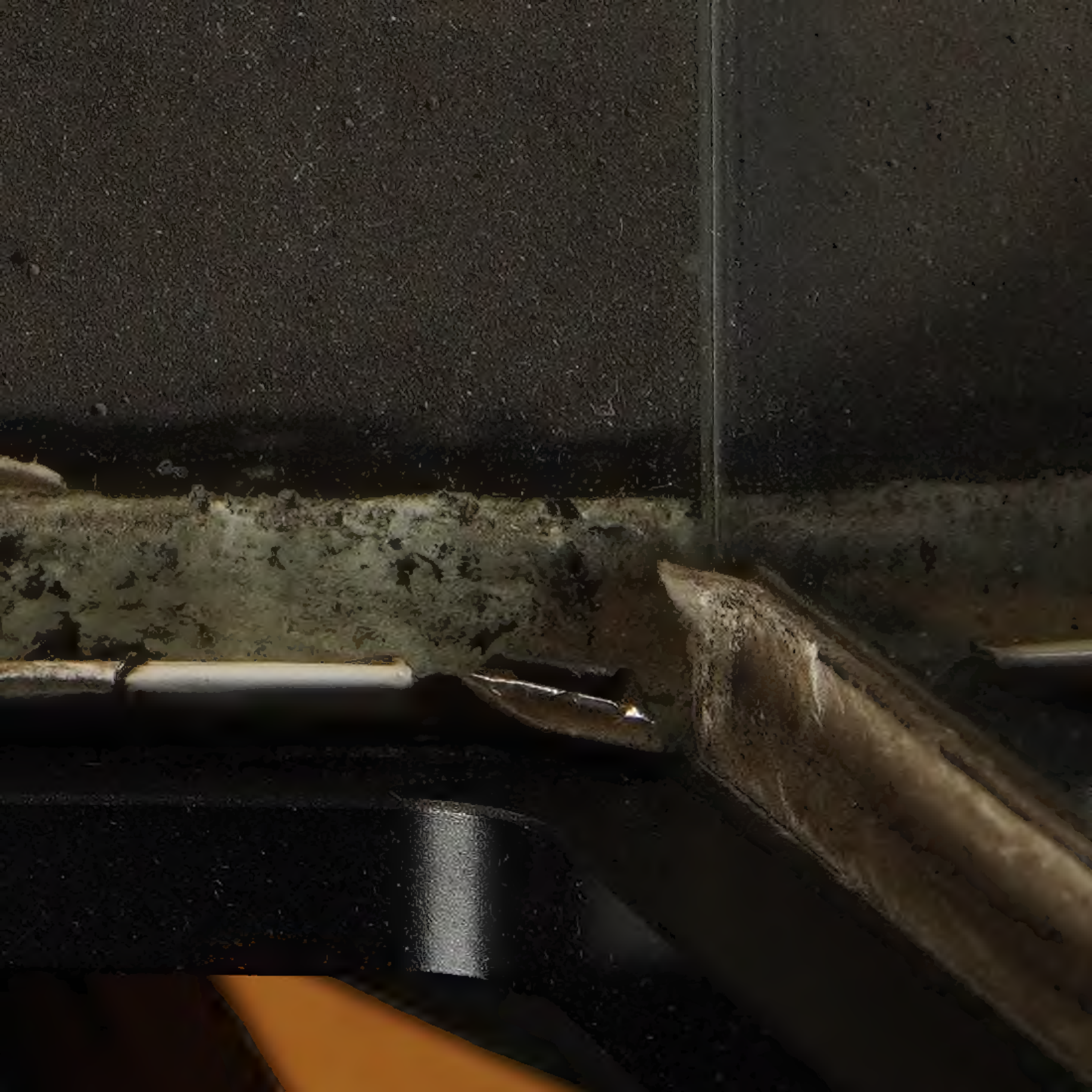

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